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HYMN BOOK



FOR

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

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Chandler Robbins, comp.

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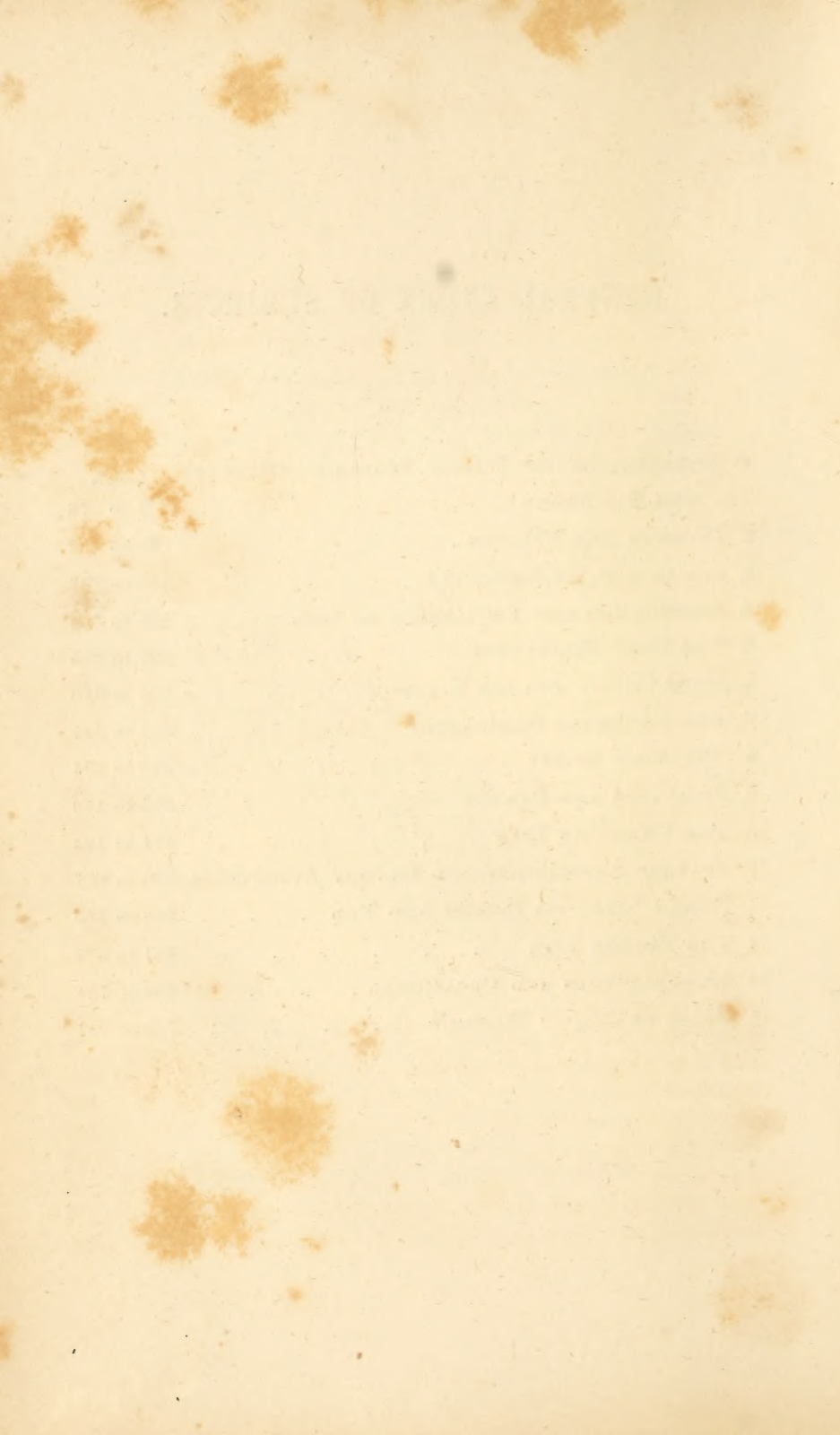
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## GENERAL INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

---

|   |            |
|---|------------|
| 1. INTRODUCTION OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.—SABBATH      | HYMNS.     |
| AND SANCTUARY . . . . .                         | 1 to 76    |
| 2. MORNING AND EVENING . . . . .                | 77 to 107  |
| 3. PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING . . . . .            | 108 to 136 |
| 4. PERFECTIONS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD . . . . .  | 137 to 206 |
| 5. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES . . . . .                | 207 to 225 |
| 6. JESUS CHRIST AND HIS KINGDOM . . . . .       | 226 to 320 |
| 7. THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES . . . . .           | 321 to 351 |
| 8. THE HOLY SPIRIT . . . . .                    | 352 to 374 |
| 9. PENITENCE AND PARDON . . . . .               | 375 to 410 |
| 10. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE . . . . .                | 411 to 499 |
| 11. PRAYERS, ASPIRATIONS, AND DEVOUT AFFECTIONS | 500 to 607 |
| 12. HUMAN LIFE : ITS COURSE AND END . . . . .   | 608 to 660 |
| 13. THE FUTURE LIFE . . . . .                   | 661 to 679 |
| 14. MISCELLANEOUS AND OCCASIONAL . . . . .      | 680 to 731 |
| 15. CLOSE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP . . . . .           | 732 to 761 |



## INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

---

|   | HYMN |
|---|------|
| Abide with me ! Fast falls the eventide . . . . .       | 97   |
| According to thy gracious word . . . . .                | 336  |
| A charge to keep I have . . . . .                       | 413  |
| Affliction's faded form draws nigh . . . . .            | 632  |
| Again the day returns of holy rest . . . . .            | 11   |
| Again the Lord of life and light . . . . .              | 71   |
| Alas ! how poor and little worth . . . . .              | 635  |
| All earthly charms, however dear . . . . .              | 493  |
| All hail the power of Jesus' name ! . . . . .           | 292  |
| All nature's works His praise declare . . . . .         | 686  |
| All-powerful, self-existent God . . . . .               | 137  |
| All-seeing God ! 't is thine to know . . . . .          | 453  |
| Almighty Father, gracious Lord . . . . .                | 152  |
| Almighty God ! before whose throne . . . . .            | 5    |
| Almighty God ! in humble prayer . . . . .               | 589  |
| Almighty Maker, God ! . . . . .                         | 112  |
| Almighty Maker, Lord of all . . . . .                   | 518  |
| Am I a soldier of the cross . . . . .                   | 450  |
| Amidst a world of hopes and fears . . . . .             | 519  |
| And art thou with us, gracious Lord . . . . .           | 575  |
| And is the Gospel peace and love ? . . . . .            | 249  |
| And shall I sit alone . . . . .                         | 399  |
| Angel ! roll the stone away ! . . . . .                 | 286  |
| Another fleeting day is gone ! . . . . .                | 106  |
| Another six days' work is done . . . . .                | 72   |
| Approach not the altar with gloom in thy soul . . . . . | 7    |
| Are not thy mercies large and free ? . . . . .          | 378  |

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Around Bethesda's healing wave . . . . .            | 260 |
| Around the throne of God . . . . .                  | 717 |
| As body when the soul has fled . . . . .            | 454 |
| As every day thy mercy spares . . . . .             | 91  |
| As Jesus sought his wandering sheep . . . . .       | 257 |
| Asleep in Jesus ! blessed sleep ! . . . . .         | 642 |
| As o'er the past my memory strays . . . . .         | 390 |
| A soldier's course from battles won . . . . .       | 451 |
| As the chased hart, midst sultry beams . . . . .    | 523 |
| As the sun's enlivening eye . . . . .               | 758 |
| As various as the moon . . . . .                    | 617 |
| At God's command, the morning ray . . . . .         | 159 |
| Author of good, we rest on thee . . . . .           | 578 |
| Awake, my soul, and with the sun . . . . .          | 86  |
| Awake, my soul ! lift up thine eyes . . . . .       | 425 |
| Awake, my soul ! stretch every nerve . . . . .      | 418 |
| Awake, our souls ! and bless His name . . . . .     | 252 |
| Awake, our souls ; away, our fears . . . . .        | 485 |
| Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes . . . . .     | 637 |
| Away from every mortal care . . . . .               | 45  |
| Away, ye ceaseless doubts and fears . . . . .       | 420 |
| Back to the world we 've faithless turned . . . . . | 394 |
| Before Jehovah's awful throne . . . . .             | 8   |
| Before the hills in order stood . . . . .           | 644 |
| Before the mournful scene began . . . . .           | 327 |
| Before thy mercy's throne . . . . .                 | 381 |
| Behold the amazing sight . . . . .                  | 283 |
| Behold the beauteous western light . . . . .        | 647 |
| Behold, the blind their sight receive ! . . . . .   | 251 |
| Behold the man ! how glorious he ! . . . . .        | 274 |
| Behold, the morning sun . . . . .                   | 214 |
| Behold the Prince of Peace ! . . . . .              | 238 |
| Behold us, Lord ! with humble fear . . . . .        | 18  |
| Behold, where in a mortal form . . . . .            | 259 |
| Begin, my soul, the exalted lay . . . . .           | 133 |
| Be it my only wisdom here . . . . .                 | 750 |
| Beneath our feet and o'er our head . . . . .        | 636 |
| Beset with snares on every hand . . . . .           | 593 |



|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Be still ! be still ! for all around . . . . .          | 19  |
| Be still, my heart ! these anxious cares . . . . .      | 570 |
| Be thou ready, fellow-mortal . . . . .                  | 422 |
| Be with me, Lord, where'er I go . . . . .               | 565 |
| Beyond, beyond that boundless sea . . . . .             | 139 |
| Blessed be for evermore . . . . .                       | 109 |
| Blessed be Thy name for ever . . . . .                  | 116 |
| Bless, O my soul, the living God . . . . .              | 195 |
| Blest are the humble souls that see . . . . .           | 487 |
| "Blest are the meek," he said . . . . .                 | 441 |
| Blest are the pure in heart . . . . .                   | 438 |
| Blest are the sons of peace . . . . .                   | 477 |
| Blest are the souls that hear and know . . . . .        | 216 |
| Blest hour, when mortal man retires . . . . .           | 50  |
| Blest Instructor, from thy ways . . . . .               | 55  |
| Blest is the man who fears the Lord . . . . .           | 469 |
| Bound upon the accursèd tree . . . . .                  | 278 |
| Bread of heaven ! on thee we feed . . . . .             | 335 |
| Brightest and best of the sons of the morning . . . . . | 231 |
| Bright was the guiding star, that led . . . . .         | 232 |
| Brother, hast thou wandered far . . . . .               | 379 |
| Brother, thou art gone before us . . . . .              | 659 |
| Burden of shame and woe ! . . . . .                     | 277 |
| By cool Siloam's shady rill . . . . .                   | 608 |
| By glimmering hopes and gloomy fears . . . . .          | 661 |
| Called by the Sabbath bells away . . . . .              | 70  |
| Calm on the listening ear of night . . . . .            | 227 |
| Child, amidst the flowers at play . . . . .             | 503 |
| Child of the earth, O lift thy glance . . . . .         | 172 |
| Children of light, awake ! . . . . .                    | 428 |
| Children of the Heavenly King . . . . .                 | 488 |
| Christ leads me through no darker rooms . . . . .       | 314 |
| Christ, whose glory fills the skies . . . . .           | 290 |
| Clay to clay, and dust to dust ! . . . . .              | 655 |
| Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed . . . . .           | 387 |
| Come, and before we bid adieu . . . . .                 | 345 |
| Come, blessed Spirit, source of light . . . . .         | 365 |
| Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove . . . . .          | 355 |

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Come hither, all ye weary souls . . . . .             | 248 |
| Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind . . . . .             | 364 |
| Come, Holy Spirit, come ! . . . . .                   | 372 |
| Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove . . . . .            | 354 |
| Come, kingdom of our God . . . . .                    | 559 |
| Come, let us join our cheerful songs . . . . .        | 344 |
| Come, my soul ! thy suit prepare . . . . .            | 43  |
| Come, said Jesus' sacred voice . . . . .              | 245 |
| Come, sound his praise abroad . . . . .               | 58  |
| "Come !" the Saviour's voice is calling . . . . .     | 389 |
| Come, thou Almighty King ! . . . . .                  | 2   |
| Come, thou long-expected Jesus ! . . . . .            | 241 |
| Come to me, thoughts of heaven ! . . . . .            | 506 |
| Come to the house of prayer . . . . .                 | 4   |
| Come unto me, all ye who mourn . . . . .              | 246 |
| Come to the morning prayer . . . . .                  | 500 |
| Come, wandering sheep ! O come ! . . . . .            | 392 |
| Come, weary souls, with sin distressed . . . . .      | 247 |
| Come, we that love the Lord . . . . .                 | 602 |
| Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish . . . . . | 240 |
| Commit thou all thy griefs . . . . .                  | 206 |
|   |     |
| Dark, dark indeed, the grave would be . . . . .       | 653 |
| Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness . . . . .    | 306 |
| Day by day the manna fell . . . . .                   | 556 |
| Day unto day doth utter speech . . . . .              | 100 |
| Dear thy memory, Saviour blest . . . . .              | 311 |
| Dèem not that they are blest alone . . . . .          | 634 |
| Dread Sovereign ! let my evening song . . . . .       | 92  |
|   |     |
| Early, my God, without delay . . . . .                | 62  |
| Earth has a joy unknown in heaven . . . . .           | 385 |
| Earth's busy sounds and ceaseless din . . . . .       | 54  |
| "Eat, drink, in memory of your friend !" . . . . .    | 332 |
| Ere mountains reared their forms sublime . . . . .    | 138 |
| Eternal and immortal King ! . . . . .                 | 167 |
| Eternal God, almighty Cause . . . . .                 | 108 |
| Eternal God ! how frail is man ! . . . . .            | 641 |
| Eternal Source of every joy ! . . . . .               | 704 |

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Eternal Source of life and light ! . . . . .               | 33  |
| Eternal Source of life and thought ! . . . . .             | 51  |
| Eternal Wisdom ! thee we praise . . . . .                  | 141 |
| Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss . . . . .           | 463 |
| Faith, hope, and charity, these three . . . . .            | 464 |
| Faith is the Christian's prop . . . . .                    | 462 |
| Far from mortal cares retreating . . . . .                 | 25  |
| Far from the world, O Lord ! I flee . . . . .              | 498 |
| Father and Friend ! thy light, thy love . . . . .          | 197 |
| Father divine ! before thy view . . . . .                  | 154 |
| "Father divine !" the Saviour cried . . . . .              | 279 |
| Father, I know that all my life . . . . .                  | 553 |
| Father in heaven, to thee our hearts . . . . .             | 504 |
| Father, I will not pray . . . . .                          | 505 |
| Father of all, in whom, alone . . . . .                    | 209 |
| Father of all our mercies, thou . . . . .                  | 515 |
| Father of light ! conduct my feet . . . . .                | 547 |
| Father of lights ! we sing thy name . . . . .              | 150 |
| Father of me and all mankind . . . . .                     | 521 |
| Father of mercies ! God of love ! . . . . .                | 186 |
| Father of mercies ! in thy word . . . . .                  | 224 |
| Father of our feeble race . . . . .                        | 456 |
| Father, thy gentle chastisement . . . . .                  | 567 |
| Father ! thy paternal care . . . . .                       | 90  |
| Father ! to thy kind love we owe . . . . .                 | 196 |
| Father ! when o'er our trembling hearts . . . . .          | 534 |
| Fear was within the tossing bark . . . . .                 | 262 |
| Feeble, helpless, how shall I . . . . .                    | 549 |
| Followers of Christ ! arise . . . . .                      | 490 |
| For all thy saints, O God . . . . .                        | 316 |
| For ever with the Lord ! . . . . .                         | 664 |
| Forgive us, for thy mercy's sake . . . . .                 | 377 |
| Forth from the dark and stormy sky . . . . .               | 69  |
| Forth went the heralds of the cross . . . . .              | 315 |
| For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King ? . . . . | 554 |
| Fountain of all-sufficient bliss ! . . . . .               | 574 |
| Friend after friend departs . . . . .                      | 667 |
| From all that dwell below the skies . . . . .              | 732 |

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| From Christ, my Lord, shall I depart . . . . .         | 474 |
| From every stormy wind that blows . . . . .            | 566 |
| From foes that would the land devour . . . . .         | 726 |
| From Greenland's icy mountains . . . . .               | 689 |
| From north and south, from east and west . . . . .     | 320 |
| From Olivet's sequestered seats . . . . .              | 269 |
| From the table now retiring . . . . .                  | 347 |
| <br>   |     |
| Giver of peace and unity . . . . .                     | 480 |
| Give thanks to God most high . . . . .                 | 136 |
| Give to our God immortal praise . . . . .              | 170 |
| Give to the winds thy fears . . . . .                  | 461 |
| Glorious things of thee are spoken . . . . .           | 302 |
| Glory be to God on high . . . . .                      | 68  |
| Glory of thy Father's face! . . . . .                  | 329 |
| Glory to thee, my God, this night . . . . .            | 93  |
| Glory to thee, whose powerful word . . . . .           | 729 |
| God, in the high and holy place . . . . .              | 164 |
| God is a Spirit, just and wise . . . . .               | 491 |
| God is love; his mercy brightens . . . . .             | 158 |
| God moves in a mysterious way . . . . .                | 157 |
| God! my Supporter and my Hope . . . . .                | 517 |
| God of eternity! from thee . . . . .                   | 627 |
| God of my life! through all its days . . . . .         | 117 |
| God of my life! whose gracious power . . . . .         | 192 |
| God of the changing year! whose arm of power . . . . . | 702 |
| God of the rolling orbs above! . . . . .               | 149 |
| God's power directs the rushing wind . . . . .         | 202 |
| God, thou art good! each perfumed flower . . . . .     | 180 |
| God, to correct a guilty world . . . . .               | 720 |
| God, who is just and kind . . . . .                    | 537 |
| Go in peace! — serene dismissal . . . . .              | 756 |
| Gone are those great and good . . . . .                | 727 |
| Go to dark Gethsemane . . . . .                        | 275 |
| Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime . . . . .    | 657 |
| Go when the morning shineth . . . . .                  | 560 |
| Gracious Source of every blessing! . . . . .           | 744 |
| Gracious Spirit, Love divine! . . . . .                | 366 |
| Greatest of beings! Source of life . . . . .           | 110 |



|  |         |
|--|---------|
| Great Father of mankind ! . . . . .                | 37      |
| Great Father of our feeble race . . . . .          | 369     |
| Great Former of this various frame ! . . . .       | 161     |
| Great Framers of unnumbered worlds . . . . .       | 721     |
| Great God ! attend, while Zion sings . . . . .     | 42      |
| Great God, how infinite art thou ! . . . . .       | 191     |
| Great God ! in vain man's narrow view . . . . .    | 198     |
| Great God ! let all our tuneful powers . . . . .   | 693     |
| Great God, my Father and my Friend . . . . .       | 573     |
| Great God ! the followers of thy Son . . . . .     | 10      |
| Great God ! this sacred day of thine . . . . .     | 75      |
| Great God, we sing that mighty hand . . . . .      | 699     |
| Great God, whose universal sway . . . . .          | 736     |
| Great is the Lord our God ! . . . . .              | 47      |
| Great Lord of earth, and seas, and skies . . . . . | 604     |
| Great Ruler of all nature's frame . . . . .        | 201     |
| Great Ruler of the earth and skies . . . . .       | 714     |
| Great Source of life and light . . . . .           | 357     |
| Great Source of life, our souls confess . . . . .  | 583     |
| Great Source of unexhausted good . . . . .         | 199     |
| Green pastures and clear streams . . . . .         | 304     |
| Guide me, O thou great Jehovah . . . . .           | 581     |
| <br>Hail the day that sees him rise . . . . .      | <br>287 |
| Hail to the Lord's anointed ! . . . . .            | 236     |
| Hail to the Sabbath day ! . . . . .                | 76      |
| Happy the man, whose cautious steps . . . . .      | 439     |
| Happy the meek, whose gentle breast . . . . .      | 434     |
| Hark, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes ! . . . . | 233     |
| Hark ! what celestial sounds . . . . .             | 229     |
| Hath not thy heart within thee burned . . . . .    | 572     |
| Hear, O my people ! to my law . . . . .            | 212     |
| Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken . . . . .     | 301     |
| Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims . . . .  | 640     |
| Heave, mighty ocean, heave . . . . .               | 730     |
| He dies ! the friend of sinners dies ! . . . . .   | 281     |
| He knelt, — the Saviour knelt and prayed . . . . . | 271     |
| Here, gracious God ! do thou . . . . .             | 14      |
| Here hope and faith their links unite . . . . .    | 465     |

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| Here, in the broken bread . . . . .                    | 342     |
| Here to the High and Holy One . . . . .                | 690     |
| High on a hill of dazzling light . . . . .             | 171     |
| Holy and reverend is the name . . . . .                | 63      |
| Holy Father, thou hast taught me . . . . .             | 528     |
| Holy Spirit, from on high . . . . .                    | 371     |
| Holy Spirit! source of gladness . . . . .              | 9       |
| How are thy servants blest, O Lord! . . . . .          | 731     |
| How beauteous are their feet . . . . .                 | 223     |
| How beautiful the sight . . . . .                      | 476     |
| How blest are they, O gracious Lord . . . . .          | 752     |
| How blest are they who always keep . . . . .           | 496     |
| How blest is he, who ne'er consents . . . . .          | 495     |
| How blest the righteous when he dies! . . . . .        | 639     |
| How blest the sacred tie that binds . . . . .          | 475     |
| How did my heart rejoice to hear . . . . .             | 32      |
| How gentle God's commands! . . . . .                   | 603     |
| How gracious and how wise . . . . .                    | 205     |
| How happy is he born and taught . . . . .              | 466     |
| How large the promise, how divine . . . . .            | 325     |
| How little of ourselves we know . . . . .              | 605     |
| How long shall dreams of earthly bliss . . . . .       | 405     |
| How pleasant, how divinely fair . . . . .              | 66      |
| How precious is the book divine . . . . .              | 220     |
| How rich the blessings, O my God . . . . .             | 588     |
| How rich thy gifts, Almighty King! . . . . .           | 715     |
| How shall the young secure their hearts . . . . .      | 215     |
| How shall we praise thee, Lord of light? . . . . .     | 99      |
| How sweet, how calm, this Sabbath morn! . . . . .      | 83      |
| How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound . . . . .        | 243     |
| How sweet to hail the early dawn . . . . .             | 73      |
| How sweet, upon this sacred day . . . . .              | 64      |
| How swift the torrent rolls . . . . .                  | 638     |
| How vast the treasure we possess! . . . . .            | 735     |
| How welcome thy returning beams . . . . .              | 74      |
| How wondrous great, how glorious bright . . . . .      | 166     |
| <br>I am free! I am free! I have broken away . . . . . | <br>489 |
| If death my friend and me divide . . . . .             | 670     |

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| If, in a temple made with hands . . . . .            | 24  |
| If Providence to try my heart . . . . .              | 200 |
| If solid happiness we prize . . . . .                | 483 |
| I lift my heart to thee . . . . .                    | 574 |
| I'll praise my Maker with my breath . . . . .        | 168 |
| Imposture shrinks from light . . . . .               | 217 |
| In glad amazement, Lord, I stand . . . . .           | 119 |
| In Israel's fane, by silent night . . . . .          | 614 |
| In Judah's rugged wilderness . . . . .               | 239 |
| In paths unknown God leads us on . . . . .           | 757 |
| In pleasant lands have fallen the lines . . . . .    | 724 |
| In sleep's serene oblivion laid . . . . .            | 81  |
| Interval of grateful shade . . . . .                 | 98  |
| In the broad fields of heaven . . . . .              | 678 |
| In the cross of Christ I glory . . . . .             | 289 |
| In the morning I will pray . . . . .                 | 84  |
| In the soft season of thy youth . . . . .            | 610 |
| In time of tribulation . . . . .                     | 545 |
| In trouble and in grief, O God . . . . .             | 484 |
| In vain the erring world inquires . . . . .          | 596 |
| In vain we thus recall to mind . . . . .             | 339 |
| I sing the almighty power of God . . . . .           | 175 |
| Israel's Shepherd, guide us, feed us . . . . .       | 748 |
| Is there no kind, no lenient art . . . . .           | 544 |
| "Is this a fast for me?" . . . . .                   | 718 |
| It is finished ! glorious word . . . . .             | 282 |
| It is the hour of prayer . . . . .                   | 501 |
| I travel all the irksome night . . . . .             | 620 |
| I want a principle within . . . . .                  | 525 |
| I want the spirit of power within . . . . .          | 527 |
| I would not live alway : I ask not to stay . . . . . | 646 |
| Jehovah God ! thy gracious power . . . . .           | 174 |
| Jerusalem ! my glorious home ! . . . . .             | 674 |
| Jesus, and can it ever be . . . . .                  | 256 |
| Jesus, Lover of my soul . . . . .                    | 313 |
| Jesus shall reign where'er the sun . . . . .         | 296 |
| Jesus, the Friend of man . . . . .                   | 338 |
| Jesus, we thy promise claim . . . . .                | 349 |

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| John was the prophet of the Lord . . . . .       | 237 |
| Joy to the world ! the Lord is come ! . . . . .  | 235 |
| Just as I am, — without one plea . . . . .       | 684 |
| Know, my soul, thy full salvation . . . . .      | 509 |
| Laborers of Christ, arise . . . . .              | 423 |
| Leader of Israel's host, and Guide . . . . .     | 356 |
| Let all the heathen writers join . . . . .       | 219 |
| Let everlasting glories crown . . . . .          | 310 |
| Let every mortal ear attend . . . . .            | 244 |
| Let faith arise and climb the hills . . . . .    | 662 |
| Let not the wise their wisdom boast . . . . .    | 297 |
| Let one loud song of praise arise . . . . .      | 15  |
| Let others boast how strong they be . . . . .    | 645 |
| Let party names no more . . . . .                | 478 |
| Let plenteous grace descend on those . . . . .   | 340 |
| Let us with a joyful mind . . . . .              | 124 |
| Light immortal ! Light divine ! . . . . .        | 359 |
| Like shadows gliding o'er the plain . . . . .    | 624 |
| Lo, God is here ! let us adore . . . . .         | 27  |
| Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine ! . . . . .        | 183 |
| Look back, my soul, with grateful love . . . . . | 580 |
| Lord ! before thy presence come . . . . .        | 31  |
| Lord ! deliver ; thou canst save . . . . .       | 708 |
| Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing . . . . .     | 741 |
| Lord, from thine inmost glory send . . . . .     | 3   |
| Lord, have mercy when we pray . . . . .          | 410 |
| Lord, how secure and blest are they . . . . .    | 395 |
| Lord, I believe a rest remains . . . . .         | 586 |
| Lord, I believe ; thy power I own . . . . .      | 541 |
| Lord, I have made thy word my choice . . . . .   | 218 |
| Lord ! in heaven, thy dwelling-place . . . . .   | 29  |
| Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear . . . . .   | 79  |
| Lord, in the unbeginning years . . . . .         | 163 |
| Lord, lead the way the Saviour went . . . . .    | 711 |
| Lord of the Sabbath ! hear our vows . . . . .    | 30  |
| Lord of the wide extended main ! . . . . .       | 728 |
| Lord of the worlds above . . . . .               | 49  |



|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Lord of the worlds below ! . . . . .                | 698 |
| Lord, teach us how to pray aright . . . . .         | 404 |
| Lord, thou art good ! all nature shows . . . . .    | 194 |
| Lord ! thou didst arise and say . . . . .           | 263 |
| Lord, thou, with an unerring beam . . . . .         | 146 |
| Lord ! we adore thy vast designs . . . . .          | 173 |
| Lord ! we have made our steadfast choice ! . . . .  | 540 |
| Lord, we have wandered from thy way . . . . .       | 403 |
| Lord, when I quit this earthly stage . . . . .      | 599 |
| Lord ! when we bend before thy throne . . . . .     | 40  |
| Lord ! while for all mankind we pray . . . . .      | 723 |
| Lord, with glowing heart I'll praise thee . . . . . | 396 |
| Lo ! the day of rest declineth . . . . .            | 759 |
| Lo, the lilies of the field ! . . . . .             | 179 |
| Love divine, all love excelling . . . . .           | 26  |
| "Lovest thou me ?" I hear my Saviour say . . . .    | 682 |
| Lowly and solemn be . . . . .                       | 654 |
|   |     |
| Mark the soft-falling snow . . . . .                | 208 |
| May I resolve, with all my heart . . . . .          | 412 |
| May the grace of Christ, our Saviour . . . . .      | 743 |
| Millions within thy courts have been . . . . .      | 761 |
| Mighty God ! the first, the last ! . . . . .        | 577 |
| Morning breaks upon the tomb ! . . . . .            | 285 |
| My country, 't is of thee . . . . .                 | 722 |
| My days, and weeks, and months, and years . . . .   | 623 |
| My dear Redeemer and my Lord . . . . .              | 253 |
| My Father !—cheering name ! . . . . .               | 520 |
| My Father ! I adore . . . . .                       | 388 |
| My Father, let me hear thy voice . . . . .          | 383 |
| My God ! all nature owns thy sway . . . . .         | 685 |
| My God, I thank thee ! may no thought . . . . .     | 551 |
| My God, my everlasting hope . . . . .               | 616 |
| My God, my King ! thy various praise . . . . .      | 156 |
| My God, my strength, my hope . . . . .              | 555 |
| My God ! permit me not to be . . . . .              | 499 |
| My God, the steps of pious men . . . . .            | 443 |
| My God, the visits of thy face . . . . .            | 564 |
| My God ! thy boundless love I praise . . . . .      | 128 |

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| My God, thy service well demands . . . . .         | 486 |
| My gracious Lord ! whose changeless love . . . . . | 398 |
| My gracious God, I own thy right . . . . .         | 471 |
| My helper, God ! I bless his name . . . . .        | 707 |
| My Maker and my King . . . . .                     | 121 |
| My Shepherd is the living Lord . . . . .           | 185 |
| My soul before Thee prostrate lies . . . . .       | 408 |
| My soul, inspired with sacred love . . . . .       | 114 |
| My soul, repeat his praise . . . . .               | 162 |
| My soul shall praise thee, O my God ! . . . . .    | 591 |
|  |     |
| Naked, as from the earth we came . . . . .         | 649 |
| Nature with eternal youth . . . . .                | 436 |
| Not e'en a sparrow yields its breath . . . . .     | 737 |
| Not here, where met to think on Him . . . . .      | 341 |
| Not to the terrors of the Lord . . . . .           | 298 |
| Not with terror do we meet . . . . .               | 331 |
| Now doth the sun ascend the sky . . . . .          | 82  |
| Now let our voices join . . . . .                  | 457 |
| Now let the world agree . . . . .                  | 734 |
| Now may He, who from the dead . . . . .            | 738 |
| Now Morning lifts her dewy veil . . . . .          | 78  |
| Now that the sun is beaming bright . . . . .       | 85  |
| Now the shades of night are gone . . . . .         | 80  |
| Now to the Lord a noble song ! . . . . .           | 213 |
|  |     |
| O all ye nations, praise the Lord . . . . .        | 746 |
| O blessed souls are they . . . . .                 | 406 |
| O bless the Lord, my soul ! . . . . .              | 130 |
| O bow thine ear, Eternal One ! . . . . .           | 28  |
| O cease, my wandering soul . . . . .               | 751 |
| O come, loud anthems let us sing . . . . .         | 65  |
| O could we speak the matchless worth . . . . .     | 291 |
| O draw me, Father, after thee . . . . .            | 582 |
| O'er mountain-tops, the mount of God . . . . .     | 293 |
| O'er the dark wave of Galilee . . . . .            | 266 |
| O Father ! humbly we repose . . . . .              | 513 |
| O Father ! though the anxious fear . . . . .       | 39  |
| O Father ! with protecting care . . . . .          | 13  |

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| O for a closer walk with God . . . . .                 | 512 |
| O God, accept the sacred hour . . . . .                | 346 |
| O God ! mine inmost soul convert . . . . .             | 672 |
| O God, that mad'st the earth and sky . . . . .         | 516 |
| O God, thou art my God alone . . . . .                 | 562 |
| O God, to thee my sinking soul . . . . .               | 579 |
| O God ! to thee our hearts would pay . . . . .         | 705 |
| O God ! we praise thee, and confess . . . . .          | 6   |
| O God ! whose dread and dazzling brow . . . . .        | 22  |
| O God, whose presence glows in all . . . . .           | 48  |
| O happy Christian, who can trust . . . . .             | 417 |
| O happy is the man who hears . . . . .                 | 481 |
| O happy soul, that lives on high . . . . .             | 429 |
| O happy they who know the Lord . . . . .               | 571 |
| O help us, Lord ! each hour of need . . . . .          | 400 |
| O, if thy brow, serene and calm . . . . .              | 440 |
| O, in the morn of life, when youth . . . . .           | 611 |
| O know ye not that ye . . . . .                        | 437 |
| "O learn of me," the Saviour cried . . . . .           | 435 |
| O let my trembling soul be still . . . . .             | 532 |
| O Lord ! my best desires fulfil . . . . .              | 595 |
| O Lord of life, and truth, and grace . . . . .         | 307 |
| O Lord, our fathers oft have told . . . . .            | 725 |
| O Lord ! our Heavenly King . . . . .                   | 176 |
| O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart . . . . .            | 526 |
| O Lord ! where'er thy people meet . . . . .            | 34  |
| O my soul, unceasing pray . . . . .                    | 569 |
| Once more, my soul, the rising day . . . . .           | 77  |
| One prayer I have, — all prayers in one . . . . .      | 536 |
| O not by solemn rites alone . . . . .                  | 590 |
| "O not for these alone I pray" . . . . .               | 337 |
| O not to crush with abject fear . . . . .              | 709 |
| On the dewy breath of even . . . . .                   | 94  |
| On thee, each morning, O my God ! . . . . .            | 89  |
| On the first Christian Sabbath eve . . . . .           | 107 |
| On, through Judæa's palmy plain . . . . .              | 322 |
| On thy Church, O Power Divine . . . . .                | 319 |
| Open, Lord, my inward ear . . . . .                    | 368 |
| O praise ye the Lord, his greatness proclaim . . . . . | 113 |

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| O richly, Father, have I been . . . . .                  | 409 |
| O sacred Head, now wounded . . . . .                     | 348 |
| O say not, think not, heavenly notes . . . . .           | 615 |
| O sinner, bring not tears alone . . . . .                | 719 |
| O Source divine, and Life of all . . . . .               | 140 |
| O Source of uncreated light . . . . .                    | 362 |
| O Spirit of the living God ! . . . . .                   | 361 |
| O stay thy tears ; for they are blest . . . . .          | 643 |
| O suffering Friend of human kind ! . . . . .             | 273 |
| O that I as a little child . . . . .                     | 524 |
| O that my heart was right with Thee . . . . .            | 535 |
| O that the Lord would guide my ways . . . . .            | 531 |
| O Thou, from whom all goodness flows . . . . .           | 598 |
| O Thou, in whom the weary find . . . . .                 | 386 |
| O Thou that hearest prayer . . . . .                     | 370 |
| O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry . . . . .           | 376 |
| O Thou, to whom, in ancient time . . . . .               | 53  |
| O Thou to whose all-searching sight . . . . .            | 543 |
| O Thou, who all things dost control . . . . .            | 382 |
| O Thou, who hast at thy command . . . . .                | 568 |
| O Thou whose power o'er moving worlds presides . . . . . | 41  |
| O timely happy, timely wise . . . . .                    | 87  |
| Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed . . . . .            | 353 |
| Our Father — God ! not face to face . . . . .            | 12  |
| Our Father, throned above the sky ! . . . . .            | 52  |
| Our Father ! through the coming year . . . . .           | 700 |
| Our Heavenly Father calls . . . . .                      | 333 |
| Our Heavenly Father, hear . . . . .                      | 542 |
| Our sins, alas ! how strong they be ! . . . . .          | 407 |
| Our souls with pleasing wonder view . . . . .            | 127 |
| O what is life ? — 't is like a flower . . . . .         | 619 |
| O where are kings and empires now . . . . .              | 305 |
| O who shall say he knows the folds . . . . .             | 455 |
| O ye immortal throng . . . . .                           | 288 |
| Part in peace ! is day before us ? . . . . .             | 749 |
| Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan . . . . .     | 600 |
| Praise the Lord ! ye heavens adore him . . . . .         | 132 |
| Praise to God, immortal praise . . . . .                 | 125 |

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Praise to thee, thou great Creator ! . . . . .             | 742 |
| Praise ye Jehovah's name . . . . .                         | 135 |
| Prayer is the soul's sincere desire . . . . .              | 502 |
| Quiet, Lord, my froward heart . . . . .                    | 533 |
| Raise your triumphant songs . . . . .                      | 312 |
| Rejoice, believer, in the Lord . . . . .                   | 459 |
| Rejoice in God alway . . . . .                             | 458 |
| Remark, my soul, the narrow bounds . . . . .               | 706 |
| "Remember me," the Saviour said . . . . .                  | 328 |
| Restore, O Father ! to our times restore . . . . .         | 747 |
| Return, my roving heart, return . . . . .                  | 384 |
| Return, my soul, and seek thy rest . . . . .               | 514 |
| Return, my soul, unto thy rest . . . . .                   | 401 |
| Ride on, ride on in majesty ! . . . . .                    | 268 |
| Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise ! . . . . . | 303 |
| Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings . . . . .             | 538 |
| Rock of Ages, cleft for me . . . . .                       | 308 |
| Saviour ! who thy flock art feeding . . . . .              | 323 |
| Scorn not the slightest word or deed . . . . .             | 421 |
| Searcher of hearts, before thy face . . . . .              | 397 |
| "See how he loved !" exclaimed the Jews . . . . .          | 264 |
| See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand . . . . .               | 321 |
| See the leaves around us falling . . . . .                 | 697 |
| Servant of God, well done ! . . . . .                      | 660 |
| She loved her Saviour, and to him . . . . .                | 712 |
| Shepherd of Israel, hear my prayer . . . . .               | 511 |
| Shine forth, Eternal Source of light . . . . .             | 594 |
| Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name . . . . .                  | 36  |
| Sing to the Lord, who loud proclaims . . . . .             | 606 |
| Sing we the song of those who stand . . . . .              | 299 |
| Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord . . . . .                    | 460 |
| Sister, thou wast mild and lovely . . . . .                | 651 |
| Slowly, by God's hand unfurled . . . . .                   | 96  |
| So let our lips and lives express . . . . .                | 448 |
| Sometimes a light surprises . . . . .                      | 449 |
| Songs of praise the angels sang . . . . .                  | 131 |



|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Sow in the morn thy seed . . . . .                      | 424 |
| Speak gently, — it is better far . . . . .              | 445 |
| Spirit of truth! on this, thy day . . . . .             | 358 |
| Stand up, and bless the Lord . . . . .                  | 21  |
| Supreme and universal Light! . . . . .                  | 552 |
| Sure, to the mansions of the blest . . . . .            | 687 |
| Sweet is the bliss of souls serene . . . . .            | 415 |
| Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream . . . . .         | 563 |
| Sweet is the task, O Lord . . . . .                     | 46  |
| Sweet is the work, my God, my King . . . . .            | 67  |
| <br>  |     |
| Take my heart, O Father, take it . . . . .              | 561 |
| Teach me, my God and King . . . . .                     | 539 |
| Tell me not, in mournful numbers . . . . .              | 444 |
| Thanks for mercies past receive . . . . .               | 754 |
| That day of wrath, that dreadful day . . . . .          | 677 |
| The angel comes; he comes to reap . . . . .             | 676 |
| The billows swell, the winds are high . . . . .         | 576 |
| The bird that soars on highest wing . . . . .           | 467 |
| The broken ties of happier days . . . . .               | 683 |
| The Christian warrior, see him stand . . . . .          | 452 |
| The darkened sky, how thick it lowers! . . . . .        | 633 |
| The dews and rains, in all their store . . . . .        | 367 |
| The dove, let loose in Eastern skies . . . . .          | 550 |
| The glories of our birth and state . . . . .            | 625 |
| The glorious universe around . . . . .                  | 470 |
| The God of glory walks his round . . . . .              | 427 |
| The God of harvest praise . . . . .                     | 716 |
| The God of mercy will indulge . . . . .                 | 652 |
| The God who reigns alone . . . . .                      | 203 |
| The heavenly spheres to thee, O God . . . . .           | 101 |
| The heaven of heavens cannot contain . . . . .          | 59  |
| The heavens declare thy glory, Lord! . . . . .          | 221 |
| The heavens invite mine eye . . . . .                   | 607 |
| The leaves around me falling . . . . .                  | 696 |
| The Lord descended from above . . . . .                 | 142 |
| The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know . . . . . | 184 |
| The Lord Jehovah reigns . . . . .                       | 120 |
| The Lord Jehovah, slow to wrath . . . . .               | 190 |

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| The Lord my pasture shall prepare . . . . .                         | 182 |
| The Lord my Shepherd is . . . . .                                   | 181 |
| The Lord our God is full of might . . . . .                         | 155 |
| The mellow eve is gliding . . . . .                                 | 95  |
| The morning dawns upon the place . . . . .                          | 272 |
| The morning light is breaking . . . . .                             | 688 |
| The ocean looketh up to heaven . . . . .                            | 680 |
| The offerings to Thy throne which rise . . . . .                    | 20  |
| The perfect world, by Adam trod . . . . .                           | 691 |
| The promises I sing . . . . .                                       | 189 |
| The race that long in darkness pined . . . . .                      | 234 |
| There is a book, who runs may read . . . . .                        | 178 |
| There is a glorious world of light . . . . .                        | 613 |
| There is a God, all nature speaks . . . . .                         | 148 |
| There is a land mine eye hath seen . . . . .                        | 679 |
| There is a land of pure delight . . . . .                           | 663 |
| There seems a voice in every gale . . . . .                         | 115 |
| There's not a hope with comfort fraught . . . . .                   | 295 |
| The saints on earth and those above . . . . .                       | 300 |
| The Saviour comes ! no outward pomp . . . . .                       | 242 |
| The Son of God gave thanks . . . . .                                | 343 |
| The Spirit breathes upon the word . . . . .                         | 211 |
| The Spirit, in our hearts . . . . .                                 | 360 |
| The swift-declining day . . . . .                                   | 103 |
| The swift not always in the race . . . . .                          | 587 |
| The uplifted eye and bended knee . . . . .                          | 442 |
| The vineyard of the Lord . . . . .                                  | 497 |
| The wandering star and fleeting wind . . . . .                      | 380 |
| The winds are hushed ; the peaceful moon . . . . .                  | 326 |
| The winds were howling o'er the deep . . . . .                      | 265 |
| The winter is over and gone . . . . .                               | 694 |
| The year begins with promises . . . . .                             | 703 |
| They who on the Lord rely . . . . .                                 | 104 |
| They who seek the throne of grace . . . . .                         | 558 |
| Thine influence, mighty God ! is felt . . . . .                     | 373 |
| Think gently of the erring one ! . . . .                            | 446 |
| Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not deplore thee . . . . . | 650 |
| Thou art, O God, the life and light . . . . .                       | 151 |
| Thou art the Way ; and he who sighs . . . . .                       | 254 |

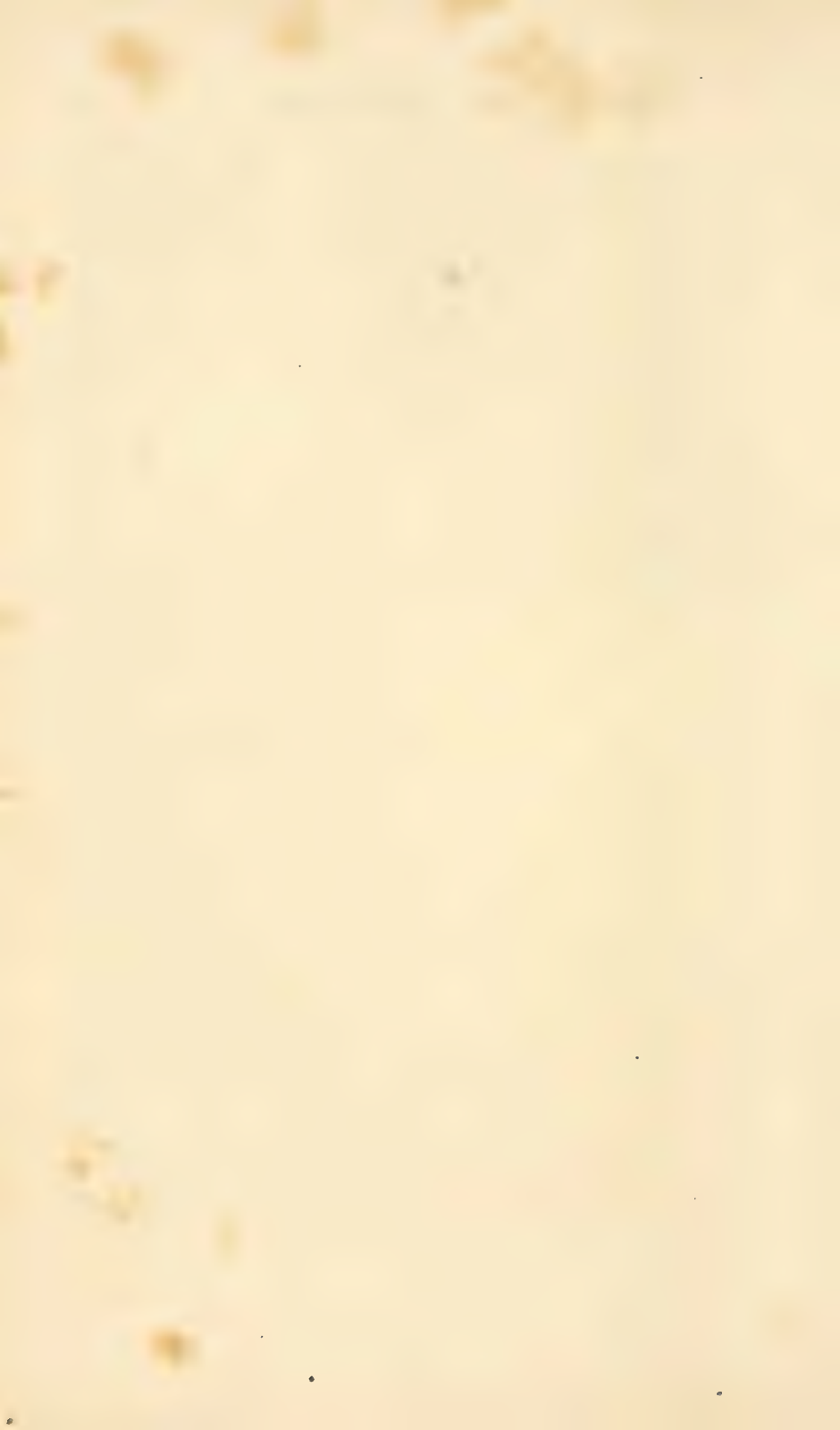
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|--|-----|
| Thou art the Way: by thee alone . . . . .                  | 255 |
| Thou hidden love of God, whose height . . . . .            | 529 |
| Thou hidden Source of calm repose . . . . .                | 530 |
| Thou, Lord, through every changing scene . . . . .         | 153 |
| Thou seest my feebleness . . . . .                         | 391 |
| Thou, who didst stoop below . . . . .                      | 276 |
| Thou who dwell'st enthroned above ! . . . .                | 111 |
| Thou, whose almighty word . . . . .                        | 363 |
| Thrice happy souls, who, born from heaven . . . . .        | 431 |
| Through all the changing scenes of life . . . . .          | 122 |
| Through all the various shifting scene . . . . .           | 187 |
| Through endless years thou art the same . . . . .          | 204 |
| Through night to light ! And though to mortal eyes . . . . | 681 |
| Through shades and solitudes profound . . . . .            | 631 |
| Through sorrow's night, and danger's path . . . . .        | 621 |
| Through thee as we together came . . . . .                 | 351 |
| Through thee, O Lord, we own . . . . .                     | 411 |
| Thus far on life's perplexing path . . . . .               | 622 |
| Thus far the Lord has led me on . . . . .                  | 102 |
| Thus said Jesus: Go and do . . . . .                       | 250 |
| Thus shalt thou love the Almighty Lord . . . . .           | 479 |
| Thus spake the Saviour, when he sent . . . . .             | 309 |
| Thy favors, Lord, surprise our souls . . . . .             | 60  |
| Thy goodness, Lord ! our souls confess . . . . .           | 177 |
| Thy gracious aid, great God, impart . . . . .              | 745 |
| Thy hand unseen sustains the poles . . . . .               | 160 |
| Thy home is with the humble, Lord ! . . . . .              | 432 |
| Thy life I read, my dearest Lord ! . . . . .               | 324 |
| Thy name, Almighty Lord . . . . .                          | 740 |
| Thy sacred book we would survey . . . . .                  | 225 |
| Thy way, O God ! is in the sea . . . . .                   | 143 |
| Times without number have I prayed . . . . .               | 402 |
| 'T is by the faith of joys to come . . . . .               | 426 |
| "'T is finished !" so the Saviour cried . . . . .          | 280 |
| 'T is gone, that bright and orbèd blaze . . . . .          | 105 |
| 'T is wisdom's earnest cry . . . . .                       | 472 |
| To all thy faithful people, Lord . . . . .                 | 755 |
| To God the mighty Lord . . . . .                           | 118 |
| To God the only wise . . . . .                             | 123 |

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| To keep the lamp alive . . . . .                 | 414 |
| To-morrow, Lord, is thine . . . . .              | 626 |
| To Thee be praise for ever . . . . .             | 753 |
| To thee, my God ! my days are known . . . . .    | 188 |
| To thee, O God ! we homage pay . . . . .         | 258 |
| To thee, the Lord Almighty . . . . .             | 739 |
| To thine eternal arms, O God . . . . .           | 375 |
| Truly the light of morn is sweet . . . . .       | 609 |
| 'T was by an order from the Lord . . . . .       | 222 |
| Unheard the dew's around me fall . . . . .       | 134 |
| Unite, my roving thoughts, unite . . . . .       | 597 |
| Unto thy temple, God of love ! . . . . .         | 35  |
| Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb ! . . . . .      | 656 |
| Upon the Gospel's sacred page . . . . .          | 210 |
| Up to the hills I lift my eyes . . . . .         | 601 |
| Vainly, through night's weary hours . . . . .    | 193 |
| Vital spark of heavenly flame . . . . .          | 658 |
| Voyager on life's troubled sea . . . . .         | 393 |
| Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will ! . . . . .    | 546 |
| Walk in the light ! so shalt thou know . . . . . | 430 |
| Watchman ! tell us of the night . . . . .        | 226 |
| Weak and irresolute is man . . . . .             | 618 |
| We bless Thee for this sacred day . . . . .      | 57  |
| Welcome, delightful morn ! . . . . .             | 23  |
| Welcome, sweet day of rest . . . . .             | 56  |
| Welcome, welcome, quiet morning . . . . .        | 16  |
| We love the venerable house . . . . .            | 692 |
| We pray for truth and peace . . . . .            | 548 |
| Were all our hopes and all our fears . . . . .   | 629 |
| Were not the sinful Mary's tears . . . . .       | 267 |
| We wait in faith, in prayer we wait . . . . .    | 317 |
| What must it be to dwell above . . . . .         | 668 |
| What precept, Jesus, is like thine . . . . .     | 447 |
| What secret hand, at morning light . . . . .     | 88  |
| What shall we render, bounteous Lord . . . . .   | 713 |
| When all the hours of life are past . . . . .    | 666 |

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| When all thy mercies, O my God ! . . . . .              | 169 |
| When arise the thoughts of sin . . . . .                | 508 |
| When, as returns this solemn day . . . . .              | 17  |
| When before thy throne we kneel . . . . .               | 44  |
| When, bending o'er the brink of life . . . . .          | 628 |
| When, blest Redeemer, thou art near . . . . .           | 507 |
| When Christ among the sons of men . . . . .             | 468 |
| When darkness long has veiled my mind . . . . .         | 522 |
| When Fancy spreads her boldest wings . . . . .          | 473 |
| When God, of old, came down from heaven . . . . .       | 352 |
| When Hagar found the bottle spent . . . . .             | 510 |
| When I can read my title clear . . . . .                | 669 |
| When in silence, o'er the deep . . . . .                | 230 |
| When Israel, of the Lord beloved . . . . .              | 585 |
| When musing sorrow weeps the past . . . . .             | 592 |
| When power divine, in mortal form . . . . .             | 261 |
| When, rising from the bed of death . . . . .            | 675 |
| When sin and sorrow, fear and pain . . . . .            | 584 |
| When the vale of death appears . . . . .                | 671 |
| When true religion gains a place . . . . .              | 416 |
| When verdure clothes the fertile vale . . . . .         | 695 |
| When, wakened by thy voice of power . . . . .           | 126 |
| Where ancient forests widely spread . . . . .           | 38  |
| Wherefore should man, frail child of clay . . . . .     | 433 |
| Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch . . . . .         | 147 |
| While now, upon this Sabbath eve . . . . .              | 760 |
| While shepherds watched their flocks by night . . . . . | 228 |
| While some in folly's pleasures roll . . . . .          | 492 |
| While thee I seek, protecting Power ! . . . . .         | 557 |
| While to lips with praise that glow . . . . .           | 350 |
| While, with ceaseless course, the sun . . . . .         | 701 |
| While yet the youthful spirit bears . . . . .           | 612 |
| Who are these in bright array . . . . .                 | 673 |
| Who is thy neighbor ? He whom thou . . . . .            | 710 |
| Who shall behold the glorious day . . . . .             | 294 |
| Who shall toward thy chosen seat . . . . .              | 491 |
| Why doth my Saviour weep . . . . .                      | 270 |
| Why should the world's alluring toys . . . . .          | 665 |
| Why should we start, and fear to die ? . . . . .        | 648 |



|   |     |
|---|-----|
| With glory clad, with strength arrayed . . . . .  | 165 |
| Within thy circling power I stand . . . . .       | 144 |
| With one consent, let all the earth . . . . .     | 1   |
| With reverence let the saints appear . . . . .    | 145 |
| With sacred joy we lift our eyes . . . . .        | 61  |
| With stately towers and bulwarks strong . . . . . | 318 |
| With warm affection let us view . . . . .         | 334 |
| Word of the ever-living God! . . . . .            | 207 |
| Ye boundless realms of joy . . . . .              | 129 |
| Ye followers of the Prince of Peace . . . . .     | 330 |
| Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell . . . . .     | 630 |
| Ye humble souls, that seek the Lord . . . . .     | 284 |
| Ye servants of the Lord . . . . .                 | 419 |
| Ye that obey the immortal King . . . . .          | 723 |
| Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears . . . . .  | 482 |



## PARTICULAR INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

---

1. INTRODUCTION OF PUBLIC WORSHIP, 1 to 76.

SABBATH, 11, 16, 23, 30, 39, 54, 56, 57, 62, 64, 70 to 76.

SANCTUARY, 3, 4, 12, 19, 24, 27, 28, 32, 38, 45, 47, 49, 66.

2. MORNING AND EVENING, 77 to 107.

3. PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING, 108 to 136.

4. PERFECTIONS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD, 137 to 206.

God Self-existent, 137.

God Eternal, 138, 153, 163, 165, 191.

God's Love, 140, 158, 162, 174, 177, 180, 186, 192, 194, 196, 199.

God's Wisdom, 141.

God's Majesty and Power, 142, 145, 155, 156, 166.

God Incomprehensible, 143, 198.

God Omnipresent, 139, 144, 147, 151, 197.

God Omniscient, 146.

God revealed in Nature, 148, 149, 159, 160, 164, 175, 178, 179.

God's Providence and Goodness, 150, 152, 154, 157, 168, 169, 170,  
172, 173, 187, 188.

God Immutable, 161, 204.

God Invisible, 167.

God our Shepherd, 181 to 185.

God's Unity, 203.

5. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, 207 to 225.

6. JESUS CHRIST AND HIS KINGDOM, 226 to 320.

Events in His Life and Ministry, arranged in Historical Order, 237  
to 287.

His Invitations, 243 to 248.

His Example, 249, 253, 259, 275.

Christ the Door and the Way, 252, 254, 255.

Rejoicing in Christ, 283, 289 to 292, 297, 299.

Christ's Kingdom. — The Future Glory of his Church, 293, 294, 296, 301 to 310, 317 to 319.

7. THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES, 321 to 351.

BAPTISM, 321 to 325.

THE LORD'S SUPPER, 326 to 351.

8. THE HOLY SPIRIT, 352 to 374.

9. PENITENCE AND PARDON, 375 to 410.

10. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE: ITS DUTIES, VIRTUES, AND JOYS, 411 to 499.

The New Birth, 411, 415, 489.

Christian Resolves, 412, 471, 486.

The Christian's Charge, 413.

Happiness of the Christian Life, 416, 417, 429, 431, 449, 457 to 461.

Watchfulness and Activity, 418 to 424, 427, 428, 497.

The Christian Warfare, 425, 450 to 452, 490.

Humility and Meekness, 432 to 435.

Purity, 436 to 438.

Faith, 462, 463, 469.

Love, 468, 470, 475, 479.

Unity and Peace, 476 to 478, 480.

Courage, 482, 485.

Resignation, 483, 484.

The Beatitudes, 487.

Sincerity, 491.

Retirement, 498, 499.

Moderation, 439.

Mercy and Forgiveness, 440, 445 to 447.

11. PRAYERS, ASPIRATIONS, AND DEVOUT AFFECTIONS, 500 to 609.

The Duty and Joy of Prayer, 500 to 503, 557, 558, 560, 566.

For Heavenly Thoughts, 506.

For Christ's Presence and Help, 507, 508, 549, 590.

Walking with God, 505, 512.

For Grace and Holiness, 515, 537, 565.

Confidence and Reliance, 513, 520, 522, 532, 556, 569, 570, 571,  
575, 578, 588, 604.

God the Soul's Rest and Portion, 514, 517, 586, 596, 599.

Rejoicing in God, 530, 564, 580, 583, 591, 606.

In Distress, 516, 545, 579, 592, 605.

For Consolation, 544, 600.

For the Christian Spirit and Principles, 518, 519, 525, 527, 531,  
539, 552, 553, 555, 573.

Thy Kingdom come, 521, 542, 559.

Thirsting for God, 523, 529, 562, 582, 594.

For a Childlike Spirit, 524, 533.

Self-Dedication, 526, 528, 561.

For Faith, 534, 540, 541, 550.

Resignation, 536, 546, 551, 554, 567, 568, 595, 603.

For Love, 535.

For Guidance, 543, 576, 581, 585.

For Wisdom, 547, 589.

For Strength, 548.

Lord, remember me, 598.

## 12. HUMAN LIFE: ITS COURSE AND END, 608 to 660.

Early Piety, 608 to 611.

Feed my Lambs, 612, 615.

The Aged Christian, 616.

Changes and Brevity of Life, 617, 619, 623 to 627.

Human Frailty, 618, 635, 636, 638, 644, 645.

The Journey of Life, 620, 621, 622.

Religion our Light and Support in Life and Death, 628, 631, 651,  
654.

Affliction and Comfort, 632 to 634, 649, 653.

Blessedness of the Righteous in Death, 639, 640, 643, 647, 658.

Life, Death, and Resurrection, 641.

Sleeping in Jesus, 642.

Death disarmed, 648.

Farewell, 630, 650, 651.

Death of Parents, 652.

Dirge, 655, 656, 659.

Death of a Minister, 657, 660.



## 13. THE FUTURE LIFE, 661 to 677.

Prospect of Heaven, 661 to 663, 665.

Heaven, 664, 666, 673, 674, 679.

Foretaste of Heaven, 668.

Friends reunited above, 667, 670.

Hope of Heaven, 669.

Support in Death, 671.

Judgment, 672, 675.

The Last Harvest, 676.

The Last Day, 677.

## 14. MISCELLANEOUS AND OCCASIONAL, 680 to 731.

Nature's Worship, 680, 685.

Via Crucis, Via Lucis, 681.

Earth's Broken Ties, 683.

Coming of Christ, 684.

On opening an Organ, 686.

Death of Children, 687.

Missionary, 688, 689.

Ordination, 10, 28, 38, 48.

On leaving an Ancient Church, 690.

Dedication, 691, 47.

Attachment to an Old Church, 692.

The Seasons, 693 to 698.

New and Old Year, 699 to 707.

Prayer for the Slave, 708.

Charitable, 709 to 713.

Thanksgiving, 714 to 717 ; also 118, 135, 136, 156, 170.

Fast, 718 to 721.

Our Country, 722 to 727.

Mariner's Hymn, 728 to 730.

Traveller's Hymn, 731.

## 15. CLOSE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP, 732 to 761.

## INDEX OF AUTHORS.

---

- Adams, J. Q., 637.  
 Adams, S. F., 749.  
 Addison, Joseph, 169, 182, 675, 731.  
 Alford, 329.  
 Ambrose, St., 85.  
 Ancient Hymns, 311, 316, 331.  
 Anonymous, 2, 5, 9, 11, 16, 19, 54, 70, 83,  
     91, 95, 134, 254, 306, 317, 322, 323, 351,  
     379, 382, 389, 396, 440, 441, 445, 458,  
     490, 500, 501, 507, 528, 553, 554, 579,  
     600, 655, 678, 679, 681, 684, 688, 741,  
     747, 753, 754, 756, 760.  
 Bache, 264.  
 Barbauld, Mrs. Anna L., 17, 39, 71, 125,  
     245, 425, 475, 639.  
 Barton, 207, 260, 430.  
 Bathurst, 371.  
 Baxter, 314.  
 Beddome, Rev. Benjamin, 365, 380, 399,  
     478, 482, 546.  
 Belknap's Collection, 338.  
 Bickersteth, 748.  
 Birmingham Collection, 330.  
 Boden, 713.  
 Book of Hymns, 375, 524, 548.  
 Bowring, Dr. John, 20, 29, 44, 90, 99, 101,  
     126, 158, 163, 197, 210, 226, 243, 289,  
     331, 532, 629.  
 Breviary, 14, 78, 465, 719.  
 Briggs's Collection, 505.  
 British Magazine, 696.  
 Browne, Rev. Simon, 103, 194, 355, 504.  
 Bryant, William C., 3, 22, 634.  
 Bulfinch, Rev. S. G., 76, 273, 277, 282, 411,  
     428, 534, 572.  
 Burder's Collection, 364.  
 Burleigh, W. H., 100.  
 Butcher, Rev. Edmund, 320.  
 Campbell's Collection, 370.  
 Cappe's Selection, 33.  
 Carlisle, 40.  
 Cawood, 614.  
 Cennick, 488.  
 Chapin, Rev. E. H., 12.  
 Christian Mirror, 712.  
 Christian Psalmist, 234, 274, 398, 565, 668,  
     674.  
 Christian Reformer, 474.  
 Christian Watchman, 462.  
 Collett, 187.  
 Collyer, Rev. William B., 106, 285, 628.  
 Companion Hymn-Book, 374.  
 Conder, Josiah, 109, 139, 556, 755.  
 Cotterill, Mrs., 568.  
 Cotton, Dr. Nathaniel, 483, 492.  
 Cowper, William, 34, 157, 211, 301, 414,  
     449, 498, 510, 512, 522, 576, 595, 618.  
 Coxe, A. C., 305.  
 Crosswell, 711.  
 Darwin, 202.  
 Doddridge, Rev. Dr. Philip, 30, 37, 51, 98,  
     103, 117, 119, 127, 150, 153, 161, 167,  
     188, 189, 201, 205, 208, 225, 233, 252,  
     258, 279, 283, 284, 288, 321, 333, 369,  
     333, 384, 397, 403, 405, 417, 418, 419,  
     431, 457, 460, 471, 486, 514, 540, 575,  
     580, 583, 593, 594, 597, 603, 606, 626,  
     627, 630, 633, 637, 638, 699, 704, 706,  
     707, 757.  
 Drennan, Dr. William, 59.  
 Drummond, Rev. Dr. William H., 203, 454,  
     632, 718.  
 Dryden, John, 362.  
 Dublin Collection, 132, 332.  
 Duncan, 292.  
 Dyer, 110, 721.  
 Edinburgh Lit. Rev., 560.

- Edmeston, James, 73.  
 Emerson, R. W., 692.  
 Enfield, Rev. Dr. William, 259, 433.  
 Episcopal Collection, 75, 80, 255, 360, 611, 646, 751.  
 Estlin, 744.  
 Exeter Collection, 199, 347, 469, 573, 745.  
 Fawcett, Rev. Benjamin, 143, 652, 742.  
 Fergus, 703.  
 Fletcher, Thomas, 239.  
 Fletcher, Mrs., 446.  
 Flint, Rev. Dr. James, 690, 724.  
 Follen, Mrs. Eliza L., 64, 180, 708.  
 Freeman, Rev. Dr. James, 698.  
 Frothingham, Rev. Dr. N. L., 48, 307, 323, 343.  
 Furness, Rev. William H., 84, 96, 342, 409, 549.  
 Gaskell, Rev. William, 35, 345, 339, 489, 508, 513, 577, 590, 658, 700, 705, 709, 739.  
 Gentleman's Magazine, 89.  
 German, from the, 34.  
 Gilbert, Mrs., 671.  
 Gilman, Rev. Dr. Samuel, 346.  
 Gisborne, 451.  
 Graham, S., 730.  
 Grant, 509.  
 Green, 623.  
 Gregg, 256.  
 Hale, Miss Mary W., 230  
 Hancox, 74.  
 Harris, 345.  
 Hart, Rev. Oliver, 372.  
 Hawes, 694.  
 Hawkesworth, Dr. John, 81.  
 Hayward, 23.  
 Heber, Bishop, 13, 69, 179, 231, 265, 358, 427, 516, 608, 636, 650, 676, 689, 726.  
 Heginbotham, Rev. Ottiwell, 186, 591, 693.  
 Hemans, Mrs. Felicia D., 172, 262, 271, 503, 506, 654.  
 Hillhouse, 335.  
 Hogg, 116.  
 Horne, Bishop, 697.  
 Humphries, T., 598.  
 Hutton, 190.  
 Ilsley, 393.  
 Jervis, Rev. Thomas, 61, 720.  
 Johns, 437, 559.  
 Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 41.  
 Keble, 87, 105, 178, 270, 352, 394, 415, 433, 615.  
 Kenn, Bishop, 86, 93.  
 Kippis, Rev. Dr. Andrew, 193, 715.  
 Lampert, 24.  
 Landon, L. E., 612.  
 Livermore, Mrs. W., 447.  
 Liverpool Collection, 737  
 London Inquirer, 421.  
 Logan, Rev. John, 481.  
 Longfellow, Henry W., 444.  
 Lyra Catholica, 82, 257, 432.  
 Lyte, 97, 420.  
 Mackay, Mrs., 642.  
 Madan's Collection, 241.  
 Marriot, 363.  
 Martineau's Collection, 276.  
 Medley, Rev. S., 291.  
 Merrick, Rev. J., 55, 183, 494, 578.  
 Methodist Collection, 558.  
 Middleton, Bishop, 390.  
 Milman, Rev. H. H., 263, 263, 278, 400, 410, 659.  
 Milton, John, 124.  
 Montgomery, James, 21, 88, 107, 130, 131, 164, 184, 236, 272, 275, 299, 304, 336, 361, 401, 404, 424, 452, 464, 467, 470, 476, 502, 536, 544, 545, 562, 589, 620, 622, 631, 657, 660, 664, 667, 673, 682, 683, 716, 761.  
 Moore, Rev. Henry, 123, 493, 519, 552.  
 Moore, Thomas, 151, 240, 267, 294, 550.  
 Moravian, 206, 386, 408, 461, 529, 543, 582  
 Needham, Rev. J., 233, 439.  
 Newton, Rev. John, 302, 340, 459, 533, 570, 571, 701, 738, 743, 758.  
 New York Collection, 57.  
 Noel, 592.  
 Norton, Andrews, 38, 551, 643.  
 Oberlin, Rev. J. F., 526.  
 Ogilvie, Rev. John, 133.  
 Oliver, 531.  
 Olney Hymns, 43.  
 Opie, Mrs., 115.  
 Osgood, Mrs., 7.  
 Patrick, Bishop, 6, 228, 537,  
 Paradise Street Collection, 334, 338.  
 Peabody, Rev. William B. O., 149, 647, 666, 710.  
 Pierpont, Rev. John, 23, 53, 326, 350, 727.  
 Pope, Alexander, 303, 658.  
 Pratt's Collection, 18, 335.  
 Proud, 416.  
 Raffles, Rev. Thomas, 50.  
 Rippon's Collection, 63, 220, 367, 538.  
 Roscoe, Miss Jane, 455, 588.  
 Roscoe, William, 15, 250.  
 Russell, W., 266.  
 Sabbath Recreations, 484.

- Sacred Lyrics, 135.  
 Sacred Offering, 511.  
 Salisbury Collection, 27, 229, 287, 373, 610.  
 Sandys, George, 111.  
 Scotch Paraphrases, 242, 246, 293.  
 Scott, Rev. Thomas, 52, 217, 286, 434, 442, 453, 472, 587, 617.  
 Scott, Sir Walter, 585, 677.  
 Sears, Rev. E. H., 227.  
 Select Collection, 518.  
 Sewall's Collection, 196.  
 Shirley, 625.  
 Sigourney, Mrs. L. H., 423.  
 Smith, Sir J. E., 261.  
 Smith, Rev. S. F., 651, 722.  
 Spanish, from the, 392, 635.  
 Spirit of the Psalms, 46, 104, 113, 133, 193, 232, 318, 319, 353, 435, 523.  
 Steele, Mrs. Anne, 121, 148, 152, 224, 247, 249, 412, 473, 520, 544, 564, 584, 596, 665, 695, 714.  
 Stennett, Joseph, 72, 280, 324.  
 Sterling, 140.  
 Sternhold, Thomas, 142, 185, 574.  
 Stocker, 366.  
 Stowell, 566.  
 Tate and Brady, 1, 65, 114, 118, 122, 129, 165, 204, 212, 495, 496, 725.  
 Taylor, Emily, 4, 205, 337, 479, 609, 702.  
 Taylor, Jane, 619.  
 Taylor, John, 25, 31, 68, 154, 341, 456, 613, 624.  
 Thomson, 174.  
 Toplady, Rev. A. M., 308, 535.  
 Turner, D., 463.  
 Urwick's Collection, 515.  
 Walker's Collection, 137.  
 Ware, Henry, Jr., 10, 504, 567, 686, 717.  
 Waterston, Rev. R. C., 436.  
 Watts, Rev. Dr. Isaac, 8, 32, 36, 42, 45, 47, 49, 56, 58, 60, 62, 66, 67, 77, 79, 92, 102, 112, 120, 123, 136, 141, 144, 145, 146, 147, 156, 159, 160, 162, 166, 168, 170, 171, 173, 175, 176, 181, 191, 195, 213, 214, 215, 216, 218, 219, 221, 222, 223, 235, 237, 244, 248, 251, 253, 281, 296, 298, 309, 310, 312, 325, 327, 344, 354, 376, 378, 395, 406, 407, 426, 429, 443, 448, 450, 468, 477, 485, 487, 491, 499, 517, 531, 599, 601, 602, 607, 616, 640, 641, 644, 645, 648, 649, 656, 661, 662, 663, 669, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 740, 746, 752.  
 Wesley, Rev. Charles, 290, 300, 313, 387, 391, 402, 413, 525, 527, 670, 672, 728, 729.  
 Wesleyan, 26, 192, 209, 269, 297, 349, 356, 357, 359, 368, 377, 480, 497, 521, 530, 555, 561, 569, 586, 750.  
 West Boston Collection, 200, 422.  
 White, Henry Kirke, 155, 621.  
 Whittier, 630.  
 Williams, Miss Helen M., 557, 685  
 Willis, N. P., 691.  
 Wotton, Sir Henry, 466.  
 Wreford, Rev. John, 541, 723.





H Y M N S.



# INTRODUCTION OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

## SABBATH AND SANCTUARY.

L. M.

1.

TATE & BRADY.

Call to Worship.

- 1 WITH one consent, let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raise ;  
Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth,  
And sing before him songs of praise ; —
- 2 Convinced that he is God alone,  
From whom both we and all proceed, —  
We, whom he chooses for his own,  
The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then his temple gate,  
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still his name with praises bless.
- 4 For he's the Lord supremely good ;  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

INTRODUCTION OF

6 & 4s. M.

2.

DOBELL'S COL.

Solemn Invocation.

1 COME, thou Almighty King!  
Help us thy name to sing;  
Help us to praise!

Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, thou all-gracious Lord!  
By heaven and earth adored,  
Our prayer attend!  
Come, and thy children bless;  
Give thy good word success;  
Make thine own holiness  
On us descend!

3 Never from us depart;  
Rule thou in every heart  
Hence evermore!  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

C. M.

3.

BRYANT.

For God's Blessing on Worship.

1 LORD, from thine inmost glory send,  
Within these courts to bide,  
The peace that dwelleth without end  
Securely by thy side.

- 2 May erring minds that worship here  
Be taught the better way,  
And they who mourn, and they who fear,  
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 3 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,  
And pure devotion rise,  
While round these hallowed walls the storm  
Of earth-born passion dies.

S. M.

4.

EMILY TAYLOR.

Invitation to the House of God.

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,  
O thou afflicted, come ;  
The God of peace shall meet thee there,  
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,  
Ye who are happy now ;  
In sweet accord your voices raise,  
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,  
For ye have felt his love ;  
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,  
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,  
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;  
Let not your hearts his praise disown,  
Who gives the power to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye  
In mercy looks on all ;  
Who see'st the tear of misery,  
And hear'st the mourner's call ; —



## INTRODUCTION OF

- 6 Up to thy dwelling-place  
Bear our frail spirits on,  
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,  
And heaven on earth be won.

L. M.

5.

LIV. R. S. COL.

Worship in Truth.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God! before whose throne  
The secrets of all hearts are known;  
Who dost approve the vow sincere,  
And hear and answer earnest prayer, —
- 2 Thou the vain homage wilt despise  
Of heedless lips and wandering eyes, .  
And spurn the sacrifice that brings  
To heavenly aims terrestrial things.
- 3 O grant us, in this sacred hour,  
To feel thy love, to own thy power,  
And, from the world's allurements free,  
To raise each thought in truth to thee.

C. M.

6.

PATRICK.

Te Deum.

- 1 O GOD! we praise thee, and confess  
That thou the only Lord  
And everlasting Father art,  
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud;  
To thee the powers on high,  
Both cherubim and seraphim,  
Continually do cry, —

- 3 "O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 Whom heavenly hosts obey,  
 The world is with the glory filled  
 Of thy majestic sway!"
- 4 The Apostles' glorious company,  
 And prophets crowned with light,  
 With all the martyrs' noble host,  
 Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy Church throughout the world,  
 O Lord, confesses thee,  
 That thou Eternal Father art,  
 Of boundless majesty.

11s. M.

7.

MRS. OSGOOD.

Glad Worship.

- 1 APPROACH not the altar with gloom in thy soul,  
 Nor let thy feet falter from terror's control;  
 God loves not the sadness of fear and mistrust;  
 O serve him with gladness, — the Loving and  
 Just!
- 2 His bounty is tender, his being is love;  
 His smile fills with splendor the blue arch above;  
 Confiding, believing, O enter always  
 His courts with thanksgiving, his portals with  
 praise!
- 3 Come not to his temple with pride in thy mien,  
 But lowly and simple, in courage serene;  
 Bring meekly before him the faith of a child,  
 Bow down and adore Him with heart undefiled!

L. M.                      8.                      WATTS.

Praise to the Creator.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;  
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;  
High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love,  
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

8 & 7s. M.

9.

ANONYMOUS.

For the Gifts of the Spirit.

- 1 HOLY Spirit! source of gladness,  
Shine amid the clouds of night ;  
O'er our weariness and sadness  
Breathe thy life, and shed thy light !

Send us thine illumination,  
 Banish all our fears at length,  
 Rest upon this congregation,  
 Spirit of unfailing strength !

- 2 Let that love, which knows no measure,  
 Now in quickening showers descend,  
 Bringing us the richest treasure  
 Man can wish or God can send ;  
 Hear our earnest supplication,  
 Every struggling heart release ;  
 Rest upon this congregation,  
 Spirit of eternal Peace !

L. M.

10.

H. WARE, JR.

Coming in the Name of Jesus.

- 1 GREAT God ! the followers of thy Son,  
 We bow before thy mercy-seat,  
 To worship thee, the Holy One,  
 And pour our wishes at thy feet.
- 2 O grant thy blessing here to-day ;  
 O give thy people joy and peace ;  
 The tokens of thy love display,  
 And favor, that shall never cease.
- 3 We seek the truth which Jesus brought ;  
 His path of light we long to tread ;  
 Here be his holy doctrines taught,  
 And here their purest influence shed.
- 4 May faith, and hope, and love abound ;  
 Our sins and errors be forgiven ;  
 And we, in thy great day, be found  
 Children of God, and heirs of heaven.

INTRODUCTION OF

10s. M.

11.

ANONYMOUS.

The Return of the Sabbath.

- 1 AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,  
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest ;  
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,  
That we might think of him, and be at peace.
- 2 Let us devote this consecrated day  
To learn his will, and all we learn obey ;  
So shall he hear and help us while we raise  
Our meek petitions and our psalms of praise.
- 3 Father of heaven ! in whom our hopes confide,  
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts  
guide, —  
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend, —  
Glory supreme be thine, world without end.

L. M.

12.

E. H. CHAPIN.

The Gate of Heaven.

- 1 OUR Father — God ! not face to face  
May mortal sense commune with thee,  
Nor lift the curtains of that place  
Where dwells thy secret majesty.  
Yet wheresoe'er our spirits bend  
In reverent faith and humble prayer,  
Thy promised blessing will descend,  
And we shall find thy spirit there.
- 2 Lord ! be the spot where now we meet  
An open gateway into heaven ;  
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,  
And feel our deepest sins forgiven.



Here may desponding care look up,  
 And sorrow lay its burden down;  
 Or learn of him to drink the cup,  
 To bear the cross, and win the crown.

- 3 Here may the sick and wandering soul,  
 To truth still blind, to sin a slave,  
 Find better than Bethesda's pool,  
 Or than Siloam's healing wave.  
 And may we learn, while here apart  
 From the world's passion and its strife,  
 That thy true shrine 's a loving heart,  
 And thy best praise a holy life!

L. M.

13.

HEBER.

O Lord! make clean our Hearts.

- 1 O FATHER! with protecting care  
 Meet us in this, thy house of prayer;  
 Assembled in Messiah's name,  
 Thy promised blessing here we claim
- 2 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,  
 Eternal! let thy spirit rest;  
 And make our secret soul to be  
 A temple pure, and worthy thee.
- 3 So, in the last and dreadful day,  
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.

INTRODUCTION OF

H. M.

14.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

For a Blessing on Worship.

- 1    HERE, gracious God ! do thou  
      For evermore draw nigh ;  
      Accept each faithful prayer,  
      And mark each suppliant sigh :  
In copious shower,    This holy day,  
On all who pray,        Thy blessings pour.
- 2    Here we may find from heaven  
      The grace which we implore ;  
      And may that grace, once given,  
      Be with us evermore :  
Until that day        To endless rest  
When all the blest    Are called away.

L. M.

15.

ROSCOE.

Song of Adoration.

- 1    LET one loud song of praise arise  
      To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows ;  
      Who dwells enthroned above the skies,  
      And life and breath on all bestows.
- 2    Let all of good this bosom fires  
      To him, sole good, give praises due ;  
      Let all the truth himself inspires  
      Unite to sing him only true.
- 3    In ardent adoration joined,  
      Obedient to thy holy will,  
      Let all our faculties, combined,  
      Thy just commands, O God, fulfil.

- 4 O may the solemn breathing sound  
 Like incense rise before thy throne,  
 Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,  
 Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone.

8 &amp; 7s. M.

16.

ANONYMOUS.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 WELCOME, welcome, quiet morning,  
 Welcome is this holy day ;  
 Now the Sabbath morn, returning,  
 Shows a week has passed away.  
 Let us think how time is gliding ;  
 Soon the longest life departs ;  
 Nothing human is abiding  
 Save the love of humble hearts.
- 2 Love to God, and to our neighbor,  
 Makes our purest happiness ;  
 Vain the wish, the care, the labor,  
 Earth's poor trifles to possess.  
 Swift our life's vain dreams are passing  
 Like the startled dove they fly,  
 Or the clouds, each other chasing  
 Over yonder quiet sky.
- 3 Father, now one prayer we raise thee ;  
 Give an humble, grateful heart ;  
 Never let us cease to praise thee,  
 Never from thy fear depart ;  
 Then, when years have gathered o'er us,  
 And the world is sunk in shade,  
 Heaven's bright realm will rise before us ;  
 There our treasure will be laid.

INTRODUCTION OF

L. M.

17.

MRS. BARBAULD.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

- 1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,  
Man comes to meet his maker, God,  
What rites, what honors shall he pay?  
How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad?
- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires  
Shall curling clouds of incense rise?  
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck  
The costly pomp of sacrifice?
- 3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord  
Thy golden offerings well may spare:  
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find  
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

C. M.

18.

PRATT'S COL.

Humble Worship.

- 1 BEHOLD us, Lord! with humble fear  
Approach thy temple gate;  
Though most unworthy to draw near,  
Or in thy courts to wait.
- 2 But, trusting in thy boundless grace,  
To all so freely given,  
We worship in thy holy place,  
And lift our souls to heaven.
- 3 Lead us in all thy righteous ways,  
Nor let our footsteps slide:  
Make straight thy path before our face,  
And be our guard and guide.
- 4 No more to evil let us yield,  
But, strengthened from above,

Be kept and covered with the shield  
Of thy almighty love.

L. M.

19.

ANONYMOUS.

The House of God.

- 1 BE still ! be still ! for all around,  
On either hand, is holy ground :  
Here in his house, the Lord to-day  
Will listen, while his people pray.
- 2 Thou, tost upon the waves of care,  
Ready to sink with deep despair,  
Here ask relief, with heart sincere,  
And thou shalt find that God is here.
- 3 Thou who hast laid within the grave  
Those whom thou hadst no power to save,  
Believe their spirits now are near,  
For angels wait while God is here.
- 4 Thou who hast dear ones far away,  
In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,  
Pray for them now, and dry the tear,  
And trust the God who listens here.
- 5 Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,  
Deploring guilt that reigns within,  
The God of peace is ever near ;  
The troubled spirit meets him here.

C. M.

20.

BOWRING.

Pure Worship.

- 1 THE offerings to Thy throne which rise,  
Of mingled praise and prayer,  
Are but a worthless sacrifice  
Unless the heart is there.



## INTRODUCTION OF

- 2 Upon thine all discerning ear  
Let no vain words intrude ;  
No tribute but the vow sincere,  
The tribute of the good.
- 3 My offerings will indeed be blest,  
If sanctified by thee ;  
If thy pure Spirit touch my breast  
With its own purity.
- 4 O may that Spirit warm my heart  
To piety and love,  
And to life's lowly vale impart  
Some rays from heaven above.

S. M.

21.

MONTGOMERY.

Praise.

- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of his choice ;  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear his holy name,  
And laud and magnify ?
- 3 O for the living flame,  
From his own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And raise to heaven our thought !
- 4 There, with benign regard,  
Our hymns he deigns to hear ;  
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,  
The spirit feels him near.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord ;  
The Lord your God adore ;  
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,  
Henceforth for evermore.

C. M.

22.

BRYANT.

Invoking Compassion.

- 1 O GOD ! whose dread and dazzling brow  
Love never yet forsook,  
On those who seek thy presence now,  
In deep compassion look ;—
- 2 For many a frail and erring heart  
Is in thy holy sight,  
And feet too willing to depart  
From the plain way of right.
- 3 Yet, pleased the humble prayer to hear,  
And kind to all that live,  
Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear,  
Art ready to forgive.
- 4 Lord, aid us with thy heavenly grace  
Our truest bliss to find ;  
In mercy view our erring race,  
So feeble and so blind.

H. M.

23.

HAYWARD

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 WELCOME, delightful morn !  
Sweet day of sacred rest,  
I hail thy kind return ;  
Lord, make these moments blest ;  
From the low train I soar to reach  
Of mortal toys, Immortal joys.

## INTRODUCTION OF

- 2 Now may the King descend,  
And fill his throne of grace ;  
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,  
While saints address thy face ;  
Let sinners feel                      And learn to know  
Thy quickening word,      And fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove !  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Disclose a Saviour's love,  
And bless these sacred hours :  
Then shall my soul                      Nor Sabbaths be  
New life obtain,                      Enjoyed in vain.

L. M.

24.

LAMPORT.

The Place of Prayer.

- 1 IF, in a temple made with hands,  
God speaketh still his high commands,  
Let me to that blest place repair,  
That I may learn my duty there.
- 2 If, in the ailments of the soul,  
There be a power that makes it whole,  
Let me to that pure fount apply,  
Lest the neglected spirit die.
- 3 If there be still a sacrifice,  
That may to God with favor rise,  
Let me present a contrite heart,  
Ere from this temple I depart.
- 4 If, in the dread of death's dark hour,  
The word of life hath soothing power,  
To hear that word, my spirit, haste,  
Ere yet the pains of death I taste.

- 5 Where God would have the offering made,  
 There be the willing tribute paid,  
 Till to his name I consecrate  
 The worship of an endless state.

8 &amp; 7s. M.

25.

J. TAYLOR.

Surrounding the Mercy-Seat.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,  
 Sordid hopes and fond desires,  
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,  
 Every heart to heaven aspires.  
 From the Fount of glory beaming,  
 Light celestial cheers our eyes ;  
 Mercy from above proclaiming  
 Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation ? —  
 Every pure and humble mind ;  
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,  
 From the dross of guilt refined :  
 Blessings all around bestowing,  
 God withholds his care from none ;  
 Grace and mercy ever flowing  
 From the fountain of his throne.
- 3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,  
 Firm and bold in virtue's cause,  
 Still thy providence adoring,  
 Faithful subjects to thy laws,  
 Lord ! with favor still attend us,  
 Bless us with thy wondrous love ;  
 Thou, our sun and shield, defend us ;  
 All our hope is from above.

INTRODUCTION OF

8 & 7s. M.

26.

WESLEY'S COL.

For the Spirit of Love.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown.  
Father! thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every longing heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast;  
Let us all in thee inherit,  
Let us find thy promised rest.  
Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy life receive;  
Graciously come down, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave.

L. M.

27.

SALISBURY COL.

The House of God.

- 1 Lo, God is here! let us adore,  
And humbly bow before his face:  
Let all within us feel his power,  
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo, God is here! him day and night  
United choirs of angels sing:  
To him, enthroned above all height,  
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.
- 3 Being of beings! may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:  
Still may we stand before thy face,  
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.



L. M.

28.

PIERPONT.

For a Blessing on the House of Prayer.

- 1 O, bow thine ear, Eternal One !  
On thee our heart adoring calls ;  
To thee, the followers of thy Son,  
We bend within these sacred walls.
- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept ;  
And be this place to worship given,  
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,  
The house of God, the gate of heaven.
- 3 Here may thine honor dwell ; and here,  
As incense, let thy children's prayer,  
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,  
Rise on the still and holy air.
- 4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung ;  
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,  
As when, of old, thy Spirit hung  
On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.
- 5 And when the lips, that with thy name  
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,  
On others may devotion's flame  
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

7s. M.

29.

BOWRING.

Lowly Praise.

- 1 LORD ! in heaven, thy dwelling-place,  
Hear the praises of our race,  
And, while hearing, let thy grace  
Dews of sweet forgiveness pour ;  
While we know, benignant King,  
That the praises which we bring

INTRODUCTION OF

Are a feeble offering,  
Till thy blessing makes it more.

- 2 More of truth, and more of might,  
More of love; and more of light,  
More of reason, and of right,  
From thy pardoning grace be given!  
This can make the humblest song  
Sweet, acceptable, and strong,  
As the strains the angels' throng  
Pour around the throne of heaven.

L. M.

30.

DODDRIDGE.

The Eternal Sabbath.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows,  
On this thy day, in this thy house;  
And own, as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which in thy temple rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our longing souls aspire,  
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin!  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

7s. M.

31.

J. TAYLOR.

Engagedness in Devotion.

- 1 LORD! before thy presence come,  
Bow we down with holy fear;  
Call our erring footsteps home,  
Let us feel that thou art near.
- 2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers  
Come not where devotion kneels;  
Let the soul expand her stores,  
Glowing with the joy she feels.
- 3 At the portals of thine house,  
We resign our earth-born cares:  
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,  
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

C. M.

32.

WATTS.

Going to Church. Psalm 122.

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear  
My friends devoutly say,  
"In Zion let us all appear,  
And keep the solemn day!"
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;  
The church, adorned with grace,  
Stands like a palace, built for God,  
To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,  
The holy tribes repair;  
The Son of David holds his throne,  
And sits in judgment there.

INTRODUCTION OF

- 4 Peace be within this sacred place,  
And joy a constant guest :  
With holy gifts and heavenly grace  
Be her attendants blest.
- 5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains ;  
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,  
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

C. M.

33.

CAPPE'S SEL.

Prayer for Divine Direction.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and light !  
Supremely good and wise !  
To thee we bring our grateful vows,  
To thee lift up our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine  
With truth's celestial rays ;  
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,  
And tune our lips to praise.
- 3 Safely conduct us, by thy grace,  
Through life's perplexing road ;  
And place us, when that journey's o'er,  
At thy right hand, O God !

L. M.

34.

COWPER.

Spiritual Worship.

- 1 O LORD ! where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;  
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground.

- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever bring thee where they come,  
And, going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few!  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

L. M.

35.

GASKELL.

"It is good to be here."

- 1 UNTO thy temple, God of love!  
Once more we come, with willing feet,  
To raise our thoughts this world above,  
And thy paternal blessing meet.
- 2 May all thy purest presence feel,  
And silent keep each vain desire;  
With humble hearts before thee kneel,  
And unto holier strength aspire.
- 3 May all be bound in bonds more true  
To thee, who art our life and light,  
That, through each path which we pursue,  
We still may keep thy love in sight.
- 4 And may we, when the day shall close,  
Review its course without a fear;  
And, nearer heaven than when it rose,  
Feel it is good to have been here.



INTRODUCTION OF

C. M.

36.

WATTS.

Praise to God. Psalm 95.

- 1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,  
And in his strength rejoice ;  
When his salvation is our theme,  
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,  
And psalms of honor sing ;  
The Lord 's a God of boundless might,  
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,  
Lies in his spacious hand :  
He showed the seas what bounds to keep,  
And where the hills must stand.
- 4 Come ! and with humble souls adore,  
Come ! kneel before his face :  
O may the creatures of his power  
Be children of his grace !

H. M.

37.

DODDRIDGE.

Gentiles brought into the Temple.

- 1 GREAT Father of mankind !  
We bless that wondrous grace  
Which could for Gentiles find  
Within thy courts a place.  
How kind the care For us to raise  
Our God displays, A house of prayer !
- 2 Though once estrangèd far,  
We now approach the throne ;

For Jesus brings us near  
 And makes our cause his own.  
 Strangers no more, And find our home,  
 To thee we come, And rest secure.

3 To thee ourselves we join,  
 And love thy sacred name ;  
 No more our own, but thine,  
 We triumph in the claim.  
 Our Father-King, Our souls embrace,  
 Thy covenant-grace Thy titles sing.

4 May all the nations throng  
 To worship in thy house ;  
 And thou attend the song,  
 And smile upon their vows ;  
 Indulgent still, To join the choir  
 Till earth conspire On Zion's hill.

L. M.

38.

NORTON.

God's Temples everywhere.

- 1 WHERE ancient forests widely spread,  
 Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall ;  
 On the lone mountain's silent head,  
 There are thy temples, God of all !
- 2 All space is holy, for all space  
 Is filled by thee ; — but human thought .  
 Burns clearer in some chosen place,  
 Where thine own words of love are taught.
- 3 Here be they taught ; and may we know  
 That faith thy servants knew of old,  
 Which onward bears, through weal or woe,  
 Till death the gates of heaven unfold.

INTRODUCTION OF

- 4 Nor we alone ; may those whose brow  
Shows yet no trace of human cares  
Hereafter stand where we do now,  
And raise to thee still holier prayers.

C. M.

39.

MRS. BARBAULD, ALT.

The Sabbath of the Soul.

- 1 O FATHER ! though the anxious fear  
May cloud to-morrow's way,  
No fear nor doubt shall enter here, —  
All shall be thine to-day.
- 2 We will not bring divided hearts  
To worship at thy shrine ;  
But each unworthy thought departs,  
And leaves this temple thine.
- 3 Then sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born ;  
Ye shall not dim the light that streams  
From this celestial morn.
- 4 To-morrow will be time enough  
To feel your harsh control ;  
Ye shall not violate this day,  
The Sabbath of the soul.

C. M.

40.

CARLISLE.

“ Lord, teach us to pray.”

- 1 LORD ! when we bend before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And shun what we deplore.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 When our responsive tongues essay  
Their grateful songs to raise,  
Grant that our souls may join the lay,  
And rise to thee in praise.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign ;  
And not a thought our bosoms share,  
Which is not wholly thine.
- 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies ;  
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still  
That grants it or denies.

10s. M.

41. DR. JOHNSON, FR. BOETHIUS.

Imploring Divine Light.

- 1 O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds presides,  
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides !  
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,  
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine !
- 2 'T is thine alone to calm the pious breast  
With silent confidence and holy rest ;  
From thee, great God ! we spring, to thee we tend,  
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

L. M.

42.

WATTS.

The Joys of Worship.

- 1 GREAT God ! attend, while Zion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs ;  
To spend one day with thee, on earth,  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

# INTRODUCTION OF

- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our Sun, — he makes our day ;  
God is our Shield, — he guards our way ;  
All needful grace he will bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too.
- 4 O God ! our king, whose sovereign sway  
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,  
Thy willing servants may we be,  
For blest are they who trust in thee.

7s. M.

43.

OLNEY HYMNS.

Supplication.

- 1 COME, my soul ! thy suit prepare ;  
God delights to answer prayer :  
Thou art coming to thy King ;  
Large petitions with thee bring.
- 2 Lord, I come to thee for rest ;  
Take possession of my breast ;  
There thy sacred right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.
- 3 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;  
Be my guard, my guide, and friend,  
To my earthly journey's end.

7s. M.

44.

BOWRING.

Lowly Worship.

- 1 WHEN before thy throne we kneel,  
Filled with awe and holy fear,



PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Teach us, O our God ! to feel  
All thy sacred presence near.

2 Check each proud and wandering thought  
When on thy great name we call ;  
Man is naught, — is less than naught :  
Thou, our God, art all in all.

3 Weak, imperfect creatures, we  
In this vale of darkness dwell ;  
Yet presume to look to thee,  
'Midst thy light ineffable.

4 O receive the praise that dares  
Seek thy heaven-exalted throne ;  
Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,  
Infinite and Holy One !

L. M.

45.

WATTS.

The Peace and Comfort of Worship.

1 AWAY from every mortal care, —  
From this world's worthless joys afar, —  
Away from earth our souls retreat,  
And wait and worship near thy feet.

2 Within the temple of thy grace  
We bow before our Father's face ;  
Thy grace and glory we adore,  
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 Here, when our spirit faints and dies,  
And conscience smarts with inward stings,  
The Sun of righteousness shall rise,  
With healing beams beneath his wings.

INTRODUCTION OF

- 4 Father! our souls would still abide  
Within thy temple, near thy side;  
But if our feet must hence depart,  
Still keep thy dwelling in our heart.

S. M.

46.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The Delights of Worship.

- 1 SWEET is the task, O Lord,  
Thy glorious acts to sing,  
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,  
And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,  
Thy boundless love to tell;  
And when the night-wind shuts the flower,  
Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet, on this day of rest,  
To join in heart and voice  
With those who love and serve thee best,  
And in thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy  
Be every Sabbath given,  
That such may be our blest employ,  
Eternally, in heaven.

S. M.

47.

WATTS.

The Temples of Worship.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God!  
And let his praise be great;  
He makes his churches his abode,  
His most delightful seat.

- 2 These temples of his grace,  
How beautiful they stand!  
The honors of our native place,  
The bulwarks of our land.
- 3 A refuge in distress,  
To Zion God is known;  
How bright through all her palaces  
Hath his salvation shone!
- 4 Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen,  
How well our God secures the fold  
Where his own sheep have been.
- 5 In every new distress,  
We'll to his house repair;  
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,  
And seek deliverance there.

L. M.

48.

FROTHINGHAM.

For Faith and Love.

- 1 O God, whose presence glows in all  
Within, around us, and above!  
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,  
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.
- 2 That truth be with the heart believed  
Of all who seek this sacred place;  
With power proclaimed, in peace received,—  
Our spirit's light, thy spirit's grace.
- 3 That love its holy influence pour,  
To keep us meek, and make us free;  
And throw its binding blessing more  
Round each with all, and all with thee.

INTRODUCTION OF

- 4 Send down its angel to our side ;  
Send in its calm upon the breast ;  
For we would know no other guide,  
And we can need no other rest.

H. M.

49.

WATTS.

Longing for the House of God.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are !  
To thine abode                      With warm desires  
My heart aspires,                  To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow for her young  
With pleasure seeks a nest,  
And wandering swallows long  
To find their wonted rest :  
My spirit faints,                  To rise and dwell  
With equal zeal,                  Among thy saints.
- 3 O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear !  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there !  
They praise thee still ;      That love the way  
And happy they              To Zion's hill !
- 4 They go from strength to strength,  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heaven appears :  
O glorious seat,                  Shall thither bring  
When God, our King,      Our willing feet !

L. M.

50.

RAFFLES.

The Hour of Prayer.

- 1 BLEST hour, when mortal man retires  
To hold communion with his God,  
To send to heaven his warm desires,  
And listen to the sacred word.
- 2 Blest hour, when earthly cares resign  
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,  
While, all around, the calm divine  
Proclaims the holy day of rest.
- 3 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,  
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,  
To hush the penitential sigh,  
And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 4 Blest hour! for where the Lord resorts  
Foretastes of future bliss are given,  
And mortals find his earthly courts  
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

L. M.

51.

DODDRIDGE.

Subjection to the Father of our Spirits.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and thought!  
Be all beneath thyself forgot,  
Whilst thee, great Parent-mind, we own,  
In prostrate homage round thy throne.
- 2 Whilst in themselves our souls survey  
Of thee some faint, reflected ray,  
They, wondering, to their Father rise:  
His power how vast! his thoughts how wise!



INTRODUCTION OF

- 3 O may we live before thy face,  
The willing subjects of thy grace,  
And through each path of duty move  
With filial awe and filial love !

L. M.

52.

SCOTT.

“ Ask, and ye shall receive.”

- 1 Our Father, throned above the sky !  
To thee our empty hands we spread ;  
Thy children at thy footstool lie,  
And ask thy blessings on their head.
- 2 With cheerful hope and filial fear,  
In that august and precious name,  
By thee ordained, we now draw near,  
And would the promised blessing claim.
- 3 Doth not an earthly parent hear  
The cravings of his famished son ?  
Will he reject the filial prayer,  
Or mock him with a cake of stone ?
- 4 Our Heavenly Father, how much more  
Will thy divine compassion rise,  
And open thine unbounded store  
To satisfy thy children's cries !
- 5 Yes, we will ask, and seek, and press  
For gracious audience to thy seat,  
Still hoping, waiting, for success,  
If persevering to entreat.
- 6 For Jesus, in his faithful word,  
The patient supplicant hath blessed ;  
And all thy saints, with one accord,  
The prevalence of prayer attest.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

L. M.

53.

PIERPONT.

God to be worshipped in every Place.

- 1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,  
Whom kings adored in song sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone  
Thy favored worshipper may dwell,  
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son  
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies,  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
The incense of the heart may rise  
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,  
And youth and beauty, bow the knee,  
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,  
Its praises and its prayers to thee.
- 5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,  
To thee, at last, in every clime,  
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

C. M.

54.

ORIG. HYMNS.

The Hour of Prayer.

- 1 EARTH's busy sounds and ceaseless din  
Wake not this morning air!  
A holy calm should welcome in  
This solemn hour of prayer.

INTRODUCTION OF

- 2 Now peace, be still, unhallowed care,  
And hushed within the breast;  
A holy joy should welcome there  
This happy day of rest.
- 3 Each better thought the spirit knows,  
This hour, the spirit fill!  
And **Thou**, from whom its being flows,  
O teach it all thy will!
- 4 Then shall this day, which God hath blest,  
Hallow life's every hour,  
And bear us to our better rest,  
Eternal, perfect, sure.

7s. M.

**55.**

MERRICK.

Seeking a Clean Heart. Psalm 19.

- 1 BLEST Instructor, from thy ways  
Who can tell how oft he strays?  
Purge me from the guilt that lies  
Wrapped within my heart's disguise.
- 2 Let my tongue, from error free,  
Speak the words approved by thee;  
To thy all-observing eyes  
Let my thoughts accepted rise.
- 3 While I thus thy name adore,  
And thy healing grace implore,  
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear;  
God, my strength, propitious hear.

S. M.

56.

WATTS.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise ;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day ;  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place  
Where God hath with us been  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit, and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

L. M.

57.

NEW YORK COL.

Sabbath Day.

- 1 WE bless Thee for this sacred day,  
Thou who hast every blessing given,  
Which sends the dreams of earth away,  
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.
- 2 Lord, in this day of holy rest,  
We would improve the calm repose ;  
And, in thy service truly blest,  
Forget the world, its joys and woes.

INTRODUCTION OF

- 3 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,  
Contented with that aim alone  
Which bears her to the King of kings,  
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

S. M.

58.

WATTS.

Call to Worship. Psalm 95.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing ;  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;  
He gave the seas their bound ;  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord :  
We are his works, and not our own,  
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

C. M.

59.

DRENNAN.

God may be worshipped in every Place.

- 1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain  
The universal Lord ;  
Yet he in humble hearts will deign  
To dwell and be adored.



PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice  
Of fervent praise and prayer,  
Or on the earth, or in the skies,  
The God of heaven is there.
- 3 His presence is diffused abroad  
Thro' realms, thro' worlds unknown ;  
Who seek the mercies of our God  
Are ever near his throne.

L. M.

60.

WATTS.

God's Condescension to our Worship.

- 1 THY favors, Lord, surprise our souls :  
Will the Eternal dwell with us ?  
What canst thou find beneath the poles  
To tempt thy chariot downward thus ?
- 2 Still might he fill his starry throne,  
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs ;  
But heavenly majesty comes down,  
And bows to hearken to our tongues.
- 3 Great God ! what poor returns we pay  
For love so infinite as thine !  
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,  
But thy compassion's all divine.

C. M.

61.

JERVIS.

Homage and Devotion.

- 1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes  
To those bright realms above,  
That glorious temple in the skies,  
Where dwells eternal love.

INTRODUCTION OF

- 2 Before the awful throne we bow  
Of heaven's almighty King :  
Here we present the solemn vow,  
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 Thee we adore ; and, Lord, to thee  
Our filial duty pay :  
Thy service, unconstrained and free,  
Conducts to endless day.
- 4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel  
With trust and holy fear,  
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,  
And lend a gracious ear.
- 5 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,  
And tune our lips to sing ;  
Nor from thy presence cast away  
The sacrifice we bring.

C. M.

62.

WATTS.

The Morning of a Lord's Day. Psalm 63.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face ;  
My thirsty spirit faints away  
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I 've seen thy glory and thy power  
Through all thy temple shine ;  
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 Not life itself, with all its joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.
- 5 Thus, till my last expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

C. M.

63.

RIPPON'S COL.

Worship.

- 1 HOLY and reverend is the name  
Of our Eternal King;  
"Thrice holy Lord!" the angels cry;  
"Thrice holy!" let us sing.
- 2 The deepest reverence of the mind  
Pay, O my soul, to God;  
Lift with thy hands a holy heart  
To his sublime abode.
- 3 With sacred awe pronounce his name,  
Whom words nor thoughts can reach:  
A contrite heart will please him more  
Than the best forms of speech.
- 4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul  
From all pollution free;  
The pure in heart are thy delight,  
And they thy face shall see.

C. M.

64.

MRS. FOLLEN.

Love of Sabbath Service.

- 1 How sweet, upon this sacred day,  
The best of all the seven,

INTRODUCTION OF

To cast our earthly thoughts away,  
And think of God and heaven !

2 How sweet to be allowed to pray  
Our sins may be forgiven !  
With filial confidence to say,  
“ Father, who art in heaven ! ”

3 How sweet the words of peace to hear  
From him to whom 't is given  
To wake the penitential tear,  
And lead the way to heaven !

4 And if to make our sins depart  
In vain the will has striven,  
He who regards the inmost heart  
Will send his grace from heaven.

5 Then hail, thou sacred, blessed day,  
The best of all the seven,  
When hearts unite their vows to pay  
Of gratitude to Heaven !

L. M.

65.

TATE & BRADY.

Public Worship. Psalm 95.

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,  
Loud thanks to our almighty King ;  
For we our voices high should raise,  
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,  
To thank him for his favors past ;  
To him address, in joyful songs,  
The praise that to his name belongs.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 The depths of earth are in his hand,  
Her secret wealth at his command ;  
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,  
Subjected to his empire lies.
- 4 The rolling ocean's vast abyss  
By the same sovereign right is his ;  
'T is moved by his almighty hand,  
That formed and fixed the solid land.
- 5 O let us to his courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there ;  
Down on our knees devoutly, all,  
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

L. M.

66.

WATTS.

The Pleasure of Public Worship. Psalm 84.

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are !  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 Blest are the saints, who sit on high,  
Around thy throne of majesty ;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.
- 3 Blest are the souls who find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace ;  
There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate ;  
God is their Strength ; and through the road  
They lean upon their Helper, God.

INTRODUCTION OF

- 5 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join the nobler worship there.

L. M.

67.

WATTS.

A Psalm for the Lord's Day. Psalm 92.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word ;  
His works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep his counsels, how divine !
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired or hoped below,  
And every power find sweet employ,  
In that eternal world of joy.

7s. M.

68.

J. TAYLOR.

The Divine Glories celebrated.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,  
God, whose glory fills the sky ;  
Peace on earth to man forgiven,  
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.



PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Favored mortals ! raise the song ;  
Endless thanks to God belong ;  
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise  
Join the hymns your voices raise.
- 3 Mark the wonders of his hand !  
Power, no empire can withstand ;  
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;  
Goodness, one eternal stream.
- 4 Awful Being ! from thy throne  
Send thy promised blessings down ;  
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,  
Bid our raging passions cease.

L. M.

69.

HEBER.

Seeking Refuge.

- 1 FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
Father, we seek thy shelter here :  
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray ;  
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.
- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain ;  
Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;  
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest-tost :  
Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;  
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

L. M.

70.

ANONYMOUS.

Sunday Morning.

- 1 CALLED by the Sabbath bells away  
Unto thy holy temple, Lord,

INTRODUCTION OF

I'll go, with willing mind, to pray,  
To praise thy name, and hear thy word.

- 2 O sacred day of peace and joy,  
Thy hours are ever dear to me ;  
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy  
The holy calm I find in thee.
- 3 Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,  
For God has given them in his love,  
To tell how calm, how blest, shall be  
The endless day of heaven above.

C. M.

71.

MRS. BARBAULD.

The Resurrection on the First Day of the Week.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light  
Awakes the kindling ray ;  
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that, which wrapt  
The heathen world in gloom !  
O what a sun, which broke, this day,  
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannas sung ;  
Let gladness dwell in every heart,  
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join  
To hail this welcome morn ;  
Which scatters blessings from its wings  
To nations yet unborn.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

L. M.

72.

STENNETT.

Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 ANOTHER six days' work is done ;  
Another Sabbath is begun :  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the day which God hath blest.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
As grateful incense, to the skies,  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,  
Which none but he that feels it knows !
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the Church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties let the day —  
In holy pleasures — pass away :  
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

C. M.

73.

EDMESTON.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 How sweet to hail the early dawn  
That opens on the sight,  
When first this soul-reviving morn  
Beams its new rays of light !
- 2 Blest day ! thine hours too soon will cease :  
Yet, while they gently roll,  
Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, source of peace,  
A Sabbath o'er my soul !

INTRODUCTION OF

- 3 Soon will my pilgrimage be done,  
The world's long week be o'er,  
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,  
That day which fades no more.

L. M.

74.

HANCOX.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 How welcome thy returning beams,  
Thou fairest morn of all the seven !  
Those wake to toil, and earthly schemes ;  
Thou to repose, and thoughts of heaven.
- 2 Come, let us join the goodly throng,  
And pay to God our early vow,  
Repeat his praise in cheerful song,  
And at his footstool humbly bow.
- 3 He hath revealed a blest abode,  
In gospel lines divinely fair ;  
Come, let us seek the heavenly road,  
That we may not be strangers there.
- 4 Then we may trust our Father's love,  
That, when we've passed these days of care,  
Trained for his blissful courts above,  
An endless Sabbath we shall share.

L. M.

75.

EPISCOPAL COL.

"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day."

- 1 GREAT God ! this sacred day of thine  
Demands the soul's collected powers :  
With joy to thee we now resign  
These solemn, consecrated hours:

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

O may our souls adoring own  
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

- 2 All-seeing God ! thy piercing eye  
Can every secret thought explore :  
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,  
And where thou art, intrude no more :  
O may thy grace our spirits move,  
And fix our minds on things above.
- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,  
And bid thy words, with life divine,  
Engage the ear, and warm the heart ;  
Then shall the day indeed be thine ;  
Our souls shall then adoring own  
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

S. M.

76.

BULFINCH.

The Sabbath.

- 1 HAIL to the Sabbath day !  
The day divinely given ;  
When men to God their homage pay,  
And earth draws near to heaven.
- 2 Lord, in this sacred hour,  
Within thy courts we bend,  
And bless thy love, and own thy power,  
Our Father and our Friend !
- 3 But thou art not alone  
In courts by mortals trod,  
Nor only is the day thine own,  
When crowds adore their God.

INTRODUCTION OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 4 Thy temple is the arch  
Of yon unmeasured sky,  
Thy Sabbath the stupendous march  
Of grand eternity.
- 5 Lord! may a holier day  
Dawn on thy servants' sight;  
And grant us in thy courts to pray,  
Of pure, unclouded light.



## MORNING AND EVENING WORSHIP.

C. M.

77.

WATTS.

Morning Worship.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes!  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To Him who rules the skies.
- 2 Day unto day his name repeats ;  
The night renews the sound,  
Through all the heaven on which he sits  
And rolls the seasons round.
- 3 And we will magnify his name,  
Our tongue shall speak his praise,  
Whose hand sustains our mortal frame  
Through all our passing days.
- 4 My God ! may every hour be thine,  
Till all our days are past ;  
So shall our sun in peace decline,  
And set in smiles at last.

MORNING AND EVENING WORSHIP.

C. M.

78.

CHANDLER, FR. BREVIARY.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 Now Morning lifts her dewy veil,  
With new-born blessings crowned ;  
O haste we, then, her light to hail,  
In courts of holy ground !
- 2 But Christ, triumphant o'er the grave,  
Shines more divinely bright ;  
O sing we, then, his power to save,  
And walk we in his light !
- 3 Still, as the morning rays return,  
To fancy it is given  
In distant vision to discern  
The radiant domes of heaven.
- 4 But now that our Eternal Sun  
Hath shed his beams abroad,  
In him we see the Holy One,  
And mount at once to God.

C. M.

79.

WATTS.

Morning Psalm.

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high ;  
To thee will I direct my prayer,  
To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Thou art a God before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand ;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

- 3 But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there ;  
I will frequent thine holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.
- 4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness !  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.
- 5 The men who love and fear thy name  
Shall see their hopes fulfilled ;  
The mighty God will compass them  
With favor as a shield.

7s. M.

80.

EPISCOPAL COL.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 Now the shades of night are gone ;  
Now the morning light is come ;  
Lord, may we be thine to-day,  
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,  
Banish doubt, and clear our sight ;  
In thy service, Lord, to-day,  
May we stand, and watch, and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound ;  
Save us from our foes around ;  
Going out and coming in,  
Keep us safe from every sin.
- 4 When our work of life is past,  
O receive us then at last ;  
Night and sin will be no more,  
When we reach the heavenly shore.

MORNING AND EVENING WORSHIP.

L. M.

81.

HAWKESWORTH.

Morning Gratitude.

- 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,  
I safely passed the silent night ;  
Again I see the breaking shade,  
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,  
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;  
My conscious soul resumes her power,  
And springs, my guardian God ! to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze  
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread,  
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze  
Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade will soon impend,  
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;  
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,  
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,  
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes,  
Thy light shall give eternal day,  
Thy love the rapture of the skies.

L. M.

82.

LYRA CATH.

A Morning Prayer.

- 1 Now doth the sun ascend the sky,  
And wake creation with its ray ;  
Keep us from sin, O Lord, most high,  
Through all the actions of the day.

- 2 O may the morn so pure, so clear,  
Its own sweet calm in us instil;  
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,  
Simplicity of word and will:
- 3 And ever, as the day glides by,  
May we the busy senses rein;  
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,  
Nor let the body suffer stain.
- 4 Grant us the grace, for love of thee,  
To scorn all vanities below;  
Faith, to detect each falsity;  
And knowledge, thee alone to know.

C. M.

83.

ANONYMOUS.

A Sabbath Morning.

- 1 How sweet, how calm, this Sabbath morn!  
How pure the air that breathes,  
And soft the sounds upon it borne,  
And light its vapor wreaths!
- 2 It seems as if the Christian's prayer,  
For peace and joy and love,  
Were answered by the very air  
That wafts its strain above.
- 3 Let each unholy passion cease,  
Each evil thought be crushed,  
Each anxious care that mars thy peace  
In Faith and Love be hushed.

MORNING AND EVENING WORSHIP.

7s. M.

84.

FURNESS.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 In the morning I will pray  
For God's blessing on the day ;  
What this day shall be my lot,  
Light or darkness, know I not.
- 2 Should it be with clouds o'ercast,  
Clouds of sorrow, gathering fast,  
Thou, who givest light divine,  
Shine within me, Lord, O shine !
- 3 Show me, if I tempted be,  
How to find all strength in Thee,  
And a perfect triumph win  
Over every bosom sin.
- 4 Keep my feet from secret snares,  
Keep mine eyes, O God, from tears !  
Every step Thy love attend,  
And my soul from death defend !

C. M.

85.

ST. AMBROSE.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 Now that the sun is beaming bright,  
Implore we, bending low,  
That He, the uncreated Light,  
May guide us as we go.
- 2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,  
Nor thoughts that idly rove,  
But simple truth be on our tongue,  
And in our hearts be love.



- 3 And while the hours in order flow,  
Securely fence, O Lord !  
Our hearts, beleaguered by the foe  
That tempts our every road.
- 4 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,  
Our rites this day may tend ;  
That we begin them at thy word,  
And in thy favor end.

L. M.

86.

BISHOP KENN.

Morning.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time misspent redeem ;  
Each present day thy last esteem ;  
Improve thy talent with due care ;  
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere ;  
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear ;  
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;  
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

MORNING AND EVENING WORSHIP.

L. M.

87.

KEBLE.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 O TIMELY happy, timely wise,  
Hearts that with rising morn arise ;  
Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
Which evermore makes all things new.
- 2 New every morning is Thy love !  
Our wakening and uprising prove ;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 3 New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray ;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 4 If, on our daily course, our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 5 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see ;  
Some softening gleams of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

C. M.

88.

MONTGOMERY.

Acknowledging God's Hand. — Morning.

- 1 WHAT secret hand, at morning light,  
Softly unseals mine eye,  
Draws back the curtain of the night,  
And opens earth and sky ?

- 2 'T is thine, my God, — the same that kept  
My resting hours from harm ;  
No ill came nigh me, for I slept  
Beneath the Almighty's arm.
- 3 'T is thine, my daily bread that brings,  
Like manna scattered round,  
And clothes me, as the lily springs  
In beauty from the ground.
- 4 In death's dark valley though I stray,  
'T would there my steps attend,  
Guide with the staff my lonely way,  
And with the rod defend.
- 5 May that sure hand uphold me still  
Through life's uncertain race,  
To bring me to thy holy hill,  
And to thy dwelling-place.

C. M. 89. GENT. MAG.

Daily Protection. Psalm 5.

- 1 ON thee, each morning, O my God !  
My waking thoughts attend ;  
In thee are founded all my hopes,  
In thee my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,  
Thy boundless love surveys ;  
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares  
A sacrifice of praise.
- 3 God leads me through the maze of sleep,  
And brings me safe to light ;  
And with the same paternal care  
Conducts my steps till night.

MORNING AND EVENING WORSHIP.

- 4 When evening slumbers press my eyes,  
    With his protection blest,  
In peace and safety I commit  
    My weary limbs to rest.
- 5 My spirit, in his hand secure,  
    Fears no approaching ill ;  
For, whether waking or asleep,  
    Thou, Lord, art with me still.

7s. M.

90.

BOWRING.

All from God. — Morning or Evening.

- 1 FATHER ! thy paternal care  
Has my guardian been, my guide !  
Every hallowed wish and prayer  
Has thy hand of love supplied ;  
Thine is every thought of bliss,  
Left by hours and days gone by ;  
Every hope thy offspring is,  
Beaming from futurity.
- 2 Every sun of splendid ray ;  
Every moon that shines serene ;  
Every morn that welcomes day ;  
Every evening's twilight scene ;  
Every hour which wisdom brings ;  
Every incense at thy shrine ;  
These — and all life's holiest things,  
And its fairest — all are thine.
- 3 And for all, my hymns shall rise  
Daily to thy gracious throne :  
Thither let my asking eyes  
Turn unwearied, righteous One !

Through life's strange vicissitude,  
There reposing all my care,  
Trusting still, through ill and good,  
Fixed and cheered and counselled there.

L. M.

91.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Morning or Evening.

- 1 As every day thy mercy spares  
Will bring its trials or its cares,  
O Father, till my life shall end,  
Be thou my counsellor and friend ;  
Teach me thy statutes all divine,  
And let thy will be always mine.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labors close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly blest,  
Guard me, my Father, while I rest :  
And as each morning sun shall rise,  
O lead me onward to the skies !
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,  
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,  
Father, thine heavenly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;  
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

C. M.

92.

WATTS.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 DREAD Sovereign ! let my evening song  
Like holy incense rise ;  
Permit the offerings of my tongue  
To reach thee in the skies.

MORNING AND EVENING WORSHIP.

2 Through all the dangers of the day  
Thy hand is still my guard ;  
And still, to drive my wants away,  
Thy mercy stands prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above  
My daily path surround ;  
But O how few returns of love  
Hath my Creator found !

4 And now, my soul, the closing day  
Is fading on thine eyes ;  
Once more the evening tribute pay  
To Him who rules the skies.

L. M.

93.

BISHOP KENN.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Triumphant rise at the last day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close, —  
Sleep that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.



- 5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him, ye angels round his throne ;  
Praise God, the high and holy One.

8 & 7s. M.

94.

MARTINEAU'S COL.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 ON the dewy breath of even  
Thousand odors mingling rise,  
Borne like incense up to heaven,  
Nature's evening sacrifice.
- 2 With her balmy offerings blending,  
Let our glad thanksgivings be —  
To thy throne, O Lord, ascending —  
Incense of our hearts to thee.
- 3 Thou, whose favors, without number,  
All our days with gladness bless,  
Let thine eye, that knows not slumber,  
Guard our hours of helplessness.
- 4 Then, though conscious we are sleeping  
In the outer courts of death,  
Safe beneath a Father's keeping,  
Calm we rest in placid faith.
- 5 Lord ! when life is closing round us,  
Dark with anguish, faint with fear,  
Let thy beams of love surround us,  
Let us know thee, feel thee near !

MORNING AND EVENING WORSHIP.

7 & 6s. M.

95.

SACRED SONGS.

Reflections at Sunset.

- 1 THE mellow eve is gliding  
Serenely down the west;  
So, every care subsiding,  
My soul would sink to rest.
- 2 The woodland hum is ringing  
The daylight's gentle close;  
May angels round me singing  
Thus hymn my last repose.
- 3 The evening star has lighted  
Her crystal lamp on high;  
So, when in death benighted,  
May hope illumine the sky.
- 4 In golden splendor dawning,  
The morrow's light shall break;  
O on the last bright morning  
May I in glory wake.

7s. M.

96.

FURNESS.

The Light of Stars.

- 1 SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,  
Down around the weary world  
Falls the darkness: O how still  
Is the working of his will!
- 2 Mighty Spirit, ever nigh!  
Work in me as silently;  
Veil the day's distracting sights,  
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

MORNING AND EVENING WORSHIP.

- 3 Living stars to view be brought  
In the boundless realms of thought;  
High and infinite desires,  
Flaming like those upper fires!
- 4 Holy Truth, Eternal Right,  
Let them break upon my sight;  
Let them shine serene and still,  
And with light my being fill.

10s. M.

97.

LYTE.

“Abide with us, for it is towards evening.”

- 1 ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpers, O abide with me!
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour:  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

7s. M.

98.

DODDRIDGE.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,  
Welcome to my weary head!  
Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,  
Tired with glaring vanities!

- 2 My great Master still allows  
Needful periods of repose :  
By my Heavenly Father blest,  
Thus I give my powers to rest.
- 3 Heavenly Father ! gracious name !  
Night and day his love the same !  
Far be each suspicious thought,  
Every anxious care forgot !
- 4 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,  
Crown'st my days with various good ;  
Thy kind eye, which cannot sleep,  
My defenceless hours shall keep.
- 5 What if death my sleep invade ?  
Should I be of death afraid ?  
While encircled by thine arm,  
Death may strike, but cannot harm.
- 6 With thy heavenly presence blest,  
Death is life, and labor rest :  
Welcome sleep or death to me,  
Still secure, — for still with thee !

L. M.

99.

BOWRING.

Evening Worship.

- 1 How shall we praise thee, Lord of light ?  
How all thy boundless love declare ?  
Though earth is veiled in shades of night,  
The heaven is open to our prayer, —  
That heaven, so bright with stars and suns, —  
That glorious heaven which has no bound :  
There the full tide of being runs,  
And life and beauty glow around.

- 2 We would adore thee, God sublime,  
 Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,  
 Are greater than the round of time,  
 And wider than the bounds of space ;  
 O how shall thought expression find,  
 All lost in thine immensity !  
 How shall we seek thee, glorious Mind,  
 Amid thy dread infinity !
- 3 But thou art present with us here,  
 As in thy glittering, high domain ;  
 And grateful hearts and humble fear  
 Can never seek thy face in vain.  
 Help us to praise thee, Lord of light,  
 Help us thy boundless love declare,  
 And while we seek thy face to-night  
 Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

L. M.

100.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 DAY unto day doth utter speech,  
 And night to night thy voice makes known ;  
 Through all the earth, where thought may reach,  
 Is heard the glad and solemn tone ;  
 And worlds beyond the farthest star  
 Whose light hath reached the human eye,  
 Catch the high anthem from afar,  
 That rolls along immensity.
- 2 O Holy Father ! 'mid the calm  
 And stillness of the evening hour,  
 We too would lift our solemn psalm,  
 To praise thy goodness and thy power ;

For over us, as over all,  
Thy tender mercies still extend,  
Nor vainly shall the contrite call  
On thee, their Father and their Friend.

C. M.

101.

BOWRING.

Nature's Evening Hymn.

- 1 THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God,  
Attune their evening hymn :  
All wise, all holy, thou art praised  
In song of seraphim !  
Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds  
Unite to worship thee,  
While thy majestic greatness fills  
Space, time, eternity.
- 2 Nature, — a temple worthy thee,  
That beams with light and love ;  
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,  
Whose stars rejoice above ;  
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs  
That rise along the shore ;  
Whose anthems, the sublime accord  
Of storm and ocean roar : —
- 3 Her song of gratitude is sung  
By spring's awakening hours ;  
Her summer offers at thy shrine  
Its earliest, loveliest flowers ;  
Her autumn brings its ripened fruits,  
In glorious luxury given ;  
While winter's silver heights reflect  
Thy brightness back to heaven.



- 4 On all thou smil'st ; and what is man  
 Before thy presence, God ?  
 A breath but yesterday inspired,  
 To-morrow but a clod.  
 That clod shall mingle in the vale,  
 But, kindled, Lord, by thee,  
 The spirit to thy arms shall spring,  
 To life, to liberty.

L. M.

102.

WATTS.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 Thus far the Lord has led me on,  
 Thus far his power prolongs my days !  
 And every evening shall make known  
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
 And I, perhaps, am near my home ;  
 But he forgives my follies past,  
 And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;  
 Peace is the pillow for my head :  
 While well-appointed angels keep  
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear :  
 O may thy presence ne'er depart !  
 And in the morning make me hear  
 Thy love and kindness in my heart.
- 5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,  
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

S. M.

103.

DODDRIDGE.

Evening Admonition.

- 1 THE swift-declining day,  
How fast its moments fly !  
While evening's broad and gloomy shade  
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals ! mark its pace ;  
And use the hours of light ;  
And know, your Maker can command  
An instantaneous night.
- 3 His word blots out the sun  
In its meridian blaze,  
And cuts from smiling, vigorous youth  
The remnant of its days.
- 4 On the dark mountain's brow  
Your feet shall quickly slide ;  
And from its airy summit dash  
Your momentary pride.
- 5 Give glory to the Lord,  
Who rules the rolling sphere ;  
Submissive at his footstool bow,  
And seek salvation there.
- 6 Then shall new lustre break  
Through horror's darkest gloom,  
And lead you to unchanging light  
In a celestial home.

7s. M.

104.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Safety in God. — Morning or Evening.

- 1 THEY who on the Lord rely  
Safely dwell though danger's nigh;  
Lo, his sheltering wings are spread  
O'er each faithful servant's head.
- 2 Vain temptation's wily snare;  
Christians are Jehovah's care:  
Harmless flies the shaft by day,  
Or in darkness wings its way.
- 3 When they wake, or when they sleep,  
Angel guards their vigils keep;  
Death and danger may be near,  
Faith and love have naught to fear.

L. M.

105.

KEBLE.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

- 1 'T is gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,  
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;  
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight  
The last faint pulse of quivering light.
- 2 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear!  
It is not night, if thou be near;  
O may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

MORNING AND EVENING WORSHIP.

- 4 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without thee I cannot live ;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without thee I dare not die.

L. M.

106.

COLLYER.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone !  
Slow o'er the west the shadows fly ;  
Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,  
And night's dark mantle veils the sky.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone !  
Swept from the records of the year ;  
And still, with every setting sun,  
Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone !  
But soon a fairer shall arise ;—  
A day, whose never-setting sun  
Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.
- 4 Another fleeting day is gone !  
In solemn silence rest, my soul,  
And bow before His awful throne,  
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

C. M.

107.

MONTGOMERY.

Introduction to Evening Worship.

- 1 ON the first Christian Sabbath eve,  
When his disciples met  
O'er his lost fellowship to grieve,  
Nor knew the Scripture yet, —

2 Lo ! in their midst his form was seen,  
The form in which he died ;  
Their Master's marred and wounded mien, —  
His hands, his feet, his side.

3 Then were they glad their Lord to know,  
And hailed him, yet with fear ; —

• Jesus, again thy presence show ;  
Meet thy disciples here.

4 Be in our midst ; let faith rejoice  
Our risen Lord to view,  
And make our spirits hear thy voice  
Say, " Peace be unto you ! "

5 And while with thee, in social hours,  
We commune through thy word,  
May our hearts burn, and all our powers  
Confess, " It is the Lord."

## PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

L. M.                      108.                      BROWNE.

Praise to the only true God. Psalm 86.

- 1 ETERNAL God, almighty Cause  
Of earth and seas and worlds unknown ;  
All things are subject to thy laws ;  
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,  
Of all within itself possessed :  
Controlled by none are thy commands ;  
Thou in thyself alone art blessed.
- 3 Worship to thee alone belongs ;  
Worship to thee alone we give ;  
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,  
And to thy glory may we live.
- 4 Lord, spread thy name through heathen lands ;  
Their idol deities dethrone ;  
Subdue the world to thy commands,  
And reign, as thou art, God alone.



7s. M.

109.

CONDER.

Blessed be thy Name.

- 1 BLESSED be for evermore  
That dread Name which we adore!  
Round the world his praise be sung,  
Through all lands, in every tongue.
- 2 O'er all nations God alone, —  
Higher than the heavens his throne!  
Who is like to God most high,  
Infinite in majesty?
- 3 Yet to view the heavens he bends :  
Yea, to earth he condescends ;  
Raising up the poor to stand  
With the princes of the land.
- 4 He the broken spirit cheers ;  
Turns to joy the mourner's tears ;  
Such the wonders of his ways !  
Praise his name, — for ever praise.

L. M.

110.

DYER.

Hymn to the Deity.

- 1 GREATEST of beings ! Source of life,  
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea !  
All nature feels thy power, and all  
A silent homage-pays to thee.
- 2 Waked by thy hand, the morning sun  
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,  
And spreads thy glories as it climbs,  
While raptured worlds look up and praise.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 3 The moon, to the deep shades of night,  
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name ;  
While all the stars that cheer the scene  
Thee, the great Lord of light, proclaim.
- 4 And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,  
And every flower, and every tree,  
Ten thousand creatures warm with life,  
Have each a grateful song for thee.
- 5 But man was formed to rise to heaven ;  
And, blest with reason's clearer light,  
He views his Maker through his works,  
And glows with rapture at the sight.
- 6 Nor can the thousand songs that rise,  
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,  
So well repeat Jehovah's praise,  
Or raise such sacred harmony.

7s. M.

111.

SANDYS.

Harmony of Praise.

- 1 THOU who dwell'st enthroned above !  
Thou, in whom we live and move !  
Thou who art most great, most high !  
God from all eternity !
- 2 O how sweet, how excellent,  
'T is when tongues and hearts consent,  
Grateful hearts and joyful tongues,  
Hymning thee in tuneful songs !
- 3 When the morning paints the skies,  
When the stars of evening rise,  
We thy praises will record,  
Sovereign Ruler, mighty Lord !

- 4 Decks the spring with flowers the field ?  
Harvest rich doth autumn yield ?  
Giver of all good below !  
Lord, from thee these blessings flow.
- 5 Sovereign Ruler ! mighty Lord !  
We thy praises will record :  
Giver of these blessings ! we  
Pour the grateful song to thee.

S. M.

112.

WATTS.

Sincere Praise.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God !  
How wondrous is thy name !  
Thy glories how diffused abroad  
Through the creation's frame !
- 2 Nature in every dress  
Her humble homage pays,  
And finds a thousand ways to express  
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 In native white and red  
The rose and lily stand,  
And free from pride their beauties spread,  
To show thy skilful hand.
- 4 The lark mounts up the sky,  
With unambitious song,  
And bears her Maker's praise on high,  
Upon her artless tongue.
- 5 My soul would rise and sing  
To her Creator too ;  
Fain would my tongue adore my King,  
And pay the worship due.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 6 In joy, then, let me spend  
The remnant of my days ;  
And to my God my soul ascend,  
In sweet perfume of praise.

10 & 11s. M.

**113.**

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Adoring Praise. Psalm 104.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord, his greatness proclaim ;  
Jehovah, our God, how awful thy name !  
How vast is thy power, thy glory how great ;  
Lo, myriads of spirits thy mandates await !
- 2 Thy canopy 's heaven, in splendor so bright ;  
Thy chariot the clouds, thy garment the light ;  
The works of creation thy bidding perform ;  
Thou ridest the whirlwind, directest the storm.
- 3 What wisdom is shown, what power displayed,  
In all that thy hand hath fashioned and made !  
The earth full of riches, in beauty complete ;  
The fathomless ocean, with wonders replete.
- 4 O thou, our great God, Redeemer and King,  
With hearts full of love, to thee will we sing ;  
To life's latest moment our voices we 'll raise,  
And join the full chorus of blessing and praise.

L. M.

**114.**

TATE & BRADY.

Mercy of God. Psalm 103.

- 1 My soul, inspired with sacred love,  
God's holy name for ever bless ;  
Of all his favors mindful prove,  
And still thy grateful thanks express.

- 2 The Lord abounds with tender love,  
And unexampled acts of grace :  
His wakened wrath doth slowly move,  
His willing mercy flows apace.
- 3 God will not always harshly chide,  
But with his anger quickly part ;  
And loves his punishments to guide,  
More by his love than our desert.
- 4 As high as heaven its arch extends  
Above this little spot of clay ;  
So much his boundless love transcends  
The small respects that we can pay.
- 5 As far as 't is from east to west,  
So far has he our sins removed,  
Who, with a father's tender breast,  
Has such as feared him always loved.

L. M.

115.

MRS. OPIE.

Praise of God peculiarly due from Man.

- 1 THERE seems a voice in every gale,  
A tongue in every opening flower,  
Which tells, O Lord ! the wondrous tale  
Of thy indulgence, love, and power.
- 2 The birds that rise on soaring wing  
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,  
And all the mingling sounds of spring  
To thee a general pæan raise.
- 3 And shall my voice, Great God, alone  
Be mute 'midst nature's loud acclaim ?  
O let my heart with answering tone  
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 4 And nature's debt is small to mine ;  
Thou bad'st her being bounded be ;  
But — matchless proof of love divine —  
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

8s. M.

116.

HOGG.

Praise to the God of Nature.

- 1 BLESSED be Thy name for ever,  
Thou of life the Guard and Giver !  
Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,  
Blest are they thou kindly keepest !  
God of stillness and of motion,  
Of the rainbow and the ocean,  
Of the mountain, rock, and river,  
Blessed be thy name for ever !
- 2 God of evening's peaceful ray !  
God of every dawning day,  
Rising from the distant sea  
Breathing of eternity !  
Thine the flaming sphere of light,  
Thine the darkness of the night !  
God of life, that fade shall never,  
Glory to thy name for ever !

L. M.

117.

DODDRIDGE.

Perpetual Praise.

- 1 God of my life ! through all its days  
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;  
The song shall wake with opening light,  
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praises raised on high  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.



- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all its powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But oh! when that last conflict's o'er,  
And I am chained to flesh no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise  
To join the music of the skies!
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains  
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,  
And emulate, with joy unknown,  
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

H. M.

118.

TATE & BRADY.

Praise to the Creator and Preserver. Psalm 136.

- 1 To God the mighty Lord,  
Your joyful thanks repeat;  
To him due praise afford,  
As good as he is great.  
For God does prove His boundless love  
Our constant friend, Shall never end.
- 2 By his almighty hand  
Amazing works are wrought;  
The heavens by his command  
Were to perfection brought.  
For God does prove His boundless love  
Our constant friend, Shall never end.
- 3 He does the food supply  
On which all creatures live;  
To God, who reigns on high,  
Eternal praises give.  
For God will prove His boundless love  
Our constant friend, Shall never end.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

L. M.

119.

DODDRIDGE.

Gratitude to God for Innumerable Mercies.

- 1 IN glad amazement, Lord, I stand,  
Amidst the bounties of thy hand ;  
How numberless these bounties are,  
How rich, how various, and how fair !
- 2 But O what poor returns I make !  
What lifeless thanks I pay thee back !  
Lord, I confess, with humble shame,  
My offerings scarce deserve the name.
- 3 Fain would my laboring heart devise  
To bring some nobler sacrifice ;  
It sinks beneath the mighty load :  
What shall I render to my God ?
- 4 In deep abasement, Lord, I see  
My emptiness and poverty :  
Enrich my soul with grace divine,  
And make it worthier to be thine.
- 5 Give me at length an angel's tongue,  
That heaven may echo with my song ;  
The theme, too great for time, shall be  
My joy throughout eternity.

H. M.

120.

WATTS.

Praise to the King of Glory.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;  
His throne is built on high ;  
The garments he assumes  
Are light and majesty :  
His glories shine            No mortal eye  
With beams so bright, Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand  
 Keep the wide world in awe,  
 His power and justice stand  
 To guard his holy law :  
 And where his love His truth confirms  
 Resolves to bless, And seals the grace.

3 And can this mighty King  
 Of glory condescend ?  
 And will he write his name  
 My Father and my Friend ?  
 I love his name, Join all my powers  
 I love his word : And praise the Lord.

S. M.

121.

MRS. STEELE.

Hymn of Gratitude.

- 1 My Maker and my King,  
 To thee my all I owe ;  
 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring  
 From whence my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou, ever good and kind,  
 A thousand reasons move,  
 A thousand obligations bind  
 My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,  
 On thee alone I live ;  
 My God, thy benefits demand  
 More praise than life can give.
- 4 O what can I impart,  
 When all is thine before ?  
 Thy love demands a thankful heart ;  
 The gift, alas, how poor !

- 5 O, let thy grace inspire  
 My soul with strength divine ;  
 Let all my powers to thee aspire,  
 And all my days be thine.

C. M.

122.

TATE & BRADY.

Praising God in all Changes. Psalm 34.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
 In trouble and in joy,  
 The praises of my God shall still  
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,  
 Till all who are distress  
 From my example comfort take,  
 And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around  
 The dwellings of the just ;  
 Deliverance he affords to all  
 Who on his succor trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love, —  
 Experience will decide  
 How blest they are, and only they,  
 Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints ; and you will then  
 Have nothing else to fear :  
 Make you his service your delight, —  
 He 'll make your wants his care.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

S. M.

123.

WATTS.

Praise for Preserving Grace.

- 1 To God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'T is his almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls  
Unblemished and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,  
Wisdom and power belong,  
Immortal crowns of majesty  
And everlasting song.

7s. M.

124.

MILTON

Joyful Praise.

- 1 LET us with a joyful mind  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,  
For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 2 Let us sound his name abroad,  
For of gods he is the God,  
Who by wisdom did create  
Heaven's expanse and all its state ;
- 3 Did the solid earth ordain  
How to rise above the main :  
Who, by his commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light ;
- 4 Caused the golden-tressèd sun  
All the day his course to run ;  
And the moon to shine by night,  
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.
- 5 All his creatures God doth feed,  
His full hand supplies their need ;  
Let us, therefore, warble forth  
His high majesty and worth.

7s. M.

125.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Praise to God always, for all Things.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days :  
Bounteous Source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ !
- 2 All that spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;  
All that liberal autumn pours  
From her rich, o'erflowing stores ;—
- 3 These to thee, our God ! we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow ;  
And for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.



- 4 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear ;  
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green, untimely fruit ;
- 5 Should thine altered hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain,  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy ;—
- 6 Still to thee our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;  
And, when every blessing's flown,  
Love thee — for thyself alone.

L. M.

126.

BOWRING.

Praise at Morning, Noon, and Night.

- 1 WHEN, wakened by thy voice of power,  
The hour of morning beams in light,  
My voice shall sing that morning hour,  
And thee, who mad'st that hour so bright.
- 2 The morning strengthens into noon ;  
Earth's fairest beauties shine more fair ;  
And noon and morning shall attune  
My grateful heart to praise and prayer.
- 3 When, 'neath the evening western gate,  
The sun's retiring rays are hid,  
My joy shall be to meditate,  
E'en as the pious patriarch did.
- 4 As twilight wears a darker hue,  
And gathering night creation dims,  
The twilight and the midnight too  
Shall have their harmonies and hymns.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

- 5 So shall sweet thoughts, and thoughts sublime,  
My constant inspirations be ;  
And every shifting scene of time  
Reflect, my God, a light from thee.

C. M.

127.

DODDRIDGE.

The Divine Bounty inspiring Gratitude.

- 1 Our souls with pleasing wonder view  
The bounties of Thy grace, —  
How much bestowed, how much reserved  
For them that seek thy face!
- 2 Thy liberal hand with worldly bliss  
Oft makes their cup run o'er ;  
And in the covenant of thy love  
They find diviner store.
- 3 Thine eyes shall read those grateful thoughts  
No language can express ;  
Yet when our liveliest thanks we pay,  
Our debts do most increase.
- 4 Since time 's too short, all-gracious God,  
To utter half thy praise,  
Loud to the honor of thy name  
Eternal hymns we 'll raise

C. P. M.

128.

H. MOORE.

Praise for God's Love.

- 1 My God ! thy boundless love I praise :  
How bright on high its glories blaze,  
How sweetly bloom below !  
It streams from thine eternal throne ;  
Through heaven its joys for ever run,  
And o'er the earth they flow.

- 2 'T is love that paints the purple morn,  
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,  
Their genial drops distil ;  
In every vernal beam it glows,  
And breathes in every gale that blows,  
And glides in every rill.
- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,  
And pours its flowery beauties round,  
Whose sweets perfume the gale :  
Its bounties richly spread the plain  
With blushing fruit, and golden grain,  
And smile on every vale.
- 4 But in thy word I see it shine  
With grace and glories more divine,  
Proclaiming sins forgiven ;  
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way  
To realms of everlasting day,  
And opens all her heaven.
- 5 Then let the love that makes me blessed  
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,  
And ardent gratitude ;  
And all my thoughts and passions tend  
To thee, my Father and my Friend,  
My soul's eternal good.

H. M.

129.

TATE & BRADY.

Universal Praise.

- 1 YE boundless realms of joy,  
Exalt your Maker's fame ;  
His praise your song employ  
Above the starry frame ;  
Your voices raise, And seraphim,  
Ye cherubim To sing his praise.

2    Thou moon, that rul'st the night,  
       And sun, that guid'st the day,  
       Ye glittering stars of light,  
       To him your homage pay.  
 His praise declare,    And clouds that move  
 Ye heavens above,    In liquid air.

3    Let them adore the Lord,  
       And praise his holy name,  
       By whose almighty word  
       They all from nothing came.  
 And all shall last    His firm decree  
 From changes free :    Stands ever fast.

4    United zeal be shown,  
       His wondrous fame to raise,  
       Whose glorious name alone  
       Deserves our endless praise.  
 Earth's utmost ends    His glorious sway  
 His power obey :    The sky transcends.

S. M.                      130.                      MONTGOMERY.

Bless the Lord for his Mercies.    Psalm 103.

- 1    O BLESS the Lord, my soul !  
       His grace to thee proclaim ;  
       And all that is within me join  
       To bless his holy name.
- 2    O bless the Lord, my soul !  
       His mercies bear in mind ;  
       Forget not all his benefits :  
       The Lord to thee is kind.
- 3    He pardons all thy sins,  
       Prolongs thy feeble breath ;  
       He healeth thine infirmities,  
       And ransoms thee from death.

- 4 He clothes thee with his love,  
Upholds thee with his truth,  
And, like the eagle, he renews  
The vigor of thy youth.
- 5 Then bless his holy name  
Whose grace hath made thee whole ;  
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days :  
O bless the Lord, my soul !

7s. M.

131.

MONTGOMERY.

Glory to God in the Highest.

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
Songs of praise arose, when he  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away, —  
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;  
God will make new heavens and earth, —  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 5 Borne upon the latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise our powers employ.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

8 & 7s. M.

132.

DUBLIN COL.

Praise ye the Lord.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him ;  
Praise him, angels in the height ;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;  
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;  
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;  
Laws which never can be broken  
For their guidance he hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;  
Never shall his promise fail ;  
God hath made his saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation ;  
Hosts on high his power proclaim ;  
Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
Praise and magnify his name !

C. P. M.

133.

REV. J. OGILVIE.

Praise to God from all his Works.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay ;  
Let each enraptured thought obey,  
And praise the Almighty's name.  
Lo, heaven and earth, and seas and skies,  
In one melodious concert rise,  
To swell the inspiring theme.
- 2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,  
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God ;  
Ye thunders, speak his power.



Lo, on the lightning's fiery wings  
In triumph rides the King of kings :  
The astonished worlds adore.

- 3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise  
To join the thunders of the skies, —  
Praise Him who bids you roll.  
His praise in softer notes declare,  
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.
- 4 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,  
The feeling heart, the reasoning head,  
In heavenly praise employ :  
Spread the Creator's name around,  
Till heaven's wide arch repeat the sound, —  
The general burst of joy.

C. M.

134.

ANONYMOUS.

Silent Worship.

- 1 UNHEARD the dew's around me fall,  
And heavenly influence shed ;  
And, silent on this earthly ball,  
Celestial footsteps tread.
- 2 Night reigns in silence o'er the pole,  
And spreads her gems unheard ;  
Her lessons penetrate the soul,  
Yet borrow not a word.
- 3 Noiseless the sun emits his fire,  
And pours his golden streams ;  
And silently the shades retire  
Before his rising beams.

- 4 O, grant my soul an ear to hear  
 Thy deep and silent voice ;  
 To bend in lowly, filial fear,  
 And in thy love rejoice.

6 & 4s. M.

**135.**

SACRED LYRICS.

A Psalm of Praise.

- 1 PRAISE ye Jehovah's name ;  
 Praise through his courts proclaim ;  
 Rise and adore.  
 High o'er the heavens above  
 Sound his great acts of love,  
 While his rich grace we prove,  
 Vast as his power.
- 2 Now let the trumpet raise  
 Triumphant sounds of praise,  
 Wide as his fame !  
 There let the harp be found :  
 Organs, with solemn sound,  
 Roll your deep notes around,  
 Filled with his name.
- 3 While his high praise ye sing,  
 Shake every sounding string :  
 Sweet the accord !  
 He vital breath bestows ;  
 Let every breath that flows  
 His noblest fame disclose :  
 Praise ye the Lord.

H. M.

**136.**

WATTS.

Thanksgiving.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God most high,  
 The universal Lord ;

The sovereign King of kings ;  
And be his grace adored.  
His power and grace    And let his name  
Are still the same ;    Have endless praise.

2    How mighty is his hand !  
      What wonders hath he done !  
      He formed the earth and seas,  
      And spread the heavens alone.  
Thy mercy, Lord,        And ever sure  
Shall still endure ;        Abides thy word.

3    He sent his only Son  
      To save us from our woe,  
      From darkness, sin, and death,  
      And every hurtful foe.  
His power and grace    And let his name  
Are still the same ;    Have endless praise.

4    Give thanks aloud to God,  
      To God the Heavenly King ;  
      And let the spacious earth  
      His works and glories sing.  
Thy mercy, Lord,        And ever sure  
Shall still endure ;        Abides thy word.

# PERFECTIONS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

L. M.

137.

WALKER'S COL.

God Self-existent.

- 1 ALL-powerful, self-existent God,  
Who all creation dost sustain!  
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,  
And everlasting is thy reign.
- 2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,  
Each glorious attribute divine,  
Through ages infinite shall still  
With undiminished lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being! Source of good!  
Immutable thou dost remain!  
Nor can the shadow of a change  
Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,  
If such the great Creator's will;  
But thou for ever art the same.  
I AM is thy memorial still.

L. M.

138.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Eternity of God. Psalm 90.

- 1 **E**RE mountains reared their forms sublime,  
Or the fair earth in order stood,  
Before the birth of ancient time,  
From everlasting thou art God.
- 2 A thousand ages in their flight,  
With thee are as a fleeting day ;  
Past, present, future, to thy sight  
At once their various scenes display.
- 3 But our brief life 's a shadowy dream,  
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,  
That fades with morning's earliest beam,  
And fills the musing mind no more.
- 4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give  
So every precious hour to spend,  
That we at length with thee may live,  
Where life and bliss shall never end.

C. M.

139.

CONDER.

Where is God ?

- 1 **B**EYOND, beyond that boundless sea,  
Above that dome of sky,  
Farther than thought itself can flee,  
Thy dwelling is on high ;  
Yet dear the awful thought to me,  
That thou, my God ! art nigh.
- 2 We hear thy voice when thunders roll  
Through the wide fields of air ;  
The waves obey thy dread control :  
Yet still thou art not there.

Where shall I find Him, O my soul,  
Who yet is everywhere ?

- 3 O not in circling depth, or height,  
But in the conscious breast,  
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,  
There does his spirit rest.  
O come, thou Presence Infinite,  
And make thy creatures blest !

L. M.                      140.                      STERLING.

The Love of God.

- 1 O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,  
The Fount of being's wondrous sea !  
Thy depth would every heart appall,  
That saw not Love supreme in thee.
- 2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,  
Where worlds on worlds unnumbered brood ;  
We know thee truly but in this,  
That thou bestowest all our good.
- 3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,  
O, grant us still in thee to dwell,  
And through the ceaseless web to trace  
Thy presence working all things well !
- 4 Nor let thou life's delightful play  
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide ;  
Nor strength and gladness lead astray  
From thee, our nature's only guide.
- 5 Bestow on every joyous thrill  
A deeper tone of reverent awe ;  
Make pure thy children's erring will,  
And teach their hearts to love thy law !



C. M.

141.

WATTS.

Creating Wisdom.

- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom ! thee we praise ;  
Thee the creation sings ;  
With thy loud name rocks, hills, and seas,  
And heavens high palace, rings.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky !  
How glorious to behold !  
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,  
And starred with sparkling gold !
- 3 The noisy winds stand ready there  
Thy orders to obey ;  
With sounding wings they sweep the air,  
To make thy chariot way.
- 4 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,  
Thy thunder shakes our coast,  
While the red lightnings wave along, —  
The banners of thine host.
- 5 The rolling mountains of the deep  
Observe thy strong command ;  
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,  
Or sink them to the sand.
- 6 Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
And strike the gazing sight,  
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,  
With terror and delight.
- 7 Infinite strength and equal skill  
Shine through the worlds abroad,  
Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
And speak the builder God.

C. M.

142.

STERNHOLD.

The Majesty of God. Psalm 18.

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,  
And bowed the heavens most high ;  
And underneath his feet he cast  
The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherub and on cherubim  
Full royally he rode ;  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,  
Their fury to restrain ;  
And he as sovereign Lord and King  
For evermore shall reign.

C. M.

143.

FAWCETT.

The Ways of God inscrutable.

- 1 THY way, O God ! is in the sea ;  
Thy paths I cannot trace,  
Nor comprehend the mystery  
Of thine unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense  
My captive soul surround ;  
Mysterious deeps of providence  
My inward thoughts confound.
- 3 As, through a glass, I dimly see  
The wonders of thy love,  
How little do I know of thee,  
Or of the joys above !

- 4 Though but in part I know thy will,  
I bless thee for the sight :  
Soon will thy love the whole reveal  
In glory's clearer light.
- 5 In rapture shall I then survey  
Thy providence and grace ;  
And spend an everlasting day  
In wonder, love, and praise.

L. M.

144.

WATTS.

God Omnipresent.

- 1 WITHIN thy circling power I stand ;  
On every side I find thy hand :  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.
- 2 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !  
What large extent ! what lofty height !  
My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 3 O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

C. M.

145.

WATTS.

Power and Majesty of God. Psalm 89.

- 1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,  
And bow before the Lord ;  
His high commands with reverence hear,  
And tremble at his word.

- 2 How terrible thy glories be !  
How bright thine armies shine !  
Where is the power that vies with thee ?  
Or truth compared with thine ?
- 3 The northern pole and southern rest  
On thy supporting hand ;  
Darkness and day from east to west  
Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging winds control,  
And rule the boisterous deep ;  
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Justice and judgment are thy throne,  
Yet wondrous is thy grace ;  
While truth and mercy, joined in one,  
Invite us near thy face.

C. M. **146.** WATTS.

The Omniscience of God. Psalm 139.

- 1 LORD, thou, with an unerring beam,  
Surveyest all my powers ;  
My rising steps are watched by thee ;  
By thee, my resting hours.
- 2 My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,  
Great God, are known to thee ;  
Abroad, at home, still I'm inclosed  
With thine immensity.
- 3 To thee the labyrinths of my life  
In open view appear ;  
Nor steals a whisper from my lips  
Without thy listening ear.

- 4 Behind I glance, and thou art there,  
 Before me shines thy name ;  
 And 't is thy strong, almighty hand  
 Sustains my tender frame.
- 5 Such knowledge mocks the vain essays  
 Of my astonished mind ;  
 Nor can my reason's soaring eye  
 Its towering summit find.

C. M. **147.** WATTS.

The Omnipresence of God. Psalm 139.

- 1 WHERE from thy Spirit shall I stretch  
 The pinions of my flight ?  
 Or where, through nature's spacious range,  
 Shall I elude thy sight ?
- 2 Scaled I the skies, the blaze divine  
 Would overwhelm my soul :  
 Plunged I to hell, there should I hear  
 Thine awful thunders roll.
- 3 If on a morning's darting ray  
 With matchless speed I rode,  
 And flew to the wild, lonely shore,  
 That bounds the ocean's flood, —
- 4 Thither thine hand, all-present God !  
 Must guide the wondrous way,  
 And thine Omnipotence support  
 The fabric of my clay.
- 5 Should I involve myself around  
 With clouds of tenfold night,  
 The clouds would shine like blazing noon  
 Before thy piercing sight.

- 6 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,  
Are both alike to thee ;  
O may I ne'er provoke that Power  
From which I cannot flee.

L. M.

148.

MRS. STEELE.

God revealed in Nature.

- 1 THERE is a God, all nature speaks,  
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies :  
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,  
When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,  
O'er the wide world's extended frame  
Inscribes, in characters of light,  
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 For man and beast, *here* daily food  
In wide, diffusive plenty grows ;  
And *there*, for drink, the crystal flood  
In streams sweet winding gently flows.
- 4 The flowery tribes all blooming rise  
Above the faint attempts of art ;  
Their bright, inimitable dyes  
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 5 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,  
And trace creation's wonders o'er,  
Confess the footsteps of the God,  
And bow before him, and adore.



L. M.

149.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

The Sacred Lessons of Nature.

- 1 GOD of the rolling orbs above !  
Thy name is written clearly bright  
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,  
Or evening's golden shower of light :  
For every fire that fronts the sun,  
And every spark that walks alone  
Around the utmost verge of heaven,  
Were kindled at thy burning throne.
- 2 God of the world ! the hour must come,  
And nature's self to dust return ;  
Her crumbling altars must decay ;  
Her incense-fires shall cease to burn :  
But still her grand and lovely scenes  
Have made man's warmest praises flow,  
For hearts grow holier as they trace  
The beauty of the world below.

L. M.

150.

DODDRIDGE.

Providential Bounties improved.

- 1 FATHER of lights ! we sing thy name,  
Who kindlest up the lamp of day ;  
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,  
His beams thy power and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good ! from thee proceed  
The copious drops of genial rain,  
Which o'er the hill, and through the mead,  
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.
- 3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread ;  
Yet millions of thy guilty race,  
Though by thy daily bounty fed,  
Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.

- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts  
O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;  
But what thy liberal hand imparts  
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.
- 5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,  
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,  
When all our hearts and lives are thine,  
And thou, O God! enjoyed in all.

L. M.

151.

T. MOORE.

God's Glories everywhere.

- 1 THOU art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see !  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from thee ;  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze,  
Through opening vistas, into heaven, —  
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,  
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes, —  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful Spring around us breathes,  
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;

And every flower that Summer wreathes  
Is born beneath thy kindling eye :  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.

C. M. 152. STEELE.

The Blessings of Providence and Grace. Psalm 139.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,  
Kind guardian of my days !  
Thy mercies let my heart record  
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame  
Was thy indulgent care,  
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,  
Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 Around my path what dangers rose ;  
What snares spread all my road !  
No power could guard me from my foes,  
But my preserver, God.
- 4 How many blessings round me shone,  
Where'er I turn'd my eye !  
How many passed almost unknown,  
Or unregarded by !
- 5 Each rolling year new favors brought  
From thy exhaustless store ;  
But, ah ! in vain my laboring thought  
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 6 While sweet reflection through my days  
Thy bounteous hand would trace,  
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,  
The blessings of thy grace.

L. M.

153.

DODDRIDGE.

God the Eternal Dwelling-place. Psalm 90.

- 1 THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,  
Hast to thy saints a refuge been ;  
Through every age, Eternal God,  
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.
- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest,  
In thee our fathers still are blest ;  
And while the tomb confines their dust,  
In thee their souls abide and trust.
- 3 Lo, we are risen, a feeble race,  
Awhile to fill our fathers' place ;  
Our helpless state with pity view,  
And let us share their refuge too.
- 4 Through all the thorny paths we trace  
In this uncertain wilderness,  
When friends desert, and foes invade,  
Revive our heart, and guard our head.
- 5 So when this pilgrimage is o'er,  
And we must dwell in flesh no more,  
To thee our separate souls shall come,  
And find in thee a surer home.
- 6 To thee our infant race we leave ;  
Them may their fathers' God receive ;  
That voices yet unformed may raise  
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

C. M.

154.

J. TAYLOR.

Trust in God through all Changes.

- 1 FATHER divine ! before thy view  
All worlds, all creatures lie ;  
No distance can elude thy search,  
No action 'scape thine eye.
- 2 From thee our vital breath we drew,  
Our childhood was thy care,  
And vigorous youth and feeble age  
Thy kind protection share.
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,  
Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;  
Oppressed with woe, when nature faints,  
Thine arm is our repose.
- 4 To thee we look, thou Power Supreme !  
O still our wants supply !  
Safe in thy presence may we live,  
And in thy favor die.

C. M.

155.

H. K. WHITE.

God's Power over his Works.

- 1 THE Lord our God is full of might,  
The winds obey his will ;  
He speaks, and in his heavenly height  
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves ! and o'er the land  
With threatening aspect roar :  
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,  
And chains you to the shore.



- 3 Howl, winds of night ! your force combine :  
Without his high behest,  
Ye shall not in the mountain pine  
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar ;  
In distant peals it dies ;  
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,  
And sweeps the sounding skies.
- 5 Ye nations bend, in reverence bend ;  
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,  
And bid the choral song ascend  
To celebrate our God !

L. M.

156.

WATTS.

Greatness of God. Psalm 145.

- 1 MY God, my King ! thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;  
And every setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,  
And speak thy majesty divine ;  
Let every realm with joy proclaim  
The sound and honor of thy name.
- 4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;  
Vast and unsearchable thy ways ;  
Vast and immortal be thy praise !



C. M. 157. COWPER.

Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform :  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints ! fresh courage take :  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and will break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace :  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour :  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain :  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

8 & 7s. M. 158. BOWRING.

God is Love.

- 1 God is love ; his mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove ;

PERFECTIONS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens :  
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever ;  
Man decays, and ages move ;  
But his mercy waneth never :  
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will his changeless goodness prove ;  
From the gloom his brightness streameth :  
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above ;  
Everywhere his glory shineth :  
God is wisdom, God is love.

L. M.

159.

WATTS.

The Goodness of God in the Seasons. Psalm 65.

1 AT God's command, the morning ray  
Smiles in the east, and leads the day ;  
He guides the sun's declining wheels  
Over the tops of western hills.

2 Seasons and times obey his voice ;  
The evening and the morn rejoice  
To see the earth made soft with showers,  
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

3 'T is from his watery stores on high  
He gives the thirsty ground supply ;  
He walks upon the clouds, and thence  
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

- 4 The desert grows a fruitful field ;  
 Abundant food the gardens yield ; .  
 The valleys shout with cheerful voice,  
 And neighboring hills repeat their joys.
- 5 Thy works pronounce thy power divine ;  
 O'er every field thy glories shine ;  
 Through every month thy gifts appear :  
 Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.

L. M.

160.

WATTS.

To the Invisible Author of Nature.

- 1 THY hand unseen sustains the poles  
 On which this vast creation rolls ;  
 The starry arch proclaims thy power,  
 Thy pencil glows in every flower.
- 2 In thousand shapes and colors rise  
 Thy painted wonders to our eyes ;  
 While beasts and birds, with laboring throats,  
 Teach us a God in thousand notes.
- 3 The meanest part in nature's frame  
 Marks out some letter of thy name ;  
 Where sense can reach, or fancy rove,  
 From hill to hill, from field to grove, —
- 4 Across the waves, around the sky,  
 There 's not a spot, or deep or high,  
 Where the Creator has not trod,  
 And left the footsteps of a God.
- 5 Fain would I trace the immortal way,  
 That leads to courts of endless day,  
 Where the Creator stands confessed,  
 In his own fairest glories dressed.

L. M.

161.

DODDRIDGE.

Immutability of God. Psalm 102.

- 1 GREAT Former of this various frame !  
Our souls adore thine awful name ;  
And bow, and tremble, while we praise  
The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Beyond an angel's vision bright,  
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light ;  
Which shines with undiminished ray,  
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.
- 3 Our days a transient period run,  
And change with every circling sun ;  
And, in the firmest state we boast,  
A moth can crush us into dust.
- 4 But let the creatures fall around ;  
Let death consign us to the ground ;  
Let the last general flame arise,  
And melt the arches of the skies ; —
- 5 Calm as the summer's ocean, we  
Can all the wreck of nature see,  
While grace secures us an abode,  
Unshaken as the throne of God.

S. M.

162.

WATTS.

Abounding Compassion of God. Psalm 103.

- 1 MY soul, repeat his praise  
Whose mercies are so great ;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.

- 2 High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord  
To those that fear his name  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord!  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

L. M.

163.

BOWRING.

From Everlasting to Everlasting thou art God.

- 1 LORD, in the unbeginning years,  
Whose course is wrapped in trackless night, —  
Ere thou hadst launched the heavenly spheres,  
Or waked this wandering world to light, —  
What were thy words, and works? and how  
Didst thou thy glorious march record?  
For thou wert great and good as now,  
Of love the Source, of light the Lord.

- 2 And in the unending ages, far  
Beyond the utmost reach of mind,  
When all that is, and all that are,  
Shall leave not e'en a wreck behind, —  
O, what shall be thy bright career,  
Lord of the eternal, changeless will?  
Thou wilt be there supreme, as here, —  
All-wise, all-good, almighty still!
- 3 Yes! shrouded in the mystery, —  
The past, the future's dark abyss, —  
Bright clouds of splendor circle thee  
And light thy path from bliss to bliss.  
This is our faith, our hope, our trust,  
Through thought's immeasurable range:  
Time is a dream, and man is dust;  
But thou — but thou canst never change.

C. M.

164.

MONTGOMERY.

The Earth full of the Goodness of God.

- 1 God, in the high and holy place,  
Looks down upon the spheres;  
Yet in his providence and grace  
To every eye appears.
- 2 The forests in his strength rejoice:  
Hark! on the evening breeze,  
As once of old, the Lord God's voice  
Is heard among the trees.
- 3 His blessings fall in plenteous showers  
Upon the lap of earth,  
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,  
And rings with infant mirth.



- 4 If God hath made this world so fair,  
Where sin and death abound,  
How beautiful, beyond compare,  
Will Paradise be found!

L. M.

165.

TATE & BRADY.

Eternity and Sovereignty of God. Psalm 93.

- 1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,  
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,  
The world's foundations strongly laid,  
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely stablished is thy throne,  
Which shall no change or period see;  
For thou, O Lord! and thou alone,  
Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord! lift up their voice,  
And toss the troubled waves on high;  
But God above can still their noise,  
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord! is ever sure;  
And they that in thy house would dwell,  
That happy station to secure,  
Must still in holiness excel.

C. M.

166.

WATTS.

The Divine Glories above our Reason.

- 1 How wondrous great, how glorious bright,  
Must our Creator be,  
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light  
Of vast infinity!

PERFECTIONS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

- 2 Our reason stretches all its wings,  
And climbs above the skies ;  
But still how far beneath thy feet  
Our grovelling reason lies !
- 3 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,  
And awfully adore ;  
For the weak pinions of our mind  
Can stretch a thought no more.
- 4 In humble notes our faith adores  
The great mysterious King ;  
While angels strain their nobler powers,  
And sweep the immortal string.

L. M.                      167.                      DODDRIDGE.

Him who is Invisible.

- 1 ETERNAL and immortal King !  
Thy peerless splendors none can bear ;  
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,  
When God with all his glory 's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,  
The great Invisible can see,  
And with its tremblings mingle joy,  
In fixed regards, great God, to thee.
- 3 Then every tempting form of sin,  
Shamed in thy presence, disappears ;  
And all the glowing, raptured soul  
The likeness it contemplates wears.
- 4 O, ever conscious to my heart,  
Witness to its supreme desire,  
Behold, it presseth on to thee,  
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

- 5 This one petition would it urge, —  
 To bear thee ever in its sight ;  
 In life, in death, in worlds unknown,  
 Its only portion and delight.

L. M.

168.

WATTS.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth: Psalm 146.

- 1 I 'LL praise my Maker with my breath,  
 And when my voice is lost in death,  
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life, and thought, and being last,  
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?  
 Princes must die, and turn to dust ;  
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;  
 Their breath departs, their pomp and power,  
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour,  
 Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
 On Israel's God ; he made the sky,  
 And earth, and seas, with all their train ;  
 His truth for ever stands secure ,  
 He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,  
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;  
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;  
 He sends the laboring conscience peace ;  
 He helps the stranger in distress,  
 The widow and the fatherless,  
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

C. M. **169.** ADDISON.

God's Merciful and Constant Protection.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renewed my face;  
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 6 Through every period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

L. M. **170.** WATTS.

Wonders of Creation and Providence. Psalm 136.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;  
Mercy and truth are all his ways:

- Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown ;  
The King of kings with glory crown :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
And fixed the starry lights on high :  
Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light ;  
He bids the moon direct the night :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with power to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :  
Wonders of grace to God belong ;  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,  
And leads us to his heavenly seat :  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

L. M.

171.

WATTS.

The Ministry of Angels.

- 1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light  
The King of glory spreads his seat,  
And troops of angels, stretched for flight,  
Stand waiting round his awful feet.



- 2 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,  
And thick around Elisha stands ;  
Anon a heavenly soldier flies,  
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.
- 3 Thy wingèd troops, O God of hosts,  
Wait on thy wandering Church below ;  
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,  
Let angels be our convoy too.
- 4 Are they not all thy servants, Lord ?  
At thy command they go and come,  
With cheerful haste obey thy word,  
And guard thy children to thy home.

L. M.

172.

HEMANS.

“What is Man, that Thou art mindful of him.”

- 1 CHILD of the earth, O lift thy glance  
To yon bright firmament's expanse ;  
The glories of its realm explore,  
And gaze, and wonder, and adore !
- 2 Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,  
That sparkle through the shades of night ;  
Behold them ! — can a mortal boast  
To number that celestial host ?
- 3 Mark well each little star, whose rays  
In distant splendor meet thy gaze :  
Each is a world, by Him sustained  
Who from eternity hath reigned.
- 4 What then art *thou*, O child of clay !  
Amid creation's grandeur, say ?  
E'en as an insect on the breeze,  
E'en as a dew-drop lost in seas !



PERFECTIONS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

- 5 Yet fear thou not! — the sovereign hand,  
Which spread the ocean and the land,  
And hung the rolling spheres in air,  
Hath, e'en for thee, a father's care.
- 6 Be thou at peace! the all-seeing eye,  
Pervading earth, and air, and sky, —  
The searching glance, which none may flee, —  
Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.

L. M.

173.

WATTS.

Darkness of Providence.

- 1 LORD! we adore thy vast designs,  
The obscure abyss of providence!  
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,  
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Through seas and storms of deep distress  
We sail by faith, and not by sight;  
Faith guides us in the wilderness,  
Through all the terrors of the night.
- 3 Dear Father! if thy lifted rod  
Resolve to scourge us here below,  
Still let us lean upon our God;  
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

C. M.

174.

THOMSON.

Goodness of God.

- 1 JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power  
On every hand we see;  
O may the blessings of each hour  
Lead all our thoughts to thee!

PERFECTIONS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed  
To earth's remotest bound,  
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,  
Thy love our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,  
And reaches to the skies ;  
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,  
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,  
The hand of God we see ;  
And all the blessings we receive,  
Ceaseless proceed from thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,  
On thee our hopes depend ;  
Through every age, in every clime,  
Our Father and our Friend !

C. M.

175.

WATTS.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

- 1 I SING the almighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise ;  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day ;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That filled the earth with food ;  
He formed the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounced them good.

- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,  
Where'er I turn my eye,  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky!
- 5 'There 's not a plant or flower below,  
But makes thy glories known;  
And clouds arise and tempests blow  
By order from thy throne.
- 6 His hand is my perpetual guard;  
He keeps me with his eye:  
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,  
Who is for ever nigh?

S. M.

176.

WATTS.

"What is Man, that Thou art mindful of him?"

- 1 O LORD! our Heavenly King,  
Thy name is all divine;  
Thy glories round the earth are spread,  
And o'er the heavens they shine.
- 2 When to thy works on high  
I raise my wondering eyes,  
And see the moon in brightness walk  
Across the kindling skies, —
- 3 When I behold the stars,  
Those radiant files of light,  
Lord! what is man, and all his power,  
To thy resistless might?
- 4 Lord! what is feeble man,  
That thou shouldst love him so?  
Next to thine angels is he placed,  
And lord of all below.

PERFECTIONS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

- 5 How rich thy bounties are !  
How wondrous are thy ways !  
Thus from decaying dust to form  
A monument of praise.

C. M.

177.

GIBBONS.

Goodness of God.

- 1 THY goodness, Lord ! our souls confess ;  
Thy goodness we adore ;  
A spring whose blessings never fail,  
A sea without a shore !
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars thy love declare  
In every golden ray ;  
Love draws the curtains of the night,  
And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns,  
With all the bliss it yields ;  
With joyful clusters loads the vines,  
With strengthening grain, the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord !  
Is in the Gospel seen ;  
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,  
Without a cloud between.

C. M.

178.

KEBLE.

God in Nature.

- 1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts,  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

- 2 The works of God above, below,  
Within us, and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show  
How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
In peace and order move.
- 4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace ;  
It steals in silence down ;  
But where it lights, the favored place  
By richest fruits is known.
- 5 One name, above all glorious names,  
With its ten thousand tongues,  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
Echoing angelic songs.
- 6 The raging fire, the roaring wind,  
Thy boundless power display ;  
But in the gentler breeze we find  
Thy Spirit's viewless way.
- 7 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out thee,  
And read thee everywhere !

7s. M.

179.

HEBER.

Consider the Lilies.

- 1 Lo, the lilies of the field !  
How their leaves instruction yield !  
Hark to nature's lesson given  
By the blessed birds of heaven !

Every bush and tufted tree  
 Warbles trust and piety :  
 Children, banish doubt and sorrow, —  
 God provideth for the morrow.

- 2 One there lives, whose guardian eye  
 Guides our earthly destiny ;  
 One there lives, who, Lord of all,  
 Keeps his children lest they fall :  
 Pass we, then, in love and praise,  
 Trusting him, through all our days,  
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow, —  
 God provideth for the morrow.

L. M.

180.

MRS. FOLLEN.

Goodness of God.

- 1 God, thou art good ! each perfumed flower,  
 The waving field, the dark green wood,  
 The insect fluttering for an hour, —  
 All things proclaim that God is good.
- 2 I hear it in each breath of wind :  
 The hills that have for ages stood,  
 And clouds with gold and silver lined,  
 All still repeat that God is good.
- 3 Each little rill, that many a year  
 Has the same verdant path pursued,  
 And every bird, in accents clear,  
 Joins in the song that God is good.
- 4 The countless hosts of twinkling stars,  
 That sing his praise with light renewed ;  
 The rising sun each day declares,  
 In rays of glory, God is good.



- 5 The moon, that walks in brightness, says  
That God is good ! and man, endued  
With power to speak his Maker's praise,  
Should still repeat that God is good.

S. M. 181. WATTS.

God our Shepherd. Psalm 23.

- 1 THE Lord my shepherd is,  
I shall be well supplied :  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear ;  
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,  
My Shepherd 's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes  
Thou dost my table spread ;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my following days ;  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PERFECTIONS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

L. M.                      **182.**                      ADDISON.

God our Shepherd. Psalm 23.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye :  
My noonday walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps he leads ;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,  
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;  
For thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

7s. M.                      **183.**                      MERRICK.

God our Shepherd. Psalm 23.

- 1 Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine !  
Want shall never more be mine :  
In a pasture fair and large  
He shall feed his happy charge.

- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,  
He shall lead my weary feet  
To the streams that still and slow  
Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 He my soul anew shall frame,  
And, his mercy to proclaim,  
When through devious paths I stray,  
Teach my steps the better way.
- 4 Thou my plenteous board hast spread ;  
Thou with oil refreshed my head :  
Filled by thee my cup o'erflows ;  
For thy love no limit knows.
- 5 Constant, to my latest end,  
Thou my footsteps shalt attend,  
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome  
Yield me an eternal home.

11s. M.

184.

MONTGOMERY.

God our Shepherd. Psalm 23.

- 1 THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know ;  
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;  
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,  
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.
- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though  
I stray,  
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;  
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay ;  
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;  
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;  
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head ;  
O what shall I ask of thy providence more ?

- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God !  
 Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above ;  
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,  
 Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom  
 of love.

C. M.

185.

STERNHOLD.

God our Shepherd. Psalm 23.

- 1 MY Shepherd is the living Lord,  
 I therefore nothing need ;  
 In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,  
 He setteth me to feed.
- 2 He shall convert and glad my soul,  
 And bring my mind in frame  
 To walk in paths of righteousness,  
 For his most holy name.
- 3 Yea, though I walk the vale of death,  
 Yet will I fear no ill ;  
 Thy rod and staff they comfort me,  
 And thou art with me still.
- 4 And, in the presence of my foes,  
 My table thou shalt spread ;  
 Thou wilt fill full my cup, and thou  
 Anointed hast my head.
- 5 Through all my life thy favor is  
 So frankly shown to me,  
 That in thy house for evermore  
 My dwelling-place shall be.

C. M.

186.

HEGINBOTHAM.

He crowneth us with his Tender Mercies.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! God of love !  
My Father and my God !  
I'll sing the honors of thy name,  
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 In every period of my life  
Thy thoughts of love appear ;  
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,  
And crown each lengthening year.
- 3 In all these mercies may my soul  
A Father's bounty see ;  
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows  
Estrange my heart from thee.
- 4 Teach me, in times of deep distress,  
To own thy hand, O God !  
And in submissive silence bear  
The lessons of thy rod.
- 5 In every changing state of life,  
Each bright, each gloomy scene,  
Give me a meek and humble mind,  
Still equal and serene.
- 6 Then will I close my eyes in death,  
Free from distressing fear ;  
For death itself is life, my God !  
If thou art with me there.

L. M.

187.

COLLETT.

Paternal Providence of God.

- 1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene  
Of life's mistaken ill or good,

Thy hand, O God ! conducts, unseen,  
The beautiful vicissitude.

- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,  
Howe'er unjustly we complain,  
To all their necessary share  
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,  
On thine eternal will depend ;  
And all for greater good were given,  
Would man pursue the appointed end.
- 4 Be this my care ! — to all beside  
Indifferent let my wishes be ;  
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,  
And fixed my soul, great God ! on thee.

C. M. 188. DODDRIDGE.

“ My times are in thy hand.”

- 1 To thee, my God ! my days are known ;  
My soul enjoys the thought ;  
My actions all before thy face,  
Nor are my faults forgot.
- 2 Each secret breath devotion vents  
Is vocal to thine ear ;  
And all my walks of daily life  
Before thine eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,  
Thy mercy shall approve ;  
And every pang of sympathy,  
And every care of love.



PERFECTIONS AND PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light  
Is gilded by thy rays ;  
And dark affliction's midnight gloom  
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,  
And in thy view I die ;  
And, when each mortal bond is broke,  
Shall find my God is nigh.

H. M.

189.

DODDRIDGE.

God's Fidelity to his Promises.

- 1 THE promises I sing  
Which sovereign love hath spoke ;  
Nor will the Eternal King  
His words of grace revoke ;  
They stand secure, Not Zion's hill  
And steadfast still ; Abides so sure.
- 2 The mountains melt away  
When once the Judge appears,  
And sun and moon decay  
That measure mortal years ;  
But still the same, The promise shines  
In radiant lines, Through all the flame.
- 3 Their harmony shall sound  
Through mine attentive ears,  
When thunders cleave the ground,  
And dissipate the spheres ;  
Midst all the shock I stand serene,  
Of that dread scene, Thy word my rock.

L. M. **190.** HUTTON.

The Mighty God our Refuge.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah, slow to wrath,  
In awful glory holds his seat ;  
In storms and whirlwinds hides his path,  
And treads the clouds beneath his feet.
- 2 He chides the sea, — and it is dry !  
He smites the streams, — they waste away !  
Carmel's and Bashan's pastures die,  
And flowers of Lebanon decay.
- 3 The mountains shake beneath his look ;  
Hills melt, — earth's old foundations burn :  
What might can stand his fierce rebuke,  
Which bids the rocks to overturn !
- 4 How safe are they who trust his power,  
Who fix their hearts and hopes above !  
He is their shield in danger's hour,  
And heals their sorrows with his love.

C. M. **191.** WATTS.

Eternal Dominion of God.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou !  
How frail and weak are we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made :  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.

- 3 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view ;  
To thee there 's nothing old appears ;  
Great God ! there 's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,  
And vexed with trifling cares,  
While thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God, how infinite art thou !  
How frail and weak are we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

L. M. **192.** WESLEY'S COL.

Deliverances acknowledged.

- 1 GOD of my life ! whose gracious power  
Through varied deaths my soul has led,  
Or turned aside the fatal hour,  
Or lifted up my sinking head !
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling providence I see :  
Assist me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Whither, O whither should I fly,  
But to my loving Father's breast,  
Secure within thine arms to lie,  
And safe beneath thy wings to rest ?
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,  
But thou, O God ! my wisdom art ;  
I ever into ruin run ;  
But thou art greater than my heart.

- 5 Foolish and impotent and blind,  
Lead me a way I have not known ;  
Bring me where I my heaven may find,  
The heaven of loving thee alone.

8 & 7s. M.

193.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

God our Almighty Help. Psalm 127.

- 1 VAINLY, through night's weary hours,  
Keep we watch lest foes alarm ;  
Vain our bulwarks and our towers,  
But for God's protecting arm.
- 2 Vain were all our toil and labor,  
Did not God that labor bless ;  
Vain without his grace and favor  
Every talent we possess.
- 3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,  
That on human strength relies ;  
But to him shall help be given  
Who in humble faith applies.
- 4 Seek we then the Lord's anointed,  
He shall grant us peace and rest ;  
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed  
Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

C. M.

194.

BROWNE.

Universal Goodness of God.

- 1 LORD, thou art good ! all nature shows  
Its mighty Author kind :  
Thy bounty through creation flows,  
Full, free, and unconfined.

- 2 The whole in every part proclaims  
Thy infinite good-will;  
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,  
And bursts from every hill.
- 3 We view it o'er the spreading main,  
And heavens which spread more wide;  
It drops in gentle showers of rain,  
And rolls in every tide.
- 4 Long hath it been diffused abroad,  
Through ages past and gone;  
Nor ever can exhausted be,  
But still keeps flowing on.
- 5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies,  
Spreads joy through every part:  
O may such love attract my eyes,  
And captivate my heart!
- 6 My highest admiration raise,  
My best affections move!  
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,  
And fill my heart with love!

L. M.

195.

WATTS.

Goodness of God to Soul and Body. Psalm 103.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,  
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;  
Let all the powers within me join  
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;  
His favors claim thy highest praise;  
Why should the wonders he hath wrought  
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

- 3 The vices of the mind he heals,  
And cures the pains that nature feels,  
Redeems the soul from death, and saves  
Our wasting life from threatening graves.
- 4 Our youth decayed, his power repairs ;  
His mercy crowns our growing years ;  
He satisfies our mouth with good,  
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.
- 5 He sees the oppressor and the oppressed,  
And often gives the sufferers rest ;  
But will his justice more display  
In the last great rewarding day.

L. M.

196.

SEWALL'S COL.

Loving-Kindness of God.

- 1 FATHER ! to thy kind love we owe  
All that is fair and good below ;  
Bestower of the health that lies  
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes !
- 2 Giver of sunshine and of rain !  
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain !  
Fountain of light, that, rayed afar,  
Fills the vast urns of sun and star !
- 3 Who send'st thy storms and frosts to bind  
The plagues that rise to waste mankind ;  
Then breathest o'er the naked scene  
Spring gales, and life, and tender green.
- 4 Yet deem we not that thus alone  
Thy mercy and thy love are shown ;  
For we have learned, with higher praise,  
And holier names, to speak thy ways.



- 5 In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay!  
Sole trust when life shall pass away!  
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom  
Of death, and consecrate the tomb!
- 6 Patient, with headstrong guilt to bear;  
Slow to avenge, and kind to spare;  
Listening to prayer, and reconciled  
Full quickly to thy erring child!

L. M.

197.

BOWRING.

God is everywhere.

- 1 FATHER and Friend! thy light, thy love,  
Beaming through all thy works, we see;  
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,  
And all the earth is full of thee.
- 2 Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,  
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,  
Involved in clouds, invisible,  
Reignest the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallowed part  
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be;  
But *this* we know, that where thou art,  
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee.
- 4 And through the various maze of time,  
And through the infinity of space,  
We follow thy career sublime,  
And all thy wondrous footsteps trace.
- 5 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,  
Sustained by this delightful thought,  
Since thou, their God, art everywhere,  
They cannot be where thou art not.

L. M.

198.

KIPPIS.

God incomprehensible.

- 1 GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view  
Attempts to look thy nature through;  
Our laboring powers with reverence own,  
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,  
Who countless years his God has sought,  
Such wondrous height or depth can find,  
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 And yet thy kindness deigns to show  
Enough for mortal minds to know;  
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,  
Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O may our souls with rapture trace  
Thy works of nature and of grace;  
Explore thy sacred truth, and still  
Press on to know and do thy will.

C. P. M.

199.

EXETER COL.

The Good Providence of God.

- 1 GREAT Source of unexhausted good,  
Who giv'st us health, and friends, and food,  
And peace, and calm content!  
Like fragrant incense to the skies,  
Let songs of grateful praises rise,  
For all thy blessings lent.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,  
Thy providence attends our way,  
To guard us and to guide;

Thy grace directs our wandering will,  
And warns us, lest seducing ill  
Allure our souls aside.

3 Thy smiles, with a reviving light,  
Cheer the long, darksome hours of night,  
And gild the thickest gloom ;  
Thy watchful love, around our bed,  
Doth softly, like a curtain, spread,  
And guard the peaceful room.

4 To thee, our lives, our all, we owe,  
Our peace and sweetest joys below,  
And brightest hopes above ;  
Then let our lives and all that 's ours,  
Our souls and all our active powers,  
Be sacred to thy love.

C. M.

200.

WEST BOSTON COL.

God just and wise in afflicting.

1 If Providence to try my heart,  
Afflictions should prepare,  
To God submissive may I bend,  
And keep me from despair.

2 Whate'er he orders must be just ;  
Then let me kiss the rod,  
Nor, poorly sunk, at all distrust  
The goodness of my God.

3 The mind to which I owe my own,  
To guide this mind is wise ;  
And he, to whom my faults are known,  
The fittest to chastise.

- 4 Then, till life's latest sands are run,  
     O teach me, Power Divine,  
 Still to reply, Thy will be done,  
     Whate'er becomes of mine.

C. M.                      201.                      DODDRIDGE.

Divine Goodness in Affliction.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,  
     We own thy power divine ;  
 We hear thy breath in every storm,  
     For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,  
     They work thy sovereign will ;  
 And, awed by thy majestic voice,  
     Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast  
     To those who seek thy face ;  
 And mingles, with the tempest's roar,  
     The whispers of thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,  
     Till all the tumult cease ;  
 And gales of Paradise shall lull  
     My weary soul to peace.

C. M.                      202.                      DARWIN.

Trust in Him at all Times.

- 1 God's power directs the rushing wind,  
     Or tips the bolt with flame ;  
 His goodness breathes in every breeze,  
     And warms in every beam.

- 2 For me, O Lord ! whatever lot  
 The hours commissioned bring, —  
 Do all my withering blessings die,  
 Or fairer clusters spring, —
- 3 O grant that still, with grateful heart,  
 My years resigned may run :  
 'Tis thine to give, or to resume ;  
 And may thy will be done.

6s. M.

203.

DRUMMOND.

The One Living and True God.

- 1 THE God who reigns alone  
 O'er earth, and sea, and sky,  
 Let man with praises own,  
 And sound his honors high.
- 2 Him all in heaven above,  
 Him all on earth below,  
 The exhaustless Source of love,  
 The great Creator, know.
- 3 He formed the living flame,  
 He gave the reasoning mind,  
 Then only he may claim  
 The worship of mankind.
- 4 So taught his only Son,  
 Blest messenger of grace !  
 The Eternal is but one,  
 No second holds his place.

C. M. 204.

TATE & BRADY.

God unchangeable.

- 1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,  
O thou Eternal God!  
Each future age shall know thy name,  
And tell thy words abroad.
- 2 The strong foundations of the earth  
Of old by thee were laid;  
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven,  
With matchless skill, was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,  
Created by thy hand,  
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,  
And changed at thy command.
- 4 But thy perfections, all divine,—  
Eternal as thy days,—  
Through everlasting ages shine,  
With undiminished rays.

S. M. 205.

DODDRIDGE.

God wise and merciful in Chastisement.

- 1 How gracious and how wise  
Is our chastising God!  
And O how rich the blessings are,  
That blossom from his rod!
- 2 He lifts it up on high  
With pity in his heart,  
That every stroke his children feel  
May grace and peace impart.



- 3 Instructed thus, they bow,  
And own his sovereign sway ;  
They turn their erring footsteps back  
To his forsaken way.
- 4 His covenant love they seek,  
And seek the happy bands,  
That closer still engage their hearts  
To honor his commands.
- 5 Our Father, we consent  
To discipline divine ;  
And bless the pains that make our souls  
Still more completely thine.

S. M.

206.

MORAVIAN.

Reliance.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands, —  
To his sure trust and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands ;
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey ;  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care ;  
To him commend thy cause, — his ear  
Attends the softest prayer.
- 4 Then on the Lord rely,  
So safe shalt thou go on ;  
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done

## THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

C. M.

207.

BARTON.

The Word of God.

- 1 WORD of the ever-living God!  
Will of his glorious Son!  
Without thee how could earth be trod,  
Or heaven itself be won?
- 2 Yet, to unfold thy hidden worth,  
Thy mysteries to reveal,  
That Spirit which first gave thee forth  
Thy volume must unseal!
- 3 And we, if we aright would learn  
The wisdom it imparts,  
Must to its heavenly teaching turn,  
With simple, childlike hearts!

H. M.

208.

DODDRIDGE.

Efficacy and Success of the Gospel.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,  
And the diffusive rain!

To heaven from whence it fell,  
 It turns not back again ;  
 But waters earth           And calls forth all  
 Through every pore,    Her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,  
 The hills and valleys shine,  
 And man and beast are fed  
 By Providence divine :  
 The harvest bows           The copious seed  
 Its golden ears,           Of future years.

3 " So," saith the God of grace,  
 " My Gospel shall descend,  
 Almighty to effect  
 The purpose I intend ;  
 Millions of souls           And bear it down  
 Shall feel its power,    To millions more."

C. M.                      **209.**                      WESLEY'S COL.

Prayer for a Blessing on the Word.

- 1 FATHER of all, in whom, alone,  
 We live, and move, and breathe,  
 One bright celestial ray send down,  
 And cheer thy sons beneath.
- 2 While in thy word we search for thee,  
 O fill our souls with awe ;  
 Thy light impart, that we may see  
 The wonders of thy law.
- 3 Now let our darkness comprehend  
 The light that shines so clear ;  
 Now thy revealing Spirit send,  
 And give us ears to hear.

L. M.

210.

BOWRING.

Progress of Gospel Truth.

- 1 UPON the Gospel's sacred page  
The gathered beams of ages shine ;  
And, as it hastens, every age  
But makes its brightness more divine.
- 2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,  
From year to year does knowledge soar ;  
And, as it soars, the Gospel light  
Adds to its influence more and more.
- 3 Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,  
Pours inexhaustible supplies,  
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,  
And wisdom's self becomes more wise.
- 4 More glorious still as centuries roll,  
New regions blessed, new powers unfurled,  
Expanding with the expanding soul,  
Its waters shall o'erflow the world ; —
- 5 Flow to restore, but not destroy ;  
As when the cloudless lamp of day  
Pours out its flood of light and joy,  
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

C. M.

211.

COWPER.

Light and Glory of the Word.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight ;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun !  
It gives a light to every age ;  
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat ;  
His truths upon the nations rise,  
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.

C. M.

212.

TATE & BRADY.

“Thou shalt teach them to thy children.” Psalm 78.

- 1 HEAR, O my people ! to my law  
Devout attention lend ;  
Let the instruction of my mouth  
Deep in your hearts descend.
- 2 My tongue, by inspiration taught,  
Shall parables unfold,  
Dark oracles, but understood,  
And owned for truths of old :
- 3 Which we from sacred registers  
Of ancient times have known,  
And our forefathers' pious care  
To us has handed down, —
- 4 That generations yet to come  
Should to their unborn heirs  
Religiously transmit the same,  
And they again to theirs ;

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 5 To teach them that in God alone  
Their hope securely stands ;  
That they should ne'er his works forget,  
But keep his just commands.

L. M.

213.

WATTS.

God's Glory in the Gospel.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song !  
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue !  
Hosanna to the Eternal Name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 The spacious earth and spreading flood  
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God ;  
And thy rich glories from afar  
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 3 But in the Gospel of thy Son  
Are all thy mightiest works outdone ;  
The light it pours upon our eyes  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 4 Our spirits kindle in its beam :  
It is a sweet, a glorious theme :  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound !  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground !

S. M.

214.

WATTS.

Power of God's Word.

- 1 BEHOLD, the morning sun  
Begins his glorious way ;  
His beams through all the nations run,  
And life and light convey.



- 2 But where the Gospel comes,  
It spreads diviner light ;  
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !  
And all thy judgments just !  
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,  
And we securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain  
Are thy directions given !  
O may I never read in vain,  
But find the path to heaven.

C. M.

215.

WATTS.

Instruction from the Scriptures. Psalm 34.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts  
And guard their lives from sin ?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,  
'To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad,  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day ;  
And through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth ;  
How pure is every page !  
That holy book shall guide our youth;  
And well support our age.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

C. M.                      **216.**                      WATTS.

The Blessings of the Gospel.

- 1 BLESSED are the souls that hear and know  
The Gospel's joyful sound ;  
Peace shall attend the paths they go,  
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
Through their Redeemer's name ;  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor dares the world condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives ;  
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,  
Thy God for ever lives.

S. M.                      **217.**                      SCOTT.

Searching the Scriptures.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,  
And dreads the curious eye :  
But sacred truths the test invite,  
They bid us search and try.
- 2 O may we still maintain  
A meek, inquiring mind ;  
Assured we shall not search in vain,  
But hidden treasures find.
- 3 With understanding blest,  
Created to be free,  
Our faith on man we dare not rest,  
Subject to none but thee.

4 Lord, give the light we need ;  
 With soundest knowledge fill ;  
 From noxious error guard our creed,  
 From prejudice our will.

5 The truth thou shalt impart,  
 May we with firmness own ;  
 Abhorring each evasive art,  
 And fearing thee alone.

C. M.                      218.                      WATTS.

The Excellency of Scripture. Psalm 119.

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,  
 My lasting heritage ;  
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,  
 My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,  
 And keep thy laws in sight,  
 While through the promises I rove,  
 With ever fresh delight.

3 'T is a broad land of wealth unknown,  
 Where springs of life arise ;  
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
 And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,  
 It makes our sorrows blest :  
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
 And our eternal rest.

C. M.

219.

WATTS.

God's Word. Psalm 119.

- 1 LET all the heathen writers join  
To form one perfect book ;  
Great God, if once compared with thine,  
How mean their writings look !
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave  
Could show one sin forgiven,  
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;  
But thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 I 've seen an end of what we call  
Perfection here below ;  
How short the powers of nature fall,  
And can no farther go !
- 4 Our faith, and love, and every grace,  
Fall far below thy word ;  
But perfect truth and righteousness  
Dwell only with the Lord.

C. M.

220.

RIPPON'S COL.

The Value of the Scriptures.

- 1 How precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given !  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To lead our souls to heaven.
- 2 O'er all the straight and narrow way  
Its radiant beams are cast ;  
A light whose never weary ray  
Grows brightest at the last.

- 3 It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts  
 In this dark vale of tears ;  
 Life, light, and comfort it imparts,  
 And calms our anxious fears.
- 4 This lamp through all the dreary night  
 Of life shall guide our way,  
 Till we behold the glorious light  
 Of never-ending day.

L. M. **221.** WATTS.

The Books of Nature and Scripture. Psalm 19.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord !  
 In every star thy wisdom shines ;  
 But when our eyes behold thy word,  
 We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
 And nights and days, thy power confess ;  
 But the blest volume thou hast writ  
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise  
 Round the whole earth, and never stand ;  
 So, when thy truth began its race,  
 It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest  
 Till through the world thy truth has run ;  
 Till Christ has all the nations blest,  
 That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light :  
 Thy Gospel makes the simple wise ;  
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
 In souls renewed, and sins forgiven :  
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
 And make thy word my guide to heaven.

L. M.                      **222.**                      WATTS.

Prophecy and Inspiration.

- 1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord  
 The ancient prophets spoke his word ;  
 His spirit did their tongues inspire,  
 And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought  
 Confirmed the messages they brought ;  
 The prophet's pen succeeds his breath  
 To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God ! mine eyes with pleasure look  
 On the dear volume of thy book ;  
 There my Redeemer's face I see,  
 And read his name who died for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind  
 Be lost, and vanished in the wind ;  
 Here I can fix my hope secure :  
 This is thy word, and must endure.

S. M.                      **223.**                      WATTS.

The Glad Tidings of the Gospel.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,  
 Who stand on Zion's hill !  
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
 And words of peace reveal.



- 2 How charming is their voice !  
How sweet their tidings are !  
“ Zion, behold thy Saviour king,  
He reigns and triumphs here.”
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light ;  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight !
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

C. M.

224.

MRS. STEELE.

Excellence of the Scriptures.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! in thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
For ever be thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find ;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around,  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

- 4 O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight ;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou for ever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

L. M.

225.

DODDRIDGE.

Influence of the Word.

- 1 THY sacred book we would survey,  
Enlightened by a heavenly ray :  
And ask thy Spirit with the word,  
To teach our souls to know the Lord.
- 2 So shall our children learn the road  
That leads them to their fathers' God ;  
And, formed by lessons so divine,  
Shall infant minds with knowledge shine.
- 3 So shall the haughtiest soul submit,  
With children placed at Jesus' feet ;  
The rising swell of pride shall cease,  
And thy sweet voice be heard in peace.

# JESUS CHRIST AND HIS KINGDOM.

7s. M.

226.

BOWRING.

Report of the Watchman.

- 1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are.  
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height  
See that glory-beaming star.
- 2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray  
Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,  
Promised day of Israel.
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveller! blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends.
- 4 Watchman! will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveller! ages are its own;  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 5 Watchman! tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
- 6 Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace,  
Lo, the Son of God, is come!

C. M.

227.

E. H. SEARS.

The Nativity.

- 1 CALM on the listening ear of night  
Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judæa stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs from courts above  
Shed sacred glories there,  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply;  
And greet, from all their holy heights,  
The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm,  
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring, —  
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's Eternal King!"

- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !  
The Saviour now is born ;  
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains  
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

C. M.

228.

PATRICK.

Nativity of Christ.

- 1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.
- 2 " Fear not," said he, — for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind, —  
" Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.
- 3 " To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born, of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;  
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 " The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song :
- 6 " All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace !  
Good-will henceforth, from Heaven to men,  
Begin and never cease !"

JESUS CHRIST AND HIS KINGDOM.

H. M.

229.

SALISBURY COL.

The Song of Angels.

1 HARK! what celestial sounds,  
What music fills the air!  
Soft warbling to the morn,  
It strikes the ravished ear:  
Now all is still; In tuneful notes,  
Now wild it floats, Loud, sweet, and shrill.

2 The angelic hosts descend,  
With harmony divine:  
See how from heaven they bend,  
And in full chorus join:  
“Fear not,” say they; Jesus, your King,  
“Great joy we bring: Is born to-day.”

3 He comes your souls to save  
From death's eternal gloom;  
To realms of bliss and light  
He lifts you from the tomb:  
Your voices raise, Your songs unite  
With sons of light; Of endless praise.

4 Glory to God on high!  
Ye mortals, spread the sound,  
And let your raptures fly  
To earth's remotest bound;  
For peace on earth, To man is given,  
From God in heaven, At Jesus' birth.

7s. M.

230.

M. W. HALE.

Christmas.

1 WHEN in silence, o'er the deep,  
Darkness kept its deathlike sleep,  
Soon as God his mandate spoke,  
Light in wondrous beauty broke.



- 2 But a beam of holier light  
Gilded Bethlehem's lonely night,  
When the glory of the Lord,  
Mercy's sunlight, shone abroad.
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will to men,"  
Burst the glorious anthem then;  
Angels, bending from above,  
Joined that strain of holy love.
- 4 Floating o'er the waves of time  
Comes to us that song sublime,  
Bearing to the pilgrim's ear  
Words to soothe, sustain, and cheer.
- 5 For creation's blessed light,  
Praise to thee, thou God of night!  
Seraph-strains thy name should bless  
For the Sun of Righteousness.

11 & 10s. M.

231.

HEBER.

The Infant Jesus.

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels bend o'er him, in slumber reclining,—  
Monarch, Redeemer, Restorer of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold would his favor secure ;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

C. M.

**232.**

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The Guiding Star.

- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star, that led,  
With mild, benignant ray,  
The Gentiles to the lowly bed  
Where our Redeemer lay.
- 2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light  
Now points to his abode ;  
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,  
To guide us to our Lord.
- 3 O haste to follow where it leads ;  
The gracious call obey,  
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,  
The Christian's destined way.
- 4 O gladly tread the narrow path,  
While light and grace are given ;  
Who meekly follow Christ on earth  
Shall reign with him in heaven.

C. M.

**233.**

DODDRIDGE.

The Mission of Christ.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !  
The Saviour promised long !  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,  
Exerts its sacred fire ;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyeballs of the blind  
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of his grace  
To enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy belovèd name.

C. M.

234.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

A Light to lighten the Gentiles.

- 1 THE race that long in darkness pined  
Have seen a glorious light ;  
The people dwell in day, who dwelt  
In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,  
The gathering nations come,  
Joyous, as when the reapers bear  
The harvest treasures home.
- 3 To us a child of hope is born,  
To us a Son is given ;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

JESUS CHRIST AND HIS KINGDOM.

- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
Whose rule shall stretch abroad,  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The great and mighty Lord.
- 5 His power, increasing, still shall spread;  
His reign no end shall know;  
Justice shall guard his throne above,  
And peace abound below.

C. M.

235.

WATTS.

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom. Psalm 98.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King:  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
As far as sin is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

7 & 6s. M.

236.

MONTGOMERY.

"All nations shall call Him blessed."

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed!  
Great David's greater Son!

Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free ;  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth ;  
And joy, and hope, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth.  
Before him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go,  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend ;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.  
The mountain dew shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.

C. M.                      **237.**                      WATTS.

Message of John the Baptist.

1 JOHN was the prophet of the Lord,  
To go before his face ;  
The herald which the Prince of Peace  
Sent to prepare his ways.

2 " Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,  
" That takes our guilt away :  
I saw the Spirit o'er his head,  
On his baptizing day.



- 3 "Be every vale exalted high,  
Sink every mountain low;  
The proud must stoop, and humble souls  
Shall his salvation know.
- 4 "The heathen realms with Israel's land  
Shall join in sweet accord;  
And all that's born of man shall see  
The glory of the Lord.
- 5 "Behold the Morning Star arise,  
Ye that in darkness sit;  
He marks the path that leads to peace,  
And guides our doubtful feet."

S. M.

238.

NEEDHAM.

Christ the Light of the World.

- 1 BEHOLD the Prince of Peace!  
The chosen of the Lord,  
God's well-belovèd Son, fulfils  
The sure prophetic word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns  
This King of Righteousness;  
Meekness and patience, truth and love,  
Compose his princely dress.
- 3 The Spirit of the Lord,  
In rich abundance shed,  
On this great prophet gently lights,  
And rests upon his head.
- 4 Jesus, thou light of men!  
Thy doctrine life imparts;  
O may we feel its quickening power  
To warm and glad our hearts!



- 5   Cheered by its beams, our souls  
     Shall run the heavenly way :  
The path which Christ has marked and trod,  
     Will lead to endless day.

C. M.

239.

T. FLETCHER.

The Baptism of Jesus.

- 1   IN Judah's rugged wilderness,  
     Where Jordan rolls his flood,  
In manners strict, and rude in dress,  
     The holy Baptist stood.
- 2   And while upon the river's side  
     The people thronged to hear,  
"Repent," the sacred preacher cried ;  
     "The heavenly kingdom 's near."
- 3   Now Jesus to the stream descends ;  
     His feet the waters lave ;  
And o'er his head, that humbly bends,  
     The Baptist pours the wave.
- 4   When, lo ! a heavenly form appears,  
     Descending as a dove ;  
And wondrous sounds th' assembly hears,  
     Proclaiming from above, —
- 5   " This is my well-belovèd Son ;  
     On him my spirit rests ;  
Now is his reign of grace begun ;  
     Attend his high behests."
- 6   The sacred voice has reached our ear,  
     And still through distant lands  
Shall sound, till all his name revere,  
     And honor his commands.

11 & 10s. M.

240.

MOORE.

Come, ye Disconsolate.

- 1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;  
Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel ;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
anguish ;  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
" Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."
- 3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, living and pure ;  
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

8 & 7s. M.

241.

MADAN'S COL.

Consolation of Israel. Luke ii. 25.

- 1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus !  
Born to set thy people free ;  
From our fears and sins release us,  
Let us find our rest in thee :  
Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the saints thou art ;  
Dear Desire of every nation,—  
Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver ;  
Born a child, and yet a king ;  
Born to reign in us for ever,  
Now thy gracious kingdom bring :

By thine own life-giving Spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

C. M.

242.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.

“ He was despised.” Isaiah 53.

- 1 THE Saviour comes ! no outward pomp  
 Bespeaks his presence nigh ;  
 No earthly beauty shines in him,  
 To draw the carnal eye.
- 2 Fair as a beauteous, tender flower  
 Amidst the desert grows,  
 So, slighted and despised by man,  
 The heavenly Saviour rose.
- 3 Rejected and despised of men,  
 Behold a man of woe !  
 Grief was his close companion still,  
 Through all his life below.
- 4 Wronged and oppressed, how meekly he  
 In patient silence stood !  
 Mute as the peaceful, harmless lamb,  
 When brought to shed its blood.
- 5 'Midst sinners low in dust he lay ;  
 The rich a grave supplied ;  
 Unspotted was his blameless life ;  
 Unstained by sin he died.
- 6 He with the great shall share the spoil,  
 And baffle all his foes ;  
 Though, ranked with sinners, here he fell,  
 A conqueror he rose.

L. M.

243.

BOWRING.

Jesus preaching the Gospel.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When listening thousands gathered round,  
And joy and reverence filled the place !
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,  
To heaven he led his followers' way ;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 " Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,  
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !"  
Yes ! sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust !  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

C. M.

244.

WATTS.

Invitations of the Gospel.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice ;  
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
Who feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive, with earthly toys,  
To fill an empty mind, —

- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye who pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die ;  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.
- 5 The happy gates of Gospel grace  
Stand open night and day ;  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

7s. M.

245.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Invitations of Jesus.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come and make my paths your choice :  
I will guide you to your home ;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come !
- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;  
Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes  
Watch to see the morning rise ;
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
In remorse for guilt who mourn,  
Here repose your heavy care :  
A wounded spirit who can bear ?



- 5 Sinner, come ! for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound ;  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

C. M.                      **246.**                      SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.

Christ's Invitation.

- 1 COME unto me, all ye who mourn,  
    With guilt and fears opprest,  
Resign to me the willing heart,  
    And I will give you rest.
- 2 Take up my yoke, and learn of me,  
    A meek and lowly mind ;  
And thus your weary, troubled souls  
    Repose and peace shall find.
- 3 For light and gentle is my yoke,  
    The burden I impose  
Shall ease the heart which groaned before  
    Beneath a load of woes.

L. M.                      **247.**                      MRS. STEELE.

Weary Souls invited to Christ.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,  
Come, and accept the promised rest ;  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,  
O come, and spread your woes to God ;  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.



- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes ;  
Pardon and life and endless peace,  
How rich the gift, how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,  
The hope thy gracious words impart ;  
We come with trembling ; yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind, inviting voice.
- 5 Great Saviour, let thy powerful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;  
May that sweet influence in our breast  
Prepare us for thy heavenly rest.

L. M.

248.

WATTS.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me."

- 1 COME hither, all ye weary souls ;  
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come ;  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest who learn of me ;  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;  
My yoke is easy to his neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Jesus ! we come at thy command ;  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To form and guide them at thy will.

L. M.

249.

MRS. STEELE

Example of Christ.

- 1 AND is the Gospel peace and love ?  
Such let our conversation be ;  
The serpent blended with the dove,  
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,  
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,  
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,  
Bright pattern of the Christian life !
- 3 O how benevolent and kind !  
How mild ! how ready to forgive !  
Be his the temper of our mind,  
And his the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his Heavenly Father's will  
Was his employment and delight :  
Humility and holy zeal  
Shone through his life divinely bright !
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,  
The labors of his life were love :  
If then we love the Saviour's name,  
Let his divine example move.

7s. M.

250.

W. ROSCOE.

The Golden Rule.

- 1 THUS said Jesus : " Go and do  
As thou wouldst be done unto " ;  
Here thy perfect duty see,  
All that God requires of thee.

- 2 Wouldst thou, when thy faults are known,  
Wish that pardon should be shown ?  
Be forgiving, then, and do  
As thou wouldst be done unto.
- 3 Should thou helpless be and poor,  
Wouldst thou not for aid implore ?  
Think of others, then, and be  
What thou wouldst they should to thee.
- 4 For compassion if thou call,  
Be compassionate to all ;  
If thou wouldst affection find,  
Be affectionate and kind.
- 5 If thou wouldst obtain the love  
Of thy gracious God above,  
Then to all his children be  
What thou wouldst they should to thee.

L. M.

251.

WATTS.

The Miracles of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive !  
Behold, the dead awake and live !  
The dumb speak wonders ! and the lame  
Leap like the hart, and bless his name !
- 2 Thus doth the eternal Spirit own  
And seal the mission of his Son ;  
The Father vindicates his cause,  
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies ! the heavens in mourning stood ;  
He rises ! and appears with God :  
Behold the Lord ascending high,  
No more to bleed, no more to die !

- 4 Hence and for ever from my heart  
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;  
And to those hands my soul resign,  
Which bear credentials so divine.

C. M.

252.

DODDRIDGE, ALT.

"I am the door." John x. 9.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls ! and bless His name,  
Whose mercies never fail ;  
Who opens wide a door of hope,  
In life's o'ershadowed vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide displayed !  
The walls how strong and fair !  
Within are pastures fresh and green,  
And living streams are there.
- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,  
For Jesus is the door :  
Enter, and roam or rest, in peace,  
And dwell for evermore.
- 4 O may thy grace the nations lead,  
And Jews and Gentiles come,  
All travelling, through one beauteous gate,  
To one eternal home !

L. M.

253.

WATTS.

The Example of Jesus Christ.

- 1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word ;  
But in thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; may I bear  
More of thy gracious image here ;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

L. M.

254.

ANONYMOUS.

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

- 1 THOU art the Way ; and he who sighs,  
Amid this starless waste of woe,  
To find a pathway to the skies,  
A light from heaven's eternal glow,
- 2 By thee must come, thou Gate of Love,  
Through which the saints undoubting trod ;  
Till faith discovers, like the dove,  
An ark, a resting-place in God.
- 3 Thou art the Truth, whose steady day  
Beams on through earthly blight and bloom :  
The pure, the everlasting Ray,  
The Lamp that shines e'en in the tomb.
- 4 Thou art the Life, the blessed Well,  
With living waters gushing o'er,  
Which those that drink shall ever dwell  
Where sin and thirst are known no more.



JESUS CHRIST AND HIS KINGDOM.

- 5 Thou art the guiding Pillar given,  
Our Lamp by night, our Light by day;  
Thou art the Sacred Bread from heaven;  
Thou art the Life, the Truth, the Way.

C. M.

255.

EPISCOPAL COL.

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

- 1 THOU art the Way : by thee alone  
From sin and death we flee ;  
And they who would the Father seek  
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth : thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart ;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conquering arm,  
And those who put their trust in thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life :  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

L. M.

256.

GREGG.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

- 1 JESUS, and can it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?  
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor ;  
My soul shall scorn it more and more.



- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,  
When I've no sins to wash away,  
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,  
And no immortal soul to save.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend,  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?  
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Till then, — nor is the boasting vain, —  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;  
And oh ! may this my portion be,  
That Saviour's not ashamed of me !

C. M.

257.

LYRA CATH. ALT.

The Better Part.

- 1 As Jesus sought his wandering sheep,  
With weary toil oppressed,  
He came to Martha's lowly roof,  
A loved and honored guest.
- 2 While Martha serves with busy feet,  
In reverential mood,  
Meek Mary sits beside the Lord,  
And feeds on heavenly food.
- 3 And Martha soon herself draws nigh,  
The voice of love to hear ;  
Leaving her care for many things,  
To feast on holier cheer.
- 4 O Thou, who canst for every soul  
What most it needs provide,  
Draw us to thee, that we may share  
The part that shall abide !

L. M.

258.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ the Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 To thee, O God! we homage pay,  
Source of the light that rules the day!  
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,  
Reflects thy rays and speaks thy name.
- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace  
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness,  
Whose nobler light salvation brings,  
And scatters healing from his wings.
- 3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine,  
With beams of light and love divine;  
Quickened by him our souls shall live,  
And cheered by him shall grow and thrive.
- 4 O may his glories stand confessed,  
From north to south, from east to west;  
Successful may his Gospel run,  
Wide as the circuit of the sun.
- 5 When shall that radiant scene arise,  
When, fixed on high, in purer skies,  
Christ all his lustre shall display  
On all his saints through endless day!

C. M.

259.

ENFIELD.

Example of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD, where in a mortal form  
Appears each grace divine;  
The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
With mildest radiance shine.

- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
To give the mourner joy,  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was his divine employ.
- 3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
Patient and meek he stood ;  
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life ;  
He labored for their good.
- 4 In the last hour of deep distress,  
Before his Father's throne,  
With soul resigned he bowed, and said,  
" Thy will, not mine, be done ! "
- 5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide !  
His image may we bear !  
O may we tread his holy steps,  
His joy and glory share !

L. M.

260.

BARTON.

The Pool of Bethesda.

- 1 AROUND Bethesda's healing wave,  
Waiting to hear the rustling wing  
Which spoke the angel nigh who gave  
Its virtue to that holy spring,  
With patience and with hope endued,  
Were seen the gathered multitude.
- 2 Had they who watched and waited there  
Been conscious who was passing by,  
With what unceasing, anxious care  
Would they have sought his pitying eye ;  
And craved, with fervency of soul,  
His power divine to make them whole !

- 3 Bethesda's pool has lost its power !  
No angel, by his glad descent,  
Dispenses that diviner dower  
Which with its healing waters went.  
But He whose word surpassed its wave  
Is still omnipotent to save.
- 4 Saviour ! thy love is still the same  
As when that healing word was spoke ;  
Still in thine all-redeeming name  
Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke ;  
O be that power, that love displayed,  
Help those — whom thou alone canst aid !

L. M.

261.

SIR J. E. SMITH.

“ It is I ; be not afraid.”

- 1 WHEN power divine, in mortal form,  
Hushed with a word the raging storm,  
In soothing accents Jesus said,  
“ Lo, it is I ; be not afraid.”
- 2 So when in silence nature sleeps,  
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,  
One thought shall every pang remove ;  
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.
- 3 Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven  
To every heart in sunder riven,  
When love, and joy, and hope, are fled, —  
“ Lo, it is I ; be not afraid.”
- 4 God calms the tumult and the storm ;  
He rules the seraph and the worm ;  
No creature is by him forgot,  
Of those who know or know him not.

- 5 And when the last dread hour shall come,  
While shuddering Nature waits her doom,  
This voice shall call the pious dead, —  
“Lo, it is I; be not afraid.”

C. M.

262.

MRS. HEMANS.

“Peace! be still!”

- 1 FEAR was within the tossing bark,  
When stormy winds grew loud,  
And waves came rolling high and dark,  
And the tall mast was bowed.
- 2 And men stood breathless in their dread,  
And baffled in their skill;  
But One was there, who rose and said  
To the wild sea, “Be still!”
- 3 And the wind ceased; it ceased! that word  
Passed through the gloomy sky,  
The troubled billows knew their Lord,  
And sank beneath his eye.
- 4 Thou that didst rule the angry hour,  
And tame the tempest’s mood,  
O send thy Spirit forth in power  
O’er our dark souls to brood!
- 5 Thou that didst bow the billows’ pride,  
Thy mandates to fulfil,  
Speak, speak, to passion’s raging tide,  
Speak, and say, “Peace! be still!”

7s. M.

263.

MILMAN.

He rebuked the Wind and the Sea.

- 1 LORD! thou didst arise and say  
To the troubled waters, Peace!



And the tempest died away ;  
Down they sank, the foaming seas,  
And a calm and heaving sleep  
Spread o'er all the glassy deep ;  
All the azure lake serene  
Like another heaven was seen.

- 2 Lord ! thy gracious word repeat  
To the billows of the proud !  
Quell the tyrant's martial heat,  
Quell the fierce and changing crowd !  
Then the earth shall find repose  
From oppressions, and from woes ;  
And an imaged heaven appear  
In the world of darkness here.

L. M.

264.

BACHE.

" Greater love hath no man than this."

- 1 " SEE how he loved !" exclaimed the Jews,  
As tender tears from Jesus fell ;  
My grateful heart the thought pursues,  
And on the theme delights to dwell.
- 2 See how he loved, who travelled on,  
Teaching the doctrine from the skies ;  
Who bade disease and pain be gone,  
And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 See how he loved, who, firm yet mild,  
Patient endured the scoffing tongue ;  
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,  
Or did his greatest foe a wrong.
- 4 See how he loved, who never shrank  
From toil or danger, pain or death ;  
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,  
And meekly yielded up his breath.



- 5 Such love can we unmoved survey ?  
O may our breasts with ardor glow,  
To tread his steps, his laws obey,  
And thus our warm affections show !

C. M.

265.

HEBER.

Christ's Power.

- 1 THE winds were howling o'er the deep,  
Each wave a watery hill :  
The Saviour wakened from his sleep ;  
He spake, and all was still.
- 2 The madman in a tomb had made  
His mansion of despair :  
Woe to the traveller who strayed,  
With heedless footsteps, there !
- 3 He met that glance 'so thrilling sweet,  
He heard those accents mild ;  
And, melting at Messiah's feet,  
Wept like a weanèd child.
- 4 O madder than the raving man !  
O deafer than the sea !  
How long the time since Christ began  
To call in vain to me !
- 5 Yet could I hear him once again,  
As I have heard of old,  
Methinks he should not call in vain  
His wanderer to the fold.

L. M.

266.

RUSSELL.

"He hath not where to lay his head."

- 1 O'ER the dark wave of Galilee  
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,

And on the waters drearily  
Descends the fitful evening blast.

- 2 The weary bird hath left the air  
And sunk into his sheltered nest ;  
The wandering beast has sought his lair,  
And laid him down to welcome rest.
- 3 Still, near the lake, with weary tread,  
Lingers a form of human kind ;  
And on his lone, unsheltered head  
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.
- 4 Why seeks he not a home of rest ?  
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed ?  
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest ;  
He hath not where to lay his head.
- 5 Such was the lot he freely chose,  
To bless, to save the human race ;  
And through his poverty there flows  
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

C. M.

267.

MOORE.

“She loved much.”

- 1 WERE not the sinful Mary's tears  
An offering worthy heaven,  
When o'er the faults of former years  
She wept, and was forgiven ?
- 2 When, bringing every balmy sweet  
Her day of luxury stored,  
She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet  
The precious perfume poured, —

3 Were not those sweets so humbly shed,  
That hair, those weeping eyes,  
And the sunk heart which inly bled,  
Heaven's noblest sacrifice ?

4 Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,  
O, wouldst thou wake to heaven,  
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep ;  
" Love much," and be forgiven !

L. M.

268.

MILMAN.

Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem.

1 RIDE on, ride on in majesty !  
Hark ! all the tribes " Hosanna " cry !  
Thine humble beast pursues his road,  
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty !  
In lowly pomp ride on to die !  
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin,  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty !  
The wingèd squadrons of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty !  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh !  
The Father, on his glorious throne,  
Expects his own anointed Son.

5 Ride on, ride on in majesty !  
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;  
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,  
Then take, O Christ, thy power, and reign.

C. M.

269.

WESLEYAN MAG.

Jesus entering Jerusalem.

- 1 FROM Olivet's sequestered seats  
What sounds of transport spread !  
What concourse moves through Salem's streets,  
To Zion's holy head !
- 2 Behold him there in lowliest guise !  
The Saviour of mankind !  
Triumphant shouts before him rise,  
And shouts reply behind !
- 3 He came to earth, — through life he passed  
A man of grief and woe ;  
A noble army following fast  
His martyr path shall go.
- 4 All decked with palms, and strangely bright,  
That noble host appears ;  
And stainless are their robes of white,  
Though steeped in blood and tears.
- 5 From ages past descends the lay  
To ages yet to be,  
Till far its echoes roll away  
Into eternity.

S. M.

270.

KEBLE.

Christ weeping over Jerusalem.

- 1 WHY doth my Saviour weep  
At sight of Zion's bowers ?  
Shows it not fair from yonder steep,  
Her gorgeous crown of towers ?  
Or doth he feel the cross  
Already in his heart,  
The pain, the shame, the scorn, the loss, —  
Feel e'en his God depart ?

2 Ah! hero ne'er, nor saint,  
 The secret load might know  
 With which his spirit waxeth faint;  
 His is a Saviour's woe:  
 "If thou hadst known, e'en thou,  
 At least in this thy day,  
 The message of thy peace! but now  
 'T is passed for aye away."

3 And doth my Saviour weep  
 Over his people's sin,  
 Because we will not let him keep  
 The souls he died to win?  
 Ye hearts that love the Lord,  
 If at this sight ye burn,  
 See that in thought, in deed, in word,  
 Ye hate what made him mourn.

P. M.

271.

MRS. HEMANS.

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful."

1 He knelt, — the Saviour knelt and prayed,  
 When but his Father's eye  
 Looked through the lonely garden's shade,  
 On that dread agony!  
 Messiah cried with suppliant breath,  
 Bowed down with sorrow unto death.

2 He knew them all, — the doubt, the strife,  
 The faint, perplexing dread;  
 The mists that hang o'er parting life,  
 All darkened round his head;  
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray, —  
 Yet passed it not, that cup, away!

3 It passed not, — though the stormy wave  
 Had sunk beneath his tread;



It passed not, — though to him the grave  
 Had yielded up its dead.  
 But there was sent him from on high  
 A gift of strength for man to die.

- 4 And was *his* mortal hour beset  
 With anguish and dismay ?  
 How may we meet our conflict yet,  
 In the dark, narrow way ?  
 How, but through him, that path who trod,  
 The man of grief, — the Son of God !

L. M.

272.

MONTGOMERY.

Christ's Passion.

- 1 THE morning dawns upon the place,  
 Where Jesus spent the night in prayer ;  
 Through brightening glooms behold his face,  
 No form or comeliness is there.
- 2 Last eve, by those he called his own,  
 Betrayed, forsaken, or denied,  
 He met his enemies alone,  
 In all their malice, rage, and pride.
- 3 No guile within his mouth is found,  
 He neither threatens nor complains ;  
 Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,  
 Dumb 'midst his murderers he remains.
- 4 But hark ! he prays, — 't is for his foes ;  
 He speaks, — 't is comfort to his friends ;  
 Answers, — and paradise bestows ;  
 "'T is finished !" — here the conflict ends.
- 5 He dies : the veil is rent in twain ;  
 Darkness o'er all the land is spread ;



High, without tempest, rolls the main,  
Earth trembles, graves give up their dead.

- 6 "Truly, this was the Son of God!"  
Though in a servant's mean disguise,—  
And bruised beneath the Father's rod,  
Not for himself, for man he dies.

L. M.

273.

BULFINCH.

Christ the Sufferer.

- 1 O SUFFERING Friend of human kind!  
How, as the fatal hour drew near,  
Came thronging on thy holy mind  
The images of grief and fear.
- 2 Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,  
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,  
The thorny crown, the insult keen,  
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.
- 3 Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,  
As the dark vision o'er it came;  
And, though in sinless strength arrayed,  
Turn, shuddering, from the death of shame?
- 4 Onward, like thee, through scorn and dread,  
May we our Father's call obey,  
Steadfast thy path of duty tread,  
And rise, through death, to endless day.

L. M.

274.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

"Behold the Man."

- 1 BEHOLD the man! how glorious he!  
Before his foes he stands unawed,  
And, without wrong or blasphemy,  
He claims to be the Son of God.

JESUS CHRIST AND HIS KINGDOM.

- 2 Behold the man ! by all condemned,  
Assaulted by a host of foes ;  
His person and his claims contemned,  
A man of sufferings and of woes.
- 3 Behold the man ! so weak he seems,  
His awful word inspires no fear ;  
But soon must he who now blasphemes  
Before his judgment-seat appear.
- 4 Behold the man ! though scorned below,  
He bears the greatest name above ;  
The angels at his footstool bow,  
And all his royal claims approve.

7s. M.

275.

MONTGOMERY.

Christ our Example in Suffering.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel temptation's power,  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with him one bitter hour.  
Turn not from his griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,  
View the Lord of life arraigned.  
O the wormwood and the gall !  
O the pangs his soul sustained !  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;  
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;  
There, admiring at his feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete ;

“It is finished,” hear him cry ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,  
Where they laid his breathless clay ;  
All is solitude and gloom :  
Who has taken him away ?  
Christ is risen ; he meets our eyes.  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

6 & 10s. M.

276.

MARTINEAU'S COL.

Looking unto Jesus.

1 THOU, who didst stoop below,  
To drain the cup of woe,  
And wear the form of frail mortality, —  
Thy blessèd labors done,  
Thy crown of victory won, —  
Hast passed from earth, passed to thy home on high.

2 It was no path of flowers,  
Through this dark world of ours,  
Belovèd of the Father, thou didst tread ;  
And shall we in dismay  
Shrink from the narrow way,  
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

3 O Thou, who art our life,  
Be with us through the strife ;  
Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed ;  
Raise thou our eyes above,  
To see a Father's love  
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

4 Our eyes behold thee not,  
Yet hast thou not forgot  
Those who have placed their hope, their trust, in thee ;

Before thy Father's face  
Thou hast prepared a place,  
That where thou art, there they may also be.

6 & 10s. M.

277.

BULFINCH.

Bearing the Cross.

1 BURDEN of shame and woe !  
How does the heart o'erflow  
At thought of him the bitter cross who bore !  
But we have each our own,  
To others oft unknown,  
Which we must bear till life shall be no more.

2 And shall we fear to tread  
The path where Jesus led,  
The pure and holy one, for man who died ?  
Or shall we shrink from shame,  
Endured for Jesus' name,  
Our glorious Lord, once spurned and crucified ?

3 Then, 'mid the woes that wait  
On this our mortal state,  
Patience shall cheer affliction, toil, and loss,  
And though the tempter's art  
Assail the struggling heart,  
Still, Saviour ! in thy name we bear the cross.

7s. M.

278.

MILMAN.

Christ crucified and glorified.

1 BOUND upon the accursèd tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who is he ?  
By the cheek so pale and wan,  
By the crown of twisted thorn,

By the side so deeply pierced,  
By the baffled, burning thirst,  
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,  
Son of Man! 't is thou! 't is thou!

2 Bound upon the accursèd tree,  
Sad and dying, who is he?  
By the last and bitter cry,  
The life breathed out in agony,  
By the lifeless body laid  
In the chamber of the dead,  
Crucified! we know thee now:  
Son of Man! 't is thou! 't is thou!

3 Bound upon the accursèd tree,  
Dread and awful, who is he?  
By the prayer for them that slew,—  
“Lord! they know not what they do,” —  
By the sealed and guarded cave,  
By the spoiled and empty grave,  
By that clear, immortal brow,  
Son of God! 't is thou! 't is thou!

L. M.

279.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Submission.

1 “FATHER divine!” the Saviour cried,  
While horrors pressed on every side,  
And prostrate on the ground he lay,  
“Remove this bitter cup away.”

2 “But if these pangs must still be borne,  
Or helpless man be left forlorn,  
I bow my soul before thy throne,  
And say, Thy will, not mine, be done!”

- 3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,  
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low ;  
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,  
Would say, Thy will, not ours, be done !
- 4 Then, though, like him, in dust we lie,  
We 'll view the blissful moment nigh,  
Which, from our portion in his pains,  
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

L. M.

280.

STENNETT.

“ It is finished.”

- 1 “ ’T is finished ! ” so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed his head and died :  
“ ’T is finished ! ” yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 “ ’T is finished ! ” all that heaven foretold  
By prophets in the days of old ;  
And truths are opened to our view,  
That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 “ ’T is finished ! ” Son of God, thy power  
Hath triumphed in this awful hour ;  
And yet our eyes with sorrow see  
That life to us was death to thee.

L. M.

281.

WATTS.

Christ's Dying, Rising, and Reigning.

- 1 HE dies ! the friend of sinners dies !  
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around ;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies ;  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.



- 2 Here 's love and grief beyond degree ;  
The Lord of glory dies for men :  
But lo, what sudden joys we see !  
Jesus, the dead, revives again !
- 3 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb ;  
The tomb in vain forbids his rise ;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;  
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster death in chains.
- 5 Say, " Live for ever, wondrous King !  
Born to redeem and strong to save " ;  
Then ask the monster, " Where 's thy sting ? "  
And " Where 's thy victory, boasting grave ? "

7s. M.

282.

BULFINCH.

" It is finished. "

- 1 It is finished ! glorious word  
From thy lips, our suffering Lord !  
Word of high, triumphant might,  
Ere thy spirit takes its flight.  
It is finished ! all is o'er ;  
Pain and scorn oppress no more.
- 2 Now, no more foreboding dread  
Shades the path thy feet must tread ;  
No more fear lest in thine hour  
Pain should patience overpower ;  
On the perfect sacrifice  
Not a stain of weakness lies.

- 3 Champion ! lay thine armor by ;  
'T is thine hour of victory !  
All thy toils are now o'erpast ;  
Thou hast found thy rest at last ;  
All hath faithfully been done,  
And the world's salvation won.

S. M.

283.

DODDRIDGE.

The attractive Influence of the Cross.

- 1 BEHOLD the amazing sight,  
The Saviour lifted high !  
Behold the Son of God's delight  
Expire in agony !
- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,  
Were all these sorrows borne ?  
Why did he feel that piercing smart,  
And meet that various scorn ?
- 3 For love of us he bled,  
And all in torture died :  
'T was love, that bowed his fainting head,  
And oped his gushing side.
- 4 I see, and I adore  
In sympathy of love ;  
I feel the strong, attractive power  
To lift my soul above.

C. M.

284.

DODDRIDGE.

Looking in the Sepulchre.

- 1 YE humble souls, that seek the Lord,  
Chase all your fears away ;  
And bow with pleasure down to see  
The place where Jesus lay.

- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought ;  
Such wonders love can do ;  
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,  
Which throbbed and bled for you.
- 3 Then raise your eyes and tune your songs ;  
The Saviour lives again !  
Not all the bolts and bars of death  
The conqueror could detain.
- 4 High o'er the angelic bands, he rears  
His once dishonored head ;  
And through unnumbered years he reigns,  
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 5 With joy like his shall every saint  
His empty tomb survey ;  
Then rise with his ascending Lord,  
Through all his shining way.

7s. M.

285.

COLLYER.

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb !  
Jesus dissipates its gloom !  
Day of triumph through the skies !  
See the glorious Saviour rise !
- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears ;  
Chase those unbelieving fears ;  
Look on his deserted grave ;  
Doubt no more his power to save.
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,  
Triumph in the scattered shade ;  
Drive your anxious fears away ;  
See the place where Jesus lay.

JESUS CHRIST AND HIS KINGDOM.

- 4 So the rising sun appears,  
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres ;  
So returning beams of light  
Chase the terrors of the night.

7s. M.

286.

SCOTT.

The Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 ANGEL ! roll the stone away !  
Death ! give up thy mighty prey !  
See, he rises from the tomb,  
Glowing in immortal bloom.
- 2 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes !  
Now to glory see him rise !  
Mark his progress through the sky,  
Up to radiant worlds on high.
- 3 Heaven unfolds its crystal gate ;  
Enter, in thy glorious state !  
King of glory, mount thy throne,  
'T is thy Father's and thy own !
- 4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs ;  
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres ;  
Praise him in the noblest songs,  
Praise him from ten thousand tongues !

7s. M.

287.

SALISBURY COL.

The Ascension.

- 1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,  
Ravished from our wishful eyes ;  
Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
Now ascends his native heaven.

- 2 There the splendid triumph waits ;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates !  
Wide unfold the radiant scene ;  
Take the King of glory in.
- 3 Him though highest heaven receives,  
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;  
Though ascending to his throne,  
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 4 Ever upwards let us move,  
Wafted on the wings of love ;  
Looking when our Lord shall come,  
Longing for a heavenly home.
- 5 There with thee may we remain,  
Partners of thine endless reign ;  
There thy face unclouded see,  
Finding all our heaven in thee !

H. M.

288.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ seen of Angels.

- 1 O YE immortal throng  
Of angels round the throne,  
Join with our feeble song  
To make the Saviour known :  
On earth ye knew His beauteous face  
His wondrous grace ; In heaven ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the heaven-born child  
In human flesh arrayed,  
Benevolent and mild,  
And in a manger laid ;  
And praise to God, For such a birth,  
And peace on earth, Proclaimed aloud.

- 3 Around his sacred tomb  
    A willing watch ye keep,  
    Till that blest moment come  
    To raise him from his sleep.  
Then rolled the stone,   Your rising Lord,  
And all adored         With joy unknown.
- 4 When, all arrayed in light,  
    The shining Conqueror rode,  
    Ye hailed his rapturous flight  
    Up to the throne of God;  
And waved around       And struck your strings  
Your golden wings,       Of sweetest sound.
- 5 The warbling notes pursue,  
    And louder anthems raise;  
    While mortals sing with you  
    Their own Redeemer's praise:  
And thou, my heart,       And joy the same,  
With equal flame,       Perform thy part!

8 & 7s. M.

289.

BOWRING.

The Cross of Christ.

- 1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,  
    Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
    All the light of sacred story  
    Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
    Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
    Never shall the cross forsake me;  
    Lo! it glows with peace and joy.



- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified ;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

7s. M.

290.

C. WESLEY.

Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night!  
Dayspring from on high, be near!  
Day-star, in my heart appear!
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
If thy light is hid from me ;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till thy mercy's beams I see ;  
Till thy inward light impart  
Warmth and gladness to my heart.
- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine ;  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;  
Fill me, radiant Sun divine ;  
Scatter all my unbelief ;  
More and more thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

C. P. M.

291.

MEDLEY.

Excellency of Christ.

- 1 O COULD we speak the matchless worth,  
O could we sound the glories forth,  
Which in our Saviour shine,  
We'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,  
In notes almost divine.
- 2 We'd sing the characters he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on his throne :  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
We would, to everlasting days,  
Make all his glories known.
- 3 O the delightful day will come,  
When Christ, our Lord, will bring us home,  
And we shall see his face :  
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity we'll spend,  
Triumphant in his grace.

C. M.

292.

DUNCAN.

The Glorification of Christ.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altars call ;  
Praise him who shed for you his blood,  
And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall,  
And join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

C. M.

293.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASES.

The Latter Day's Glory.

- 1 O'ER mountain-tops, the mount of God  
In latter days shall rise  
Above the summits of the hills,  
And draw the wandering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;  
Up to the mount of God, they say,  
And to his house, we 'll go.
- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill  
Shall lighten every land;  
The king who reigns in Salem's towers,  
Shall the whole world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge,  
His judgments truth shall guide;  
His sceptre shall protect the just,  
And crush the sinner's pride.

- 5 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife  
Disturb those happy years ;  
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,  
To pruninghooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts encountering hosts  
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;  
They 'll hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more.

C. M.

294.

MOORE.

The Latter Day.

- 1 Who shall behold the glorious day,  
When, throned on Zion's brow,  
The Lord shall rend the veil away  
Which hides the nations now !  
When earth no more beneath the fear  
Of His rebuke shall lie ;  
When pain shall cease, and every tear  
Be wiped from every eye.
- 2 Then shall the world no longer mourn  
Beneath oppression's chain ;  
The days of splendor shall return,  
And all be new again.  
The fount of life shall then be quaffed  
In peace by all who come,  
And every wind that blows shall waft  
Some long-lost exile home.

L. M.

295.

E. TAYLOR.

Christ our Life.

- 1 THERE 's not a hope with comfort fraught,  
Triumphant over death and time,

But Jesus mingles in the thought,  
Forerunner of our course sublime.

- 2 His image meets me in the hour  
Of joy, and brightens every smile ;  
I see him, when the tempests lower,  
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.
- 3 I see him in the daily round  
Of social duty, mild and meek ;  
With him I tread the hallowed ground,  
Communion with my God to seek.
- 4 I see his pitying, gentle eye,  
When lonely want appeals for aid ;  
I hear him in the frequent sigh,  
That mourns the waste which sin has made.
- 5 I meet him at the lowly tomb ;  
I weep where Jesus wept before ;  
And there, above the grave's dark gloom,  
I see him rise, and weep no more.

L. M.

296.

WATTS.

Christ's Kingdom. Psalm 72.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head ;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

JESUS CHRIST AND HIS KINGDOM.

- 3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King,  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen !

L. M.

297.

WESLEY'S COL.

Glorying in Christ.

- 1 LET not the wise their wisdom boast ;  
The mighty glory in his might ;  
The rich in flattering riches trust,  
Which take their everlasting flight.
- 2 The rush of numerous years bears down  
The most gigantic strength of man ;  
And where is all his wisdom gone,  
When dust he turns to dust again ?
- 3 The Lord, my righteousness, I praise,  
I triumph in the love divine,  
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace  
In Christ through endless ages mine.

C. M.

298.

WATTS.

Moses and Christ.

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;



Not to the thunder of that word  
Which God on Sinai spoke ;

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,  
The city of our God,  
Where milder words declare his will,  
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host  
Of angels, clothed in light !  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turned to sight !

4 Behold the blest assembly there,  
Whose names are writ in heaven ;  
And God, the Judge of all, declares  
Their sins to be forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,  
But one communion make ;  
All join in Christ, their living Head,  
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this  
My weary soul would rest :  
The man that dwells where Jesus is  
Must be for ever blest.

C. M.

299.

MONTGOMERY.

Singing the Song of the Redeemed.

1 SING we the song of those who stand  
Around the eternal throne,  
Of every kindred, clime, and land,  
A multitude unknown.

- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;  
To-day, the young, the old,  
Our Saviour and his flock, appear  
One Shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await  
On earth the pilgrim's throng ;  
Yet learn we, in our low estate,  
The Church Triumphant's song.
- 4 " Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,"  
Cry the redeemed above,  
" Blessing and honor to obtain,  
And everlasting love."
- 5 " Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,  
" Who died our souls to save ;  
Henceforth, O Death, where is thy sting ?  
Thy victory, O Grave ?"
- 6 Then hallelujah ! power and praise  
To God in Christ be given :  
May all who now this anthem raise  
Renew the song in heaven !

C. M.

300.

C. WESLEY.

The Communion of Saints.

- 1 THE saints on earth and those above  
But one communion make ;  
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,  
All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him :  
One Church above, beneath ;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.

JESUS CHRIST AND HIS KINGDOM.

- 3 One army of the living God,  
    To his command we bow ;  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
    And part are crossing now.
- 4 O God, be thou our constant guide !  
    Then, when the word is given,  
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,  
    And land us safe in heaven.

8 & 7s. M.

301.

COWPER.

Future Peace and Glory of the Church.

- 1 HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken :  
    "O my people, faint and few,  
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
    Fair abodes I build for you ;  
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation  
    Shall no more perplex your ways ;  
You shall name your walls salvation,  
    And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 "There, like streams that feed the garden,  
    Pleasures without end shall flow ;  
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,  
    All his bounty shall bestow :  
Still in undisturbed possession  
    Peace and righteousness shall reign ;  
Never shall you feel oppression,  
    Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 "Ye, no more your suns descending,  
    Waning moons no more shall see ;  
But, your griefs for ever ending,  
    Find eternal noon in me :  
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,  
    Change to day the gloom of night ;

JESUS CHRIST AND HIS KINGDOM.

He, the Lord, shall be your glory,  
God your everlasting light."

8 & 7s. M.

302.

J. NEWTON.

Zion, the City of God.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God!  
He whose word cannot be broken  
Formed thee for his own abode.
- 2 On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
- 3 See! the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.
- 4 Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?  
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

10s. M.

303.

POPE.

Predicted Glory of the Messiah's Kingdom.

- 1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!  
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes!  
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,  
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temples bend !  
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,  
While every land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;  
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

S. M.

304.

MONTGOMERY.

The Good Shepherd and his Flock.

- 1 GREEN pastures and clear streams,  
Freedom and quiet rest,  
Christ's flock enjoy, beneath his beams,  
Or in his shadow, blest.
- 2 Secure amidst alarms  
From violence or snares,  
The lambs he gathers in his arms,  
And in his bosom bears.
- 3 The wounded and the weak  
He comforts, heals, and binds ;  
The lost he came from heaven to seek,  
And saves them when he finds.
- 4 Conflicts and trials done,  
His glory they behold,  
Where Jesus and his flock are one,  
One Shepherd and one fold.

C. M.

305.

A. C. COXE.

The Church founded on a Rock.

- 1 O WHERE are kings and empires now  
Of old that went and came ?



But Holy Church is praying yet,  
A thousand years the same.  
Mark ye her holy battlements,  
And her foundations strong;  
And hear within her solemn voice,  
And her unending song.

- 2 For not like kingdoms of the world  
The Holy Church of God!  
Though earthquake shocks are rocking her,  
And tempests are abroad,  
Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Immovable she stands, —  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A fane unbuilt by hands.

11s. M.

306.

ANONYMOUS.

The Church victorious.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;  
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more:  
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the daystar of gladness;  
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued  
them,  
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;  
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that  
pursued them;  
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee  
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;  
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;  
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.



C. M.

307.

FROTHINGHAM.

The Church.

- 1 O LORD of life, and truth, and grace,  
Ere nature was begun !  
Make welcome to our erring race  
Thy Spirit and thy Son.
- 2 We hail the Church built high o'er all  
The heathen's rage and scoff ;  
Thy providence its fenced wall, —  
"The Lamb the light thereof."
- 3 Thy Christ hath reached his heavenly seat  
Through sorrows and through scars ;  
The golden lamps are at his feet,  
And in his hand the stars.
- 4 O may he walk among us here,  
With his rebuke and love ;  
A brightness o'er this lower sphere,  
A ray from worlds above.

7s. M.

308.

TOPLADY.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy side, a healing flood,  
Be of fear and sin the cure ;  
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
This for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and thou alone :

In my hand no price I bring ;  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

L. M.

309.

WATTS.

“Lo, I am with you always.”

- 1 THUS spake the Saviour, when he sent  
His ministers to preach his word :  
They through the world obedient went,  
And spread the Gospel of their Lord :
- 2 “Go forth, ye heralds, in my name ;  
Bid all the world my grace receive ;  
The Gospel jubilee proclaim,  
And call them to repent and live.
- 3 “The joyful news to all impart,  
And teach them where salvation lies ;  
Bind up the broken, bleeding heart,  
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.
- 4 “Be wise as serpents where you go,  
But harmless as the peaceful dove,  
And let your heaven-taught conduct show  
That you ’re commissioned from above.
- 5 “All power is vested in my hands ;  
I will protect you and defend ;  
Whilst thus you follow my commands,  
I ’m with you till the world shall end.”

JESUS CHRIST AND HIS KINGDOM.

L. M. **310.** WATTS.

Excellency of the Christian Religion.

- 1 LET everlasting glories crown  
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord ;  
Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
And stored the blessings in thy word.
- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks  
Some solid ground to rest upon ;  
With long despair the spirit breaks,  
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 3 How well thy blessèd truths agree !  
How wise and holy thy commands !  
Thy promises, how strong they be !  
How firm our hope and comfort stands !
- 4 Should all the forms that men devise  
Assault my faith with treacherous art,  
I'd call them vanity and lies,  
And bind the Gospel to my heart.

7s. M. **311.** ANCIENT HYMNS.

Rejoicing in Christ.

- 1 DEAR thy memory, Saviour blest,  
In the true believer's breast ;  
Musing on thy precious name,  
Purest joys his heart inflame.
- 2 By the ear or tuneful tongue  
Naught so sweet is heard or sung ;  
Naught the mind can dwell upon  
Sweet as God's belovèd Son.

- 3 Thou the contrite sinner's stay,  
Who thy goodness can display ?  
How to those who *seek* thee kind !  
What, ah ! what, to those who *find* ?
- 4 Tongue can speak not their delight,  
Nor can pen of man indite ;  
None can know, but they who prove,  
What it is their Lord to love.

S. M.

312.

WATTS.

God's Mercy in Christ.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs  
To an immortal tune ;  
Let all the earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love  
Its best Belovèd chose,  
And bade him raise our ruined race  
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,  
No terror clothes his brow,  
No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 Now, sinners, dry your tears ;  
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;  
Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
And take the offered peace.

7s. M.

313.

C. WESLEY.

Christ a Refuge.

- 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high :  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past ;  
Safe into the haven guide ;  
O receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;  
Helpless hangs my soul on thee ;  
Leave, O leave me not alone !  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
More than all in thee I find ;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Thou of life the fountain art ;  
Freely let me take of thee ;  
Spring thou up within my heart ;  
Rise to all eternity.

C. M.

314.

R. BAXTER.

Christ our Guide and our Wisdom.

- 1 CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms  
Than he went through before :  
He that into God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.

- 2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet  
Thy blessèd face to see ;  
For if thy work on earth be sweet,  
What must thy glory be ?
- 3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,  
And weary, sinful days,  
And join with those triumphant saints  
That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 4 My knowledge of that life is small ;  
The eye of faith is dim ;  
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with him !

C. M.

**315.**

GASKELL.

The Heralds of the Cross.

- 1 FORTH went the heralds of the cross,  
No dangers made them pause ;  
They counted all the world but loss,  
For their great Master's cause.
- 2 Through looks of fire, and words of scorn,  
Serene their path they trod ;  
And, to the dreary dungeon borne,  
Sang praises unto God.
- 3 Friends dropped the hand they clasped before,  
Love changed to cruel hate ;  
And home to them was home no more ;  
Yet mourned they not their fate.
- 4 In all his dark and dread array,  
Death rose upon their sight ;  
But calmly still they kept their way,  
And shrank not from the fight.



- 5 They knew to whom their trust was given,  
They could not doubt his word ;  
Before them beamed the light of heaven,  
The presence of their Lord.

S. M.

316.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

Thanks for all Saints.

- 1 For all thy saints, O God,  
Who strove in Christ to live,  
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,  
Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For all thy saints, O God,  
Accept our thankful cry,  
Who counted Christ their great reward,  
And strove in him to die.
- 3 They all, in life and death,  
With him, their Lord, in view,  
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath  
To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this, thy name we bless,  
And humbly beg that we  
May follow them in holiness,  
And live and die in thee.

C. M.

317.

ANONYMOUS.

" We look for new heavens and a new earth."

- 1 WE wait in faith, in prayer we wait,  
Until the happy hour  
When God shall ope the morning gate,  
By his almighty power.

- 2 We wait in faith, and turn our face  
    To where the daylight springs;  
Till Christ shall come earth's gloom to chase,  
    With healing on his wings.
- 3 And even now, amid the gray,  
    The East is brightening fast,  
And kindling to that perfect day  
    Which never shall be past
- 4 We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,  
    Till that blest day shall shine,  
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,  
    And all, O God, be thine!
- 5 O, guide us till our night is done!  
    Until, from shore to shore,  
Thou, Lord, our everlasting sun,  
    Art shining evermore!

C. M.                    **318.**                    SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The Christian Zion. Psalm 48.

- 1 WITH stately towers and bulwarks strong,  
    Unrivalled and alone,  
Loved theme of many a sacred song,  
    God's holy city shone.
- 2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,  
    The glory of all lands;  
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,  
    The Christian temple stands.
- 3 The faithful of each clime and age  
    This glorious Church compose;  
Built on a rock, with idle rage  
    The threatening tempest blows.

- 4 In vain may hostile bands alarm,  
For God is her defence;  
How weak, how powerless each arm,  
Against Omnipotence!

7s. M.

**319.**

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Future Glory of the Church. Psalm 67.

- 1 ON thy Church, O Power Divine,  
Cause thy glorious face to shine;  
Till the nations from afar  
Hail her as their guiding star;  
Till her sons, from zone to zone,  
Make thy great salvation known.
- 2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,  
Scatter blessings o'er the land;  
Earth shall yield her rich increase,  
Every breeze shall whisper peace,  
And the world's remotest bound  
With the voice of praise resound.

L. M.

**320.**

BUTCHER.

Final Acceptance of all the Righteous.

- 1 FROM north and south, from east and west,  
Advance the myriads of the blest:  
From every clime of earth they come,  
And find in heaven a common home.
- 2 In one immortal throng we view  
Pagan and Christian, Greek and Jew;  
But, all their doubts and darkness o'er,  
One only God they now adore.

- 3 Howe'er divided here below,  
One bliss, one spirit, now they know ;  
Though some ne'er heard of Jesus' name,  
Yet God admits their honest claim.
- 4 On earth, according to their light,  
They aimed to practise what was right ;  
Hence all their errors are forgiven,  
And Jesus welcomes them to heaven.

# THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES.

## BAPTISM AND THE LORD'S SUPPER.

C. M.

321.

DODDRIDGE.

Offering of Children in Baptism.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,  
With all-engaging charms ;  
Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms !
- 2 " Permit them to approach," he cries,  
" Nor scorn their humble name ;  
For 't was to bless such souls as these  
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,  
And yield them up to thee ;  
Joyful, that we ourselves are thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 If orphans they are left behind,  
God's guardian care we trust :  
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
If weeping o'er their dust.

C. M.

322.

ANONYMOUS.

Christ blessing Children.

- 1 ON, through Judæa's palmy plain,  
By Jordan's silvery shore,  
The Saviour leads the thronging train,  
Who follow to implore.
- 2 'Midst youth, and sire, and blooming maid,  
He marked the listening child;  
His hand upon its head he laid,  
And blest in accents mild.
- 3 Lord, though no more thy hallowed form  
Can greet our children's sight,  
O grant, whilst life their breasts shall warm,  
Thy words may guide them right.
- 4 They may not feel thine earthly touch;  
But be thy Spirit given,  
To make them holy; "for of such  
The kingdom is of heaven."

8 & 7s. M.

323.

ANONYMOUS.

The Lambs offered to the Good Shepherd.

- 1 SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding,  
With the shepherd's kindest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs thy bosom share;—
- 2 Thou, our little ones receiving,  
Fold them in thy gracious arm;  
There, we know, — thy word believing, —  
Only there, secure from harm.



- 3 Never, from thy pasture roving,  
Let them be to sin a prey ;  
Let thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep them in life's doubtful way :
- 4 Then within thy fold eternal  
Let them find a resting-place ;  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

C. M.

324.

STENNETT.

Infants in the Arms of Jesus.

- 1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord !  
And see it all divine ;  
Thine image trace in every word,  
Thy love in every line.
- 2 With joy I see a thousand charms  
Spread o'er thy gentle face,  
While infants, in thy tender arms,  
Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 " I take these little lambs," said he,  
" And lay them on my breast ;  
Protection they shall find in me,  
In me be ever blest.
- 4 " Death may the bands of life unloose,  
But not dissolve my love ;  
Millions of infant souls compose  
The family above."
- 5 His words, ye happy parents, hear,  
And say to Love Divine,  
" Dear Saviour, all we have and are  
Shall be for ever thine."

THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES.

C. M.

325.

WATTS.

The Promise to Believers and their Children.

- 1 How large the promise, how divine,  
To Abraham and his seed !  
“ I ’ll be a God to thee and thine,  
Supplying all their need.”
- 2 The words of his extensive love  
From age to age endure ;  
The angel of the covenant proves,  
And seals the blessings sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms  
To our great Father given ;  
He takes young children in his arms,  
And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 4 Our God ! — how faithful are his ways !  
His love endures the same ;  
Nor from the promise of his grace  
Blots out our children’s name.

C. M.

326.

PIERPONT.

The Hymn of the Last Supper.

- 1 THE winds are hushed ; the peaceful moon  
Looks down on Zion’s hill ;  
The city sleeps ; ’t is night’s calm noon,  
And all the streets are still.
- 2 How soft, how holy, is the light !  
And hark ! a sweet, low song,  
As gently as these dews of night,  
Floats on the air along.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 Affection's wish, devotion's prayer,  
Are in that holy strain;  
And hope and love and trust are there,  
And triumph, won through pain.
- 4 'T is Jesus and his faithful few  
That soul-deep hymn who pour; —  
O Christ! may we the song renew,  
And learn to love thee more.

L. M.

327.

WATTS.

Institution of the Lord's Supper.

- 1 BEFORE the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blessed and brake:  
What love through all his actions ran!  
What wondrous words of grace he spake!
- 2 "This is my body broke for sin;  
Receive and eat the living food":  
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine, —  
"'T is the new covenant in my blood."
- 3 "Do this," he said, "till time shall end,  
In memory of your dying Friend;  
Meet at my table, and record  
The love of your departed Lord."
- 4 Jesus! thy feast we celebrate;  
We show thy death, we sing thy name,  
Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

C. M.

328.

FROTHINGHAM.

"He was known of them in breaking of Bread."

- 1 "REMEMBER me," the Saviour said,  
On that forsaken night,

- When from his side his nearest fled,  
And death was close in sight.
- 2 Through all the following ages' track  
The world remembers yet;  
With love and worship gazes back,  
And never can forget.
- 3 But who of us has seen his face,  
Or heard the words he said?  
And none can now his look retrace,  
In breaking of the bread.
- 4 O blest are they who have not seen,  
But yet believe him still!  
They know him when his praise they mean,  
And when they do his will.
- 5 We hear his truth along our way,  
We see his light above,  
Remember, when we watch and pray,  
Remember, when we love.

7s. M.

329.

ALFORD.

"How much owest thou unto thy Lord?"

- 1 GLORY of thy Father's face!  
Fountain deep of love and grace!  
Who, Lord, can repay thee thus,  
As thou gav'st thyself for us?
- 2 What to thee should we reply,  
Who for us didst bleed and die,  
If thou shouldst the question make,  
"What have ye done for my sake?"

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 Hard in heart, in action weak,  
Lord, thy grace divine we seek :  
Set us from our bondage free ;  
Draw us, and we follow thee.

C. M.

330.

BIRMINGHAM COL.

"I have given you an Example."

- 1 YE followers of the Prince of Peace,  
Who round his table draw !  
Remember what his spirit was,  
What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love which all his bosom filled  
Did all his actions guide ;  
Inspired by love, he lived and taught ;  
Inspired by love, he died.
- 3 Let each the sacred law fulfil ;  
Like his be every mind ;  
Be every temper formed by love,  
And every action kind.
- 4 Let none who call themselves his friends,  
Disgrace the honored name ;  
But by a near resemblance prove  
The title which they claim.

7s. M.

331.

BOWRING.

Communion Hymn.

- 1 NOT with terror do we meet  
At the board by Jesus spread ;  
Not in mystery drink and eat  
Of the Saviour's wine and bread.



- 2 'T is his memory we record,  
'T is his virtues we proclaim ;  
Grateful to our honored Lord,  
Here we bless his sacred name.
- 3 See him, on the dreadful day  
Of his mortal agony,  
Break the bread, and hear him say,  
" Eat of this, and think of me !"
- 4 See him standing on the brink  
Of the tomb ; and hark, he cries,  
" Take the cup, and, as ye drink,  
O remember him who dies !"
- 5 Yes, we will remember thee,  
Friend and Saviour ; and thy feast  
Of all services shall be  
Holiest and welcomest.

L. M.

**332.**

DUBLIN COL.

" This do in remembrance of me."

- 1 " EAT, drink, in memory of your friend !"  
Such was our Master's last request ;  
Who all the pangs of death endured,  
That we might live for ever blest.
- 2 Yes, we 'll record thy matchless grace,  
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends !  
Thy dying love the noblest praise  
Of long eternity transcends.
- 3 'T is pleasure more than earth can give,  
Thy goodness through these veils to see ;  
Thy table food celestial yields,  
And happy they who sit with thee.



THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 But oh! what vast, transporting joys  
Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,  
When, joined with the celestial train,  
Our grateful souls thy love admire!

S. M.

333.

DODDRIDGE.

Communion Hymn.

- 1 OUR Heavenly Father calls,  
And Christ invites us near;  
With both our friendship shall be sweet,  
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all my griefs;  
He pardons every day;  
Almighty to protect my soul,  
And wise to guide my way.
- 3 Jesus, my living Head,  
I bless thy faithful care;  
Mine advocate before the throne,  
And my forerunner there.
- 4 Here fix my roving heart,  
Here wait my warmest love,  
Till the communion be complete  
In nobler scenes above.

C. M.

334.

PARADISE ST. COL.

Reflections on the Death of Jesus.

- 1 WITH warm affection let us view,  
With pious joy improve,  
The peaceful and impressive scene  
Of Jesus' dying love.

THE CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES.

- 2 Not all the malice of his foes  
His pity could subdue ;  
“ Forgive them, Father ! ” he exclaimed ;  
“ They know not what they do . ”
- 3 O what a love was here displayed,  
Beyond our utmost thought !  
How pure the lessons, how sublime,  
In life and death he taught !
- 4 Let not his sacred truths by us  
Be lost or misapplied ;  
Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget  
That 't was for us he died.

7s. M.

**335.**

PRATT'S COL.

Christ the Bread from Heaven.

- 1 BREAD of heaven ! on thee we feed,  
For thy flesh is meat indeed ;  
Ever let our souls be fed  
With this true and living bread !
- 2 Vine of heaven ! thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice ;  
Lord, thy wounds our healing give ;  
To thy cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied,  
Through the life of Him who died,  
Lord of Life ! O let us be  
Rooted, grafted, built on thee !

C. M.

**336.**

MONTGOMERY.

“ This do in remembrance of me . ”

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be ;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget,  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember thee ?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !  
I must remember thee.

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me ;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me.

C. M.

337.

E. TAYLOR.

For the Lord's Supper.

1 " O NOT for these alone I pray,"  
The dying Saviour said,  
Though on his breast that moment lay  
The loved disciple's head,—

- 2 Though to his eye that moment sprung  
The kind, the pitying tear  
For those that eager round him hung,  
His words of love to hear, —
- 3 “ O not for these alone I pray ;  
But all of mortal race  
Who hear my word and choose my way  
Have in my heart a place.”
- 4 Sweet is the thought, when here we meet,  
His feast of love to share ;  
And, 'mid the toils of life, how sweet  
The memory of his prayer !

S. M.

338.

PARADISE ST. COL.

The Saviour commemorated.

- 1 JESUS, the Friend of man,  
Invites us to his board :  
The welcome summons we obey,  
And own our gracious Lord.
- 2 Here we survey that love  
Which spoke in every breath,  
Which crowned each action of his life,  
And triumphed in his death.
- 3 Then let our powers unite,  
His sacred name to raise ;  
Let grateful joy fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise.
- 4 And while we share the gifts  
Which from his Gospel flow,  
O may our hearts, to all mankind,  
With warm affection glow.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

C. M.

339.

GASKELL.

Following after Jesus.

- 1 In vain we thus recall to mind  
The cross our Master bore,  
Unless a holier strength we find,  
And love his spirit more.
- 2 May we, like him, though thanked with ill,  
Insulted, and withstood,  
In hope and patience labor still  
To do our brethren good.
- 3 Like him may we, unmurmuring, go  
Our heaven-appointed way,  
And learn, 'midst gathering storms of woe,  
"God's will be done!" to say.

C. M.

340.

J. NEWTON.

Prayer for those who join the Church.

- 1 LET plenteous grace descend on those  
Who, hoping in thy word,  
This day have solemnly declared  
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,  
And run the Christian race,  
And, through the trials of the way,  
Find all-sufficient grace.
- 3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,  
That we thy life may prove,—  
Partakers of thy cross beneath,  
And of thy crown above.

C. M. **341.** E. TAYLOR.

Hymn for the Lord's Supper.

- 1 NOT here, where met to think on Him  
Whose latest thoughts were ours,  
Shall mortal passions come to dim  
The prayer devotion pours.
- 2 No, gracious Master, not in vain  
Thy life of love hath been ;  
The peace thou gavest may yet remain,  
Though thou no more art seen.
- 3 " Thy kingdom come " ; we watch, we wait,  
To hear thy cheering call ;  
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,  
And God be all in all.

S. M. **342.** FURNESS.

A Communion Hymn.

- 1 HERE, in the broken bread,  
Here, in the cup we take,  
His body and his blood behold,  
Who suffered for our sake.
- 2 Yes, that our souls might live,  
Those sacred limbs were torn,  
That blood was spilt, and pangs untold  
Were by the Saviour borne.
- 3 O Thou who didst allow  
Thy Son to suffer thus,  
Father, what more couldst thou have done  
Than thou hast done for us ?



- 4 We are persuaded now,  
That nothing can divide  
Thy children from thy boundless love,  
Displayed in Him who died;—
- 5 Who died to make us sure  
Of mercy, truth, and peace,  
And from the power and pains of sin  
To bring a full release.

C. M.

343.

FROTHINGHAM.

“He took bread and gave thanks.”

- 1 THE Son of God gave thanks  
Before the bread he broke;  
How high that calm devotion ranks  
Among the words he spoke!
- 2 Thanks, 'mid those troubled men;—  
Thanks, at that deathly hour;—  
The world's dark prince advancing then  
With all his rage and power.
- 3 Thanks, o'er that loaf's dread sign;—  
Thanks, o'er that bitter food;—  
And o'er the cup, that was not wine,  
But sorrow, fear, and blood.
- 4 And shall our griefs resent  
What God appoints as best,  
When he, in all things innocent,  
Was yet in all distressed?
- 5 Shall we unthankful be  
For all our blessings round,  
When in the press of agony  
Such room for thanks he found?

- 6 O shame us, Lord, — whate'er  
The fortunes of our days, —  
If, chastened, we are weak to bear,  
If, favored, slow to praise !

C. M.

344.

WATTS.

Song of the Lamb.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus ;  
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,  
For he hath died for us.
- 3 Let all who dwell above the sky,  
In air, on earth, in seas,  
Conspire to lift his glories high,  
And speak his endless praise.

C. M.

345.

HARRIS.

Close of Communion.

- 1 COME, and before we bid adieu,  
And the communion end, —  
Come, in a hymn the praise renew  
Of our exalted Friend.
- 2 Though in the blissful realms above  
His brighter glories shine ;  
Though there the soul, with purer love,  
Shall hail the light divine ; —

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

3 Yet there are mild enlivening rays  
Diffused around us here ; —  
And the kind tokens he conveys  
Make his remembrance dear.

4 O let us, then, his praise repeat  
In our most grateful strains,  
Till with his people we shall meet  
In glory, where he reigns.

C. M.

346.

S. GILMAN.

For the Communion.

1 O GOD, accept the sacred hour  
Which we to thee have given ;  
And let this hallowed scene have power  
To raise our souls to heaven.

2 Still let us hold, till life departs,  
The precepts of thy Son,  
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts  
Forget what he has done.

3 His true disciples may we live,  
From all corruption free,  
And humbly learn, like him, to give  
Our powers, our wills, to thee.

8 & 7s. M.

347.

EXETER COL.

After Communion.

1 FROM the table now retiring,  
Which for us the Lord hath spread,  
May our souls, refreshment finding,  
Grow in all things like our Head.

- 2 His example by beholding,  
May our lives his image bear;  
Him our Lord and Master calling,  
His commands may we revere.
- 3 Love to God and men displaying,  
Walking steadfast in his way,  
Joy attend us in believing,  
Peace from God through endless day.

7 & 6s. M.

348.

FROM THE GERMAN.

“He bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.”

- 1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down,  
So scornfully surrounded,  
With thorns thine only crown,  
How art thou pale with anguish,  
With sore abuse and scorn!  
How do those features languish,  
Which once were fair as morn!
- 2 What language shall I borrow  
To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
For this thy dying sorrow,  
This love that knew no end?  
O make me thine for ever!  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
Outlive my love to thee!

7s. M.

349.

WESLEYAN.

Communion Hymn.

- 1 JESUS, we thy promise claim;  
We are met in thy dear name;  
In the midst do thou appear,  
Manifest thy presence here!

- 2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;  
Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace ;  
Thou thyself within us move ;  
Make our feast a feast of love !
- 3 Give to us thy humble mind,  
Patient, fearless, just, and kind ;  
Meek and lowly let us be,  
Full of goodness, full of thee.
- 4 Still, O Lord, our faith increase,  
Give to us the fruits of peace,  
And may love the token be,  
That we have communed with thee.
- 5 Make us all in thee complete ;  
Make us all for glory meet, —  
Meet to appear before thy sight,  
Partners with the saints in light.

7s. M.

350.

PIERPONT.

Communion Hymn.

- 1 WHILE to lips with praise that glow  
This communion cup we press,  
Holy Father, let us grow  
More like Him we here confess.
- 2 Reconcile us by thy Son,  
In whose name on thee we call ;  
Make us perfect, all in one,  
We in him, and thou in all.
- 3 While we here remember thee,  
Who wast for our ransom slain,  
Let thy love, thy purity,  
Saviour, in our souls remain.

- 4 Father, while we break this bread,  
And thy Christ remember thus,  
Make us one with him, our Head,  
Thou in him, and he in us.

C. M.

351.

ANONYMOUS.

Parting Hymn.

- 1 THROUGH thee as we together came,  
In singleness of heart,  
And met, O Jesus! in thy name,  
So in thy name we part.
- 2 Nearer to thee our spirits lead,  
And still thy love bestow,  
Till thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless here below.
- 3 When to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless,  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.



## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

C. M.

352.

KEBLE.

The Descent of the Spirit.

- 1 WHEN God, of old, came down from heaven,  
In power and wrath he came ;  
Before his feet the clouds were riven,  
Half darkness and half flame.
- 2 But when he came the second time,  
He came in power and love ;  
Softer than gales at morning prime  
Hovered his holy Dove.
- 3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down  
In sudden torrents dread,  
Now gently light, a glorious crown,  
On every sainted head.
- 4 Like arrows went those lightnings forth,  
Winged with the sinner's doom ;  
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth  
Proclaiming life to come.

8, 6, & 4s. M.

353.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The Holy Ghost the Comforter.

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,  
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,  
To teach, convince, subdue ;  
All powerful as the wind he came,  
As viewless too.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing guest,  
While he can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Are his alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness pitying see ;  
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier thee.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

C. M.

354.

WATTS.

Prayer for the Spirit.

- 1 COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 3 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

L. M.

355.

BROWNE.

Prayer for the Spirit.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above;  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;  
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 To us the light of truth display,  
And make us know and choose thy way;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, — the road  
Which we must take to dwell with God;  
Lead us to Christ, — the living way, —  
Nor let us from his precepts stray; —

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Lead us to God, — our final rest, —  
To be with him for ever blest ;  
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share, —  
Fulness of joy for ever there.

L. M.

356.

WESLEY'S COL.

For the Direction of God's Spirit.

- 1 LEADER of Israel's host, and Guide  
Of all who seek the land above,  
Beneath thy shadow we abide,  
The cloud of thy protecting love ;  
Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,  
Our end the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By thine unerring Spirit led,  
We shall not in the desert stray ;  
We shall not full direction need,  
Nor miss our providential way ;  
As far from danger as from fear,  
While Love, almighty Love, is near.

S. M.

357.

WESLEYAN.

For a Holy Heart.

- 1 GREAT Source of life and light,  
Thy heavenly grace impart,  
And by thy holy Spirit write  
Thy law upon my heart :  
My soul would cleave to thee ;  
Let naught my purpose move ;  
O let my faith more steadfast be,  
And more intense my love !
- 2 Imbue my constant mind  
With deep humility,

And let an ardent zeal be joined  
 With perfect charity ;  
 That grace to me impart,  
 With meekness to reprove,  
 To hate the sin with all my heart,  
 And still the sinner love.

- 3 Long as my trials last,  
 Long as the cross I bear,  
 O let my soul on thee be cast  
 In confidence and prayer !  
 Conduct me to the shore  
 Of everlasting peace,  
 Where storm and tempest rise no more,  
 Where sin and sorrow cease.

C. M.

358.

HEBER.

Pentecost.

- 1 SPIRIT of truth ! on this, thy day,  
 To thee for help we cry,  
 To guide us through the dreary way  
 Of dark mortality !
- 2 We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,  
 Or tongues of various tone ;  
 But long thy praises to proclaim  
 With fervor in our own.
- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill  
 Is found on earth no more ;  
 Enough for us to trace thy will  
 In Scripture's sacred lore.
- 4 We neither have nor seek the power  
 Ill demons to control ;  
 But thou, in dark temptation's hour,  
 Shalt chase them from the soul.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 5 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,  
No mystic dreams we share ;  
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,  
And bless thee in our prayer.
- 6 When tongues shall cease, and power decay  
And knowledge empty prove,  
Do thou thy trembling servants stay,  
With faith, and hope, and love !

7s. M.

359.

WESLEYAN.

For the Divine Light.

- 1 LIGHT immortal ! Light divine !  
Visit thou these hearts of thine ;  
If thou take thy grace away,  
Nothing pure in man will stay.
- 2 Heal our wounds, — our strength renew ;  
On our dryness pour thy dew ;  
Wash the stains of guilt away ;  
Guide the steps that go astray.
- 3 Give us comfort when we die ;  
Give us life with thee on high ;  
In thy sevenfold gifts descend ;  
Give us joys which never end.

S. M.

360.

EPISCOPAL COL

• Christ's Invitations.

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,  
Is whispering, "Sinner, come" ;  
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims  
To all his children, "Come !"



THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 2 Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, "Come!"  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the fountain, come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,  
O let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life;  
'T is Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come":  
Lord, even so! I wait thine hour;  
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

L. M.                      **361.**                      MONTGOMERY.

Prayer for the Influences of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God!  
In all thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our benighted race.
- 2 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;  
Confusion, order in thy path:  
Souls without strength inspire with might,  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 3 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare  
All the round earth her God to meet;  
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,  
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record;  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every kindred call him Lord.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

L. M.

362.

DRYDEN.

Divine Light and Guidance implored.

- 1 O SOURCE of uncreated light,  
By whom the worlds were raised from night,  
Come, visit every pious mind ;  
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy matchless energy :  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 3 Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,  
Inflame and sanctify our hearts,  
Our frailties help, our vice control,  
Submit the senses to the soul.
- 4 Thrice holy Fount ! thrice holy Fire !  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;  
Make us eternal truths receive,  
Aid us to live as we believe.
- 5 Chase from our path each noxious foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;  
And, lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in our way.

6 & 4s. M.

363.

MARRIOT.

Let there be Light.

- 1 THOU, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight !  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And where the Gospel day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light !

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,  
On thy redeeming wing,  
Healing and sight ;  
Health to the sick in mind ;  
Light to the inly blind ;  
O now to all mankind  
Let there be light !

3 Descend thou from above,  
Spirit of truth and love,  
Speed on thy flight !  
Move o'er the waters' face,  
Spirit of hope and grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light !

L. M.

364.

BURDER'S COL.

Quickening Spirit.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,  
And fit me to approach my God ;  
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,  
And lead me to thy blest abode.
- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul  
A living spark of holy fire ?  
O kindle now the sacred flame,  
And make me burn with pure desire.
- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart,  
And let me now my Saviour see ;  
O soothe and cheer my burdened heart,  
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

L. M.

365.

BEDDOME.

Teachings of the Spirit.

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,  
Whose power and grace are unconfined,  
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,  
The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display  
The glorious truth thy word reveals ;  
Cause me to run the heavenly way ;  
The book unfold, unloose the seals.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know  
The mysteries of redeeming love,  
The emptiness of things below,  
The excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze I stray,  
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,  
To show the dangers of the way,  
And guide my feeble steps to God.

7s. M.

366.

STOCKER.

For the Holy Spirit.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine !  
Let thy light within me shine ;  
All my guilty fears remove,  
Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Life and peace to me impart ;  
Seal salvation on my heart :  
Breathe thyself into my breast,  
Earnest of immortal rest.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 Let me never from thee stray,  
Keep me in the narrow way ;  
Fill my soul with joy divine ;  
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

L. M.

367.

RIPPON'S COL.

Spiritual Influences compared to Rain.

- 1 THE dews and rains, in all their store,  
Watering the pastures o'er and o'er,  
Are not so copious as that grace  
Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 2 As, in soft silence, vernal showers  
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers,  
So, in the secrecy of love,  
Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 3 That heavenly influence let me find  
In holy silence of the mind,  
While every grace maintains its bloom,  
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 4 Nor let these blessings be confined  
To me, but poured on all mankind ;  
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,  
And a new Eden bless our eyes.

7 & 6s. M.

368.

WESLEYAN.

The Whispers of the Spirit.

- 1 OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,  
And bid my heart rejoice ;  
Bid my quiet spirit hear  
The comfort of thy voice ;

Never in the whirlwind found,  
Or where earthquakes rock the place,  
Still and silent is the sound,  
The whisper of thy grace.

- 2 From the world of sin and noise  
And tumult I withdraw;  
For the small and inward voice  
I wait with humble awe;  
Silent am I now and still,  
Dare not in thy presence move;  
To my waiting soul reveal  
The secret of thy love.

C. M.

369.

DODDRIDGE.

The Spirit desired.

- 1 GREAT Father of our feeble race,  
Behold, thy servants wait;  
With longing eyes and lifted hands,  
We flock around thy gate.
- 2 O shed abroad that royal gift,  
Thy Spirit, from above,  
To bless our eyes with sacred light,  
And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,  
Declare our sins forgiven,  
And bear, with energy divine,  
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.
- 4 Diffuse, O God, refreshing showers,  
That earth its fruit may yield,  
And change this barren wilderness  
To Carmel's flowery field.



H. M.

370.

CAMPBELL'S COL.

Pleading the Promise of the Spirit.

- 1 O THOU that hearest prayer,  
Attend our humble cry,  
And let thy servants share  
Thy blessing from on high :  
We plead the promise of thy word ;  
Grant us thy holy Spirit, Lord.
- 2 If earthly parents hear  
Their children when they cry, —  
If they, with love sincere,  
Their varied wants supply, —  
Much more wilt thou thy love display,  
And answer when thy children pray.
- 3 Our Heavenly Father, thou ;  
We, children of thy grace :  
O let thy Spirit now  
Descend and fill the place :  
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,  
And all unite to praise thy name.
- 4 O may that sacred fire,  
Descending from above,  
Our languid hearts inspire  
With fervent zeal and love :  
Enlighten our beclouded eyes,  
And teach our grovelling souls to rise.
- 5 And send thy Spirit down  
On all the nations, Lord,  
With great success to crown  
The preaching of thy word,  
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,  
And cast their idol gods away.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

7s. M.

371.

BATHURST.

The Teaching Spirit.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, from on high  
Bend o'er us a pitying eye ;  
Now refresh the drooping heart,  
Bid the power of sin depart.
- 2 Light up every dark recess  
Of our heart's ungodliness ;  
Show us every devious way  
Where our steps have gone astray.
- 3 Teach us, with repentant grief,  
Humbly to implore relief ;  
Then the Saviour's love reveal,  
And our broken spirits heal.
- 4 May we daily grow in grace,  
And pursue the heavenly race,  
Trained in wisdom, led by love,  
Till we reach our rest above.

S. M.

372.

HART.

For the Spirit.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come !  
Let thy bright beam arise ;  
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us all of sin ;  
Lead us to thine abode,  
And to our wondering view reveal  
Thy mercies, O our God !

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts !  
Our minds from bondage free ;  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
And rise at length to thee.

C. M.

373.

SALISBURY COL.

Divine Aid implored.

- 1 THINE influence, mighty God ! is felt  
Through nature's ample round ;  
In heaven, on earth, through air and skies,  
Thy energy is found.
- 2 Thy sacred influence, Lord ! we need  
To form our hearts anew ;  
O cleanse our souls from every sin,  
And thy salvation show !
- 3 Father of light ! thine aid impart  
To guide our doubtful way ;  
Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,  
And make a glorious day.
- 4 Supported by thy heavenly grace,  
We 'll do and bear thy will ;  
That grace shall make each burden light,  
And every murmur still.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

L. M.

374.

COMPAN. HYMN-BOOK.

The Soul thirsting for God.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of all-sufficient bliss,  
    To men below, to saints above,  
Fulness of joy in thee there is,  
    Fulness of light, fulness of love.
- 2 Enter, and fill my waiting mind ;  
    Give me that peace, that calm repose,  
Which self-complacence cannot find,  
    Which self-abasement only knows.
- 3 To thee my inmost soul aspires ;  
    To thee I plight my solemn vows ;  
Keep me from all impure desires,  
    And all my best affections rouse.
- 4 Fit me to join thy saints on high,  
    Who brightly shine in bliss complete ;  
Who view thy glorious majesty,  
    And cast their crowns before thy feet.

## PENITENCE AND PARDON.

L. M.                      375.                      BOOK OF HYMNS.

“ I will arise, and go to my father.”

- 1 To thine eternal arms, O God,  
Take us, thine erring children, in ;  
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,  
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.
- 2 Those arms were round our childish ways,  
A guard through helpless years to be ;  
O leave not our maturer days !  
We still are helpless without thee.
- 3 We trusted hope, and pride, and strength :  
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,  
Our dreams have faded all at length, —  
We come to thee, O Lord, again !
- 4 A guide to trembling steps yet be !  
Give us of thine eternal powers !  
So shall our paths all lead to thee,  
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

PENITENCE AND PARDON.

L. M.

376.

WATTS.

Seeking Pardon and Aid. Psalm 51.

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin ;  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banished from thy sight ;  
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 5 O may thy love inspire my tongue !  
Salvation shall be all my song ;  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

L. M.

377.

WESLEY'S COL.

Prayer for Forgiveness and Renewal.

- 1 FORGIVE us, for thy mercy's sake,  
Our multitude of sins forgive !  
And for thy own possession take,  
And bid us to thy glory live ;  
Live in thy sight, and gladly prove  
Our faith, by our obedient love.



PENITENCE AND PARDON.

- 2 The covenant of forgiveness seal,  
And all thy mighty wonders show !  
Our hidden enemies expel ;  
And, conquering them, to conquer go,  
Till all of pride and wrath be slain,  
And not one evil thought remain !
- 3 O put it in our inward parts,  
The living law of perfect love !  
Write the new precept on our hearts ;  
We shall not then from thee remove,  
Who in thy glorious image shine,  
Thy people, and for ever thine !

L. M.

378.

WATTS.

Pleading for Pardon. Psalm 51.

- 1 ARE not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not a sinner trust in thee ?  
Great God ! thy nature hath no bound ;  
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 2 O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean ;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 3 Yet save the trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

7s. M.

379.

ANONYMOUS.

The Prodigal.

- 1 BROTHER, hast thou wandered far  
From thy Father's happy home,

With thyself and God at war?  
Turn thee, brother, homeward come!

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers  
God for noble uses gave?  
Squandered life's most golden hours?  
Turn thee, brother, God can save!

3 Is a mighty famine now  
In thy heart and in thy soul?  
Discontent upon thy brow?  
Turn thee, God will make thee whole!

4 He can heal thy bitterest wound,  
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;  
Seek him, for he may be found;  
Call upon him; he is near.

L. M.

380.

BEDDOME.

Inconstancy lamented.

1 THE wandering star and fleeting wind  
Are emblems of the fickle mind;  
The morning cloud and early dew  
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,  
Only a faint resemblance bear;  
Nor can there aught in nature be  
So changeable and frail as we.

3 Our outward walk and inward frame  
Are scarcely through an hour the same;  
We vow, and straight our vows forget,  
And then those very vows repeat.

PENITENCE AND PARDON.

- 4 With contrite hearts, Lord, we confess  
Our folly and unsteadfastness ;  
When shall these hearts more stable be,  
Fixed by thy grace alone on thee !

S. M.

381.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

Prayer for Pardon.

- 1 BEFORE thy mercy's throne,  
Thy succor, Lord, we seek ;  
For thou art good and great alone ;  
All helpless we, and weak.
- 2 Like sheep that go astray,  
Our wilful course we 've run,  
From what thou wouldst, have turned away,  
And what thou wouldst not, done.
- 3 To us belong dismay  
Of heart, and shame of face ;  
To thee, our sorrows to allay,  
And all our guilt efface ; —
- 4 To us, confession meek,  
The penitential prayer ;  
To thee, the words of peace to speak,  
The contrite heart to spare.
- 5 Pour, for the Saviour's sake,  
Thy spirit's healthful dew  
On those who fain would sin forsake,  
And thy pure ways pursue.

L. M.

382.

ANONYMOUS.

In Spiritual Deadness.

- 1 O THOU, who all things dost control,  
Chase this dead slumber from my soul !

With reverent joy, with loving awe,  
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 O let a ray from thy pure light  
Pierce through the gathering shades of night!  
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,  
And holy, conquering faith inspire.

3 This deadly slumber when I feel  
Afresh upon my spirit steal,  
Then, Lord, descend with quickening power,  
And wake me, that I sleep no more!

C. M.

383.

DODDRIDGE.

The Voice of Divine Pardon.

1 My Father, let me hear thy voice  
Pronounce the words of peace,  
And all my warmest powers shall join  
To celebrate the grace.

2 With gentle smile call me thy child,  
And speak my sins forgiven;  
The accents mild shall charm mine ear  
All like the harps of heaven.

3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,  
The darkest path I'll tread;  
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,  
And mingle with the dead.

4 When dreadful guilt is done away,  
No other fears we know;  
That hand which scatters pardons down,  
Shall crowns of life bestow.

L. M.

384.

DODDRIDGE.

Communing with our Hearts.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,  
And chase these shadowy forms no more ;  
Seek out some solitude to mourn,  
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home ;  
Retired and silent seek them there ;  
True conquest is ourselves t' o'ercome,  
True strength to break temptation's snare.
- 3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye  
Distinct surveys each deep recess,  
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,  
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 4 Through all the mazes of my heart,  
My search let heavenly wisdom guide ;  
And still its radiant beams impart,  
Till all be searched and purified.
- 5 Then, with the visits of thy love,  
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;  
Till every grace shall join to prove,  
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

L. M.

385.

HILLHOUSE.

The Song of the Forgiven is the sweetest in Heaven.

- 1 EARTH has a joy unknown in heaven,  
The new-born peace of sin forgiven !  
Tears of such pure and deep delight,  
Ye angels ! never dimmed your sight.

- 2 Ye saw, of old, on chaos rise  
The beauteous pillars of the skies :  
Ye know where morn, exulting, springs,  
And evening folds her drooping wings.
- 3 Bright heralds of the Eternal Will,  
Abroad his errands ye fulfil ;  
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,  
Symphonious in his presence play.
- 4 But I amid your choirs shall shine,  
And all your knowledge will be mine :  
Ye on your harps must lean to hear  
A secret chord that mine will bear.

L. M.

386.

MORAVIAN.

The Soul seeking Rest and Pardon.

- 1 O THOU, in whom the weary find  
Their sweet and permanent repose,  
Physician of the sin-sick mind,  
Relieve my wants, assuage my woes ;  
And let my soul on thee be cast,  
Till life's fierce tyranny be passed.
- 2 Loosed from my God, and far removed,  
Long have I wandered to and fro ;  
O'er earth in endless circles roved,  
Nor found whereon to rest below :  
Back to my God at last I fly ;  
For oh ! estranged from thee, I die.
- 3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,  
The things of earth, for thee I leave :  
Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace ;  
Into the ark of love receive ;  
Take this poor, fluttering soul to rest,  
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast.



- 4 Fill with inviolable peace,  
 'Stablish and keep my settled heart;  
 In thee may all my wanderings cease;  
 From thee no more may I depart;  
 Thy utmost goodness called to prove,  
 Loved with an everlasting love!

L. M.

387.

C. WESLEY.

The unspeakable Riches of Christ's Grace.

- 1 "COME, all ye souls by sin oppressed,  
 Ye restless wanderers after rest,  
 Ye poor and maimed and halt and blind,  
 In me a hearty welcome find."
- 2 Such is the Saviour's gracious call,  
 The invitation given to all:  
 My soul, no more refuse to embrace  
 The plenitude of Gospel grace;—
- 3 A pardon written with his blood,  
 The favor and the peace of God;  
 The seeing eye, the feeling sense,  
 The mystic joys of penitence;—
- 4 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,  
 The meltings of a broken heart;  
 The tears that fall for sins forgiven,  
 The sighs that waft the soul to heaven;—
- 5 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,  
 The unutterable tenderness;  
 The genuine, meek humility;  
 The wonder, "Why such love to me?"—
- 6 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,  
 The sight that veils the seraph's face,

The speechless awe that dares not move,  
And all the silent heaven of love.

S. M.

388.

BELKNAP'S COL.

Obedience to God our Father.

- 1 My Father! I adore  
That all commanding name;  
O may it virtue's strength restore,  
And raise devotion's flame!
- 2 I bow at thy commands,  
And filial homage pay;  
With heart and life, with tongue and hands,  
I'll cheerfully obey.
- 3 No more will I transgress,  
As I too oft have done;  
But every sinful thought suppress,  
Each sinful action shun.
- 4 Do thou the strength impart  
This purpose to fulfil:  
Lord, write thy laws upon my heart,  
That I may do thy will.

8, 7, & 4s. M.

389.

ANONYMOUS.

"Whosoever will, let him come."

- 1 "COME!" the Saviour's voice is calling;  
Now is the accepted hour:  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power;  
He is able,  
He is willing, — doubt no more.

- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
 All the fitness he requireth  
 Is to feel your need of him ;  
 This he gives you, —  
 'T is the Spirit's struggling beam.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden ;  
 Wait not, — 't is your Saviour's call ;  
 If you tarry till you 're better,  
 You will never come at all.  
 Not the righteous,  
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

C. M.

390.

BP. MIDDLETON.

Regret for Past Neglects.

- 1 As o'er the past my memory strays,  
 Why heaves the secret sigh ?  
 'T is that I mourn departed days,  
 Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world, and worldly things beloved,  
 My anxious thoughts employed ;  
 And time unhallowed, unimproved,  
 Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, Holy Father ! wild despair  
 Chase from my laboring breast ;  
 Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer :  
 That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine ;  
 And when thy sure decree  
 Bids me this fleeting breath resign,  
 O speed my soul to thee !

S. M.                      **391.**                      C. WESLEY.

For Help in Temptation.

- 1    THOU seest my feebleness ;  
      Father ! be thou my power !  
My help and refuge in distress,  
      My fortress and my tower !
- 2    Give me to trust in thee ;  
      Be thou my sure abode ;  
My helm, and sword, and buckler be,  
      My Saviour and my God !
- 3    Myself I cannot save,  
      Myself I cannot keep ;  
But strength in thee I surely have,  
      Whose eyelids never sleep.
- 4    My soul to thee alone,  
      For always, I commend ;  
O take me, Father, for thine own,  
      And keep me to the end.

S. M.                      **392.** FROM THE SPANISH, VARIED.

Come, wandering Sheep !

- 1    COME, wandering sheep ! O come !  
      I 'll bind thee to my breast ;  
I 'll gently bear thee to thy home,  
      And lay thee down to rest.
- 2    I saw thee stray forlorn,  
      And heard thee faintly cry ;  
And on the tree of shame and scorn,  
      For thee, I came to die.

3 I'll shield thee from alarms,  
I'll make thee truly blest,  
I'll fold thee in my peaceful arms;  
Wilt thou not take my rest?

4 Thou conquerest, Love divine!  
Throw wide, my heart, thy door!  
O Christ, its throne is only thine,  
Henceforth for evermore.

7s. M.

393.

ILSLEY.

“Follow me.”

- 1 VOYAGER on life's troubled sea,  
Sailing to Eternity!  
Turn from earthly things away,  
Vain they are, and brief their stay:  
Voyager! what are they to thee?  
Leave them all and “follow me.”
- 2 Traveller on the road of life!  
Seeking pleasure, finding strife,  
Know the world can never give  
Aught on which the soul can live:  
Traveller, what are they to thee?  
Leave them all, and “follow me.”
- 3 Wanderer from thy Father's throne,  
Hasten back, thy errands own:  
Turn, thy path leads not to heaven;  
Turn, thy sins will be forgiven:  
Wanderer! have they charms for thee?  
Hasten, then, to “follow me.”

C. M.

394.

KEBLE, ALT.

Grace to withstand Temptations.

- 1 BACK to the world we 've faithless turned,  
And far along the wild —  
Enjoyment sought, but sorrow earned —  
Our steps have been beguiled.
- 2 Yet full before us, all the while,  
The guiding pillar stays ;  
The living waters brightly smile,  
The eternal turrets blaze.
- 3 O Father of long-suffering grace,  
Thou who in love dost stay  
Pleading with sinners face to face,  
Through all their devious way, —
- 4 Thy guardian fire, thy guiding cloud,  
Be round us as our wall ;  
Nor be our erring hearts allowed  
Again to faint or fall.

L. M.

395.

WATTS.

Peace of Conscience.

- 1 LORD, how secure and blest are they  
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin !  
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,  
Their minds have heaven and peace within.
- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,  
Made up of innocence and love ;  
And soft and silent as the shades,  
Their nightly minutes gently move.



- 3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,  
 But fly not half so swift away !  
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,  
 And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to heavenly hills,  
 Where groves of living pleasures grow !  
 And longing hopes and cheerful smiles  
 Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

8 & 7s. M.

**396.**

ANONYMOUS.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 LORD, with glowing heart I 'll praise thee,  
 For the bliss thy love bestows ;  
 For the pardoning grace that saves me,  
 And the peace that from it flows :  
 Help, O Lord, my weak endeavor,  
 And my heart to rapture raise ;  
 Thou must light the flame, or never  
 Can my love be warmed to praise.
- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
 Wretched wanderer, far astray ;  
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
 From the paths of death away ;  
 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
 Vainly would my lips express :  
 Low before thy footstool kneeling,  
 Deign thy children's prayer to bless.

C. M.

**397.**

DODDRIDGE.

Cleanse Thou me from secret Faults.

- 1 SEARCHER of hearts, before thy face  
 I all my soul display ;  
 And, conscious of its innate arts,  
 Entreat thy strict survey.

- 2 If, lurking in its inmost folds,  
I any sin conceal,  
O let a ray of light divine  
The secret guile reveal.
- 3 If, tinctured with that odious gall,  
Unknowing, I remain,  
Let grace, like a pure silver stream,  
Wash out the hateful stain.
- 4 If, in these fatal fetters bound,  
A wretched slave I lie,  
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul  
To light and liberty.
- 5 To humble penitence and prayer  
Be gentle pity given;  
Speak ample pardon to my heart,  
And seal its claim to heaven.

L. M.

398.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Amidst Temptation.

- 1 My gracious Lord! whose changeless love  
To me, nor life nor death can part!  
When shall my feet forget to rove?  
Ah, what shall fix this faithless heart?
- 2 Cold, weary, languid, thoughtless, dead,  
To thy dread courts I oft repair;  
By conscience dragged, or custom led,  
I come; nor know that God is there!
- 3 O God, thy sovereign aid impart,  
And guard the gifts thyself hast given;  
My portion thou, my treasure, art,  
And life, and happiness, and heaven.

- 4 Would aught with thee my wishes share,  
 Though dear as life the idol be,  
 The idol from my breast I 'll tear,  
 Resolved to seek my all from thee.

S. M.

399.

BEDDOME.

Hope reviving.

- 1 AND shall I sit alone,  
 Oppressed with grief and fear,  
 To God my Father make my moan,  
 And he refuse to hear?
- 2 If he my Father be,  
 His pity he will show,  
 From cruel bondage set me free,  
 And inward peace bestow.
- 3 If still he silence keep  
 'T is but my faith to try ;  
 He knows and feels whene'er I weep.  
 And softens every sigh.
- 4 Then will I humbly wait,  
 Nor once indulge despair ;  
 My sins are great, but not so great  
 As his compassions are.

C. M.

400.

MILMAN.

Praying for Divine Help.

- 1 O HELP us, Lord ! each hour of need  
 Thy heavenly succor give ;  
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
 Each hour on earth we live.

- 2 O help us, when our spirits bleed,  
With contrite anguish sore ;  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,  
More firmly to believe ;  
For still the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Father, from on high ;  
We know no help but thee ;  
O help us so to live and die,  
As thine in heaven to be.

L. M.

401.

MONTGOMERY.

The Soul returning to God.

- 1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,  
From vain pursuits and maddening cares ;  
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,  
The world's allurements, toils, and snares.
- 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,  
From all the wanderings of thy thought ;  
From sickness unto death made whole ;  
Safe through a thousand perils brought.
- 3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,  
From passions every hour at strife ;  
Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn,  
Lay hold upon eternal life.
- 4 God is thy rest ; — with heart inclined  
To keep his word, that word believe ;  
Christ is thy rest ; — with lowly mind,  
His light and easy yoke receive.

C. M. **402.** C. WESLEY.

Vain Repentances.

- 1 TIMES without number have I prayed,  
This only once forgive ;  
Relapsing when thy hand was stayed,  
And suffered me to live :
- 2 Yet now the kingdom of thy peace,  
Lord, to my heart restore ;  
Forgive my vain repentances,  
And bid me sin no more.

L. M. **403.** DODDRIDGE.

Returning to God.

- 1 LORD, we have wandered from thy way,  
Like foolish sheep have gone astray,  
Our pleasant pastures we have left,  
And of their guard our souls bereft.
- 2 Exposed to want, exposed to harm,  
Far from our gentle Shepherd's arm ;  
Nor will these fatal wanderings cease,  
Till thou reveal the paths of peace.
- 3 O seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord,  
Nor let us quite forget thy word ;  
Our erring feet do thou restore,  
And keep us that we stray no more.

C. M. **404.** MONTGOMERY.

Preparation of the Heart.

- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,  
With reverence and with fear :

- Though dust and ashes in thy sight,  
We may, we must, draw near.
- 2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,  
In weakness, want, and woe,  
Fightings without, and fears within,  
Lord, whither shall we go ?
- 3 God of all grace, we come to thee,  
With broken, contrite hearts ;  
Give what thine eye delights to see,  
Truth in the inward parts ;—
- 4 Give deep humility ; the sense  
Of godly sorrow give ;  
A strong desiring confidence,  
To hear thy voice and live ;—
- 5 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,  
Though mercy long delay ;  
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust thee, though thou slay.
- 6 Give these, and then thy will be done ;  
Thus strengthened with all might,  
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,  
Shall pray, and pray aright.

C. M.

405.

DODDRIDGE.

Salvation only in God.

- 1 How long shall dreams of earthly bliss  
Our flattering hopes employ ?  
And mock our fond, deluded eyes  
With visionary joy ?
- 2 Why from the mountains and the hills  
Is our salvation sought ?



- While our eternal Rock's forsook,  
And Israel's God forgot.
- 3 The living spring neglected flows  
Full in our daily view,  
Yet we, with anxious, fruitless toil,  
Our broken cisterns hew.
- 4 These fatal errors, gracious God,  
With gentle pity see;  
To thee our roving eyes direct,  
And fix our hearts on thee.

S. M. 406. WATTS.

Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession. Psalm 32.

- 1 O BLESSED souls are they,  
Whose sins are covered o'er!  
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord  
Imputes their guilt no more!
- 2 They mourn their follies past,  
And keep their hearts with care;  
Their lips and lives, without deceit,  
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I concealed my guilt,  
I felt the festering wound;  
Till I confessed my sins to thee,  
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,  
Let saints keep near the throne;  
Our help in times of deep distress  
Is found in God alone.

PENITENCE AND PARDON.

C. M.

407.

WATTS.

Freedom from Sin and Misery in Heaven.

- 1 OUR sins, alas ! how strong they be !  
And, like a violent sea,  
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,  
And hurry us away.
- 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise !  
How loud the tempests roar !  
But death shall land our weary souls  
Safe on the heavenly shore.
- 3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,  
Our speedy feet shall move ;  
No sin shall clog our wingèd zeal,  
Or cool our burning love.
- 4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell,  
The wonders of his grace ;  
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,  
And smile in every face.

L. M.

408.

MORAVIAN.

Devout Penitence.

- 1 MY soul before thee prostrate lies ;  
To thee, her source, my spirit flies ;  
My wants I mourn, my chains I see ;  
O let thy presence set me free.
- 2 In life's short day, let me yet more  
Of thy enlivening power implore ;  
My mind must deeper sink in thee,  
My foot stand firm, from wandering free.

3 One only care my soul should know,  
 Father, all thy commands to do ;  
 O deep engrave it on my breast,  
 That I in thee alone am blest.

C. M.

409.

FURNESS.

The Penitent Son.

- 1 O RICHLY, Father, have I been  
 Blest evermore by thee!  
 And morning, noon, and night thou hast  
 Preserved me tenderly.
- 2 And yet the love which thou shouldst claim  
 To idols I have given;  
 Too oft have bound to earth the hopes  
 That know no home but heaven.
- 3 Unworthy to be called thy son,  
 I come with shame to thee,  
 Father! — O more than Father thou  
 Hast always been to me!
- 4 Help me to break the heavy chains  
 The world has round me thrown,  
 And know the glorious liberty  
 Of an obedient son.
- 5 That I may henceforth heed whate'er  
 Thy voice within me saith,  
 Fix deeply in my heart of hearts  
 A principle of faith, —
- 6 Faith that, like armor to my soul,  
 Shall keep all evil out,  
 More mighty than an angel host,  
 Encamping round about.

78. M.

410.

MILMAN.

Prayer for Mercy in Spiritual Need.

- 1 LORD, have mercy when we pray  
Strength to seek a better way ;  
When our wakening thoughts begin  
First to loathe their cherished sin ;  
When our weary spirits fail,  
And our aching brows are pale ;  
When our tears bedew thy word ;  
Then, O then have mercy, Lord !
- 2 Lord, have mercy when we lie  
On the restless bed, and sigh, —  
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,  
From the thought of former ill ;  
When the dim, advancing gloom  
Tells us that our hour has come ;  
When is loosed the silver cord ;  
Then, O then have mercy, Lord !
- 3 Lord, have mercy, when we know  
First how vain this world below ;  
When its darker thoughts oppress,  
Doubts perplex, and fears distress ;  
When the earliest gleam is given  
Of the bright but distant heaven ;  
Then thy fostering grace afford ;  
Then, O then have mercy, Lord !

# THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

## ITS DUTIES, VIRTUES, AND JOYS.

C. M. 411. BULFINCH.

The New Birth.

- 1 THROUGH thee, O Lord, we own  
A new and heavenly birth,  
Kindred to spirits round thy throne,  
Though sojourners of earth.
- 2 How glorious is the hour  
When first our souls awake,  
And, through thy Spirit's quickening power,  
Of the new life partake.
- 3 With richer beauty glows  
The world before so fair ;  
Her holy light religion throws,  
Reflected everywhere.
- 4 Amid repentant tears  
We feel sweet peace within ;  
We know the God of mercy hears,  
And pardons every sin.

- 5 Born of thy Spirit, Lord,  
Thy spirit may we share ;  
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,  
And place thine image there.

L. M.

412.

STEELE.

Christian Resolves.

- 1 MAY I resolve, with all my heart,  
With all my powers, to serve the Lord ;  
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,  
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 2 Be this the purpose of my soul,  
My solemn, my determined choice,  
To yield to his supreme control,  
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 3 O may I never faint nor tire,  
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways !  
Great God ! accept my soul's desire,  
And give me strength to live thy praise.

S. M.

413.

C. WESLEY.

The Christian's Charge.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify ;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky ;  
To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil :  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will !



- 2 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live ;  
And oh ! thy servant, Lord, prepare  
The strict account to give :  
Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely :  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forsaken die.

S. M.

414.

COWPER.

Dependence on God.

- 1 To keep the lamp alive,  
With oil we fill the bowl ;  
'T is water makes the willow thrive,  
And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand  
Supplies the living stream ;  
It is not at our own command,  
But still derived from him.
- 3 Man's wisdom is to seek  
His strength in God alone ;  
And e'en an angel would be weak,  
Who trusted in his own.
- 4 Retreat beneath his wings,  
And in his grace confide ;  
This more exalts the King of kings,  
Than all your works beside.
- 5 In God is all our store ;  
Grace issues from his throne ;  
Whoever says, " I want no more,"  
Confesses he has none.

L. M.

415.

KEBLE.

Self-renunciation.

- 1 SWEET is the bliss of souls serene,  
When they have sworn and steadfast mean,  
Counting the cost, in all to espy  
Their God, in all themselves deny.
- 2 O could we learn that sacrifice,  
What lights would all around us rise !  
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,  
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk !
- 3 We need not bid, for cloistered cell,  
Our neighbor and our work farewell,  
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
For sinful man beneath the sky :
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;  
Room to deny ourselves ; a road  
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

C. M.

416.

PROUD.

The Happiness of a Christian.

- 1 WHEN true religion gains a place,  
And lives within the mind,  
The sensual life subdued by grace,  
And all the soul refined, —
- 2 The desert blooms in living green,  
Where thorns and briers grew ;  
The barren waste is fruitful seen,  
And all the prospect new.

- 3 The storms of rugged winter cease,  
The frozen flowers revive ;  
Spring blooms without, within is peace, —  
All nature seems alive.
- 4 O happy Christian, richly blessed !  
What floods of pleasure roll !  
By God and man he stands confessed,  
In dignity of soul.
- 5 Substantial, pure, his every joy :  
His Maker is his friend ;  
The noblest business his employ,  
And happiness his end.

C. M.

417.

DODDRIDGE.

“He that hath the Son hath life.”

- 1 O HAPPY Christian, who can trust  
“The Son of God is mine !”  
Happy, though humbled in the dust,  
Rich in this gift divine.
- 2 He lives the life of heaven below,  
And shall for ever live ;  
Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,  
And endless vigor give.
- 3 That life we ask with bended knee,  
Nor will the Lord deny ;  
Nor will celestial mercy see  
Its humble suppliants die.
- 4 That life obtained, for praise alone  
We wish continued breath ;  
And, taught by blest experience, own  
That praise can live in death.

C. M.

418.

DODDRIDGE.

Zeal and Vigor in the Christian Race.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on :  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey :  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'T is God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high ;  
'T is his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye ; —
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems  
Shall blend in common dust.

S. M.

419.

DODDRIDGE.

Christian Activity and Watchfulness.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait,  
Observant of his heavenly word,  
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame :  
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,  
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 't is your Lord's command;  
And while we speak, he 's near:  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crowned.

C. M.

420.

LYTE.

Call to Action.

- 1 AWAY, ye ceaseless doubts and fears,  
That weaken and enthrall;  
Wipe off, my soul, thy faithless tears,  
And rise at wisdom's call.
- 2 Awake, my soul, to duty wake;  
Go pay the debt thou ow'st;  
Go forward, — and the night shall break  
Around thee as thou go'st.
- 3 Swift fly the hours, and brief the time  
For action or repose;  
Fast flits this scene of woe and crime,  
And soon the whole shall close.
- 4 The evening shadows deeper fall,  
The daylight dies away:  
Wake, slumberer, at the Master's call,  
And work while it is day.

C. M.

421.

LONDON INQ.

No Act without Influence.

- 1 SCORN not the slightest word or deed,  
Nor deem it void of power ;  
There 's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,  
Waiting its natal hour.
- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart,  
And call it back to life ;  
A look of love bid sin depart,  
And still unholy strife.
- 3 No act falls fruitless ; none can tell  
How vast its power may be ;  
Nor what results enfolded dwell  
Within it, silently.
- 4 Work, and despair not : bring thy mite,  
Nor care how small it be ;  
God is with all that serve the right,  
The holy, true, and free.

8 & 7s. M.

422.

WEST BOSTON COL.

Be thou ready.

- 1 BE thou ready, fellow-mortal,  
In thy pilgrimage of life,  
Ever ready to uphold thee  
In the toil and in the strife.  
Let no hope, however pleasant,  
Lure thy footsteps from the right ;  
Nor the sunshine leave thee straying  
In the sudden gloom of night.



- 2 Be thou ready when thy brother  
    Bows in dark affliction's shade ;  
Be thou ready when thy sister  
    Needs thy kindness and thy aid ;  
Let thine arm sustain and cheer them, —  
    They have claims upon us all, —  
And thy deeds, like morning sunlight,  
    On their weary hearts shall fall.
- 3 Be thou ready when the erring  
    List to sin's enchanting strain,  
Ready with kind words to woo them  
    Back to virtue's path again.  
Be thou ready, in thy meekness,  
    To do good to friend and foe,  
As thy Father sheddeth freely  
    Light on all that dwell below.
- 4 Be thou ready for the morrow,  
    When delight shall please no more ;  
When the rose and lily fadeth,  
    And the charm of song is o'er ;  
When the voices of thy kindred  
    Faintly move thy dying ear ;  
Be thou ready for thy journey  
    To some higher, brighter sphere.

S. M.

423.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Call to Christian Duties.

- 1 LABORERS of Christ, arise,  
    And gird you for the toil ;  
The dew of promise from the skies  
    Already cheers the soil.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

- 2    Go where the sick recline,  
      Where mourning hearts deplore ;  
      And where the sons of sorrow pine,  
      Dispense your hallowed lore.
- 3    Urge, with a tender zeal,  
      The erring child along,  
      Where peaceful congregations kneel,  
      And pious teachers throng.
- 4    So shall you share the wealth  
      That earth may ne'er despoil,  
      And the blest Gospel's saving health  
      Repay your arduous toil.

S. M.

424.

MONTGOMERY.

Sow thy Seed everywhere.

- 1    Sow in the morn thy seed,  
      At eve hold not thy hand ;  
      To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
      Broadcast it o'er the land !  
      Beside all waters sow,  
      The highway furrows stock,  
      Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
      Drop it upon the rock !
- 2    The good, the fruitful ground,  
      Expect not here nor there ;  
      O'er hill, and dale, and plain 't is found ;  
      Go forth, then, everywhere !  
      And duly shall appear,  
      In verdure, beauty, strength,  
      The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
      And the full corn at length.

- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;  
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garners in the sky ;  
Then, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, shall come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend,  
And Heaven cry, " Harvest home !"

L. M.

425.

BARBAULD.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;  
See where thy foes against thee rise,  
In long array, a numerous host ;  
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant Danger threatening stands,  
Mustering his pale, terrific bands ;  
There Pleasure's silken banners spread,  
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,  
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;  
The meanest foe of all the train  
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou treadst upon enchanted ground ;  
Perils and snares beset thee round ;  
Beware of all ; guard every part ;  
But most, the traitor in thy heart.
- 5 Come, then, my soul ! now learn to wield  
The weight of thine immortal shield ;  
Put on the armor from above,  
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

- 6 The terror and the charm repel,  
And powers of earth, and powers of hell :  
The Man of Calvary triumphed here ;  
Why should his faithful followers fear ?

L. M.

426.

WATTS.

We walk by Faith, not by Sight.

- 1 'T IS by the faith of joys to come  
We walk through deserts dark as night ;  
Till we arrive at heaven our home,  
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;  
She makes the pearly gates appear ;  
Far into distant worlds she flies,  
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
While faith inspires a heavenly ray ;  
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abraham, by divine command,  
Left his own house to walk with God ;  
His faith beheld the promised land,  
And fired his zeal along the road.

L. M.

427.

HEBER.

“ Why stand ye here all the day idle ? ”

- 1 THE God of glory walks his round,  
From day to day, from year to year,  
And warns us each, with awful sound,  
“ No longer stand ye idle here ! ”

- 2 " Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,  
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,  
Waste not of hope the morning light !  
Ah, fools ! why stand ye idle here ?
- 3 " And ye, whose locks of scanty gray  
Foretell your latest travail near,  
How swiftly fades your wasted day !  
And stand ye yet so idle here ?"
- 4 O Thou, by all thy works adored,  
To whom the sinner's soul is dear !  
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord,  
And grant us grace to please thee here !

S. M.

428.

BULFINCH.

" Strive to enter in."

- 1 CHILDREN of light, awake !  
At Jesus' call arise,  
Forth with your leader, to partake  
His toils, his victories.
- 2 Ye must not idly stand,  
His sacred voice who hear ;  
Arm for the strife the feeble hand,  
'The holy standard rear.
- 3 Naught doth the world afford,  
But toil must be the price ;  
Wilt thou not, servant of the Lord,  
Then toil for paradise ?
- 4 Awake, ye sons of light !  
Strive till the prize be won ;  
Far spent already is the night,  
The day comes brightening on.

C. M.

429.

WATTS.

“ Your Life is hid with Christ in God.”

- 1 O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,  
While men lie grovelling here !  
His hopes are fixed above the sky,  
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,  
While grace and joy combine  
To form a life, whose holy springs  
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God ;  
His God in secret sees ;  
Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,  
Beyond this world and time ;  
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.
- 5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne  
To raise his honors here :  
Content and pleased to live unknown,  
Till Christ his life appear.

C. M.

430.

BARTON.

Walk in the Light.

- 1 WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know  
That fellowship of love  
His spirit only can bestow,  
Who reigns in light above.



ITS DUTIES, VIRTUES, AND JOYS.

- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness passed away,  
Because that light hath on thee shone  
In which is perfect day.
- 3 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb  
No fearful shade shall wear;  
Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
For Christ hath conquered there!
- 4 Walk in the light! and thine shall be  
A path, though thorny, bright:  
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
And God himself is light!

C. M.

431.

DODDRIDGE.

Walking with God.

- 1 THRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven,  
While yet they sojourn here,  
Do all their days with God begin,  
And spend them in his fear.
- 2 'Midst hourly cares may love present  
Its incense at thy throne,  
And, while the world our hands employs,  
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 3 As sanctified to noblest ends,  
Be each refreshment sought;  
And by each various providence  
Some wise instruction brought!
- 4 When to laborious duties called,  
Or by temptations tried,  
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,  
And in thy strength confide.

- 5 As different scenes of life arise,  
Our grateful hearts would be  
With thee amidst the social band,  
In solitude with thee.
- 6 At night we lean our weary heads  
On thy paternal breast ;  
And, safely folded in thine arms,  
Resign our powers to rest.
- 7 In solid, pure delights, like these,  
Let all our days be past ;  
Nor shall we then impatient wish,  
Nor shall we fear, the last.

C. M.

432.

LYRA CATH.

God dwells with the Humble.

- 1 THY home is with the humble, Lord !  
The simplest are the best ;  
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts ;  
Thou makest there thy rest.
- 2 Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !  
If thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways  
I'll build a house for thee.
- 3 Who made this beating heart of mine  
But thou, my heavenly Guest ?  
Let no one have it, then, but thee,  
And let it be thy rest.

L. M.

433.

ENFIELD.

Humility.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,  
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,  
Lives but the insect of a day, —  
O why should mortal man be proud ?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,  
Then vanish, and no more are found ;  
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,  
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,  
With trembling step he seeks his way :  
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast !  
Of reason's lamp, how faint the ray !
- 4 Follies and sins, a countless sum,  
Are crowded in life's little span :  
How ill, alas ! does pride become  
That erring, guilty creature, man !
- 5 God of my life, Father divine !  
Give me a meek and lowly mind :  
In modest worth, O let me shine,  
And peace in humble virtue find.

L. M.

434.

J. SCOTT.

Meekness.

- 1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,  
Clear as the summer's evening ray,  
Calm as the regions of the blest,  
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting,  
No storms his peaceful tent invade ;  
He rests beneath the Almighty's wing,  
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild !  
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess ;  
Repel each passion rude and wild,  
And bless us as we aim to bless.

L. M.

435.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

“ Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart.”

- 1 “ O LEARN of me,” the Saviour cried,  
“ O learn of me, ye sons of pride !  
For I am lowly, humble, meek,  
No haughty looks high thoughts bespeak.”
- 2 Yes, blest Immanuel ! thou wast mild,  
Patient, and gentle as a child ;  
And they who would thy kingdom see,  
Must meek and lowly be, like thee.

7s. M.

436.

WATERSTON.

“ To the pure all things are pure.”

- 1 NATURE with eternal youth  
Ever bursts upon the sight ;  
All her works are types of truth,  
Mirrors of celestial light.
- 2 But the soul, when veiled in sin,  
And eclipsed with fear and doubt,  
From the darkened world within  
Throws its shade on that without :—

- 3 While to those, who, pure in heart,  
For the truth their powers employ,  
She will constant good impart,  
And diffuse perpetual joy.
- 4 If the mind would nature see,  
Let her cherish virtue more ;  
Goodness bears the golden key  
That unlocks her palace door !

S. M.

437.

JOHNS.

“ Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God.”

- 1 O KNOW ye not that ye  
The temple are of God ?  
Revere the earth-built shrine, where he  
Should find a meet abode !
- 2 Immortal man, keep pure  
Thyself, that mystic shrine ;  
Let hate of all that 's dark endure,  
And love of all divine.
- 3 Let saintly thoughts be shown  
In act, by saintly things ;  
Like glories through the temple thrown,  
From cherub's curtained wings.
- 4 Let life, a holy stream,  
Its fountain holy show ;  
Reflecting, with a softened gleam,  
Heaven's purity below.

S. M.

438.

KEBLE.

The Pure in Heart.

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see our God ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

The secret of the Lord is theirs ;  
Their soul is his abode.

- 2 Still to the lowly soul  
God doth himself impart,  
And for his temple and his throne  
Doth choose the pure in heart.

C. M. 439. NEEDHAM.

Moderation.

- 1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious steps  
Still keep the golden mean ;  
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well formed,  
Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 To sect or party his large soul  
Disdains to be confined ;  
The good he loves of every name,  
And prays for all mankind.
- 3 His business is to keep his heart,  
Each passion to control ;  
Nobly ambitious well to rule  
The empire of his soul.
- 4 Not on the world his heart is set,  
His treasure is above ;  
Nothing beneath the sovereign good  
Can claim his highest love.

C. M. 440. ANONYMOUS.

" Neither do I condemn thee."

- 1 O, IF thy brow, serene and calm,  
From earthly stain is free,  
View not with scorn the erring one, —  
He once was pure like thee.



- 2 O, if the smiles of love are thine  
And its dear ministry,  
Shun not the poor, forsaken one, —  
• He once was loved like thee.
- 3 And still, 'mid shame, and guilt, and woe,  
One Being loves him still,  
Who, blessing thee, hath poured on him  
The world's extremest ill.
- 4 He knows the secret lure which led  
Those youthful steps astray;  
He knows that they who holiest are  
Might fall from Him away.
- 5 Then, with the love of him who said,  
“Go thou, and sin no more,”  
Save, save the sinner from despair,  
And peace and hope restore.

S. M.

441.

ANONYMOUS.

The Blessing of Meekness.

- 1 “BLEST are the meek,” he said,  
Whose doctrine is divine;  
The humble-minded earth possess,  
And bright in heaven will shine.
- 2 While here on earth they stay,  
Calm peace with them shall dwell;  
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy  
Beyond what tongue can tell.
- 3 The God of peace is theirs;  
They own his gracious sway;  
And, yielding all their wills to him,  
His sovereign laws obey.

- 4 No angry passions move,  
No envy fires the breast ;  
The prospect of eternal peace  
Bids every trouble rest.
- 5 O gracious Father, grant  
That we this influence feel,  
That all we hope, or wish, may be  
Subjected to thy will.

L. M.

442.

SCOTT.

Forms of Devotion vain without Virtue.

- 1 THE uplifted eye and bended knee  
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee :  
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,  
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,  
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?  
Or fasts and penance reconcile  
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,  
Sincere, and to thy will resigned,  
To thee a nobler offering yields,  
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.
- 4 Love God and man, — this great command  
Doth on eternal pillars stand :  
This did thine ancient prophets teach,  
And this thy Well-beloved preach.

C. M.

443.

WATTS.

The Way and End of the Righteous and of the Wicked. Psalm 37.

- 1 My God, the steps of pious men  
Are ordered by thy will ;  
Though they should fall, they rise again ;  
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways ;  
Their virtue he approves ;  
He 'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,  
Nor leave the men he loves.
- 3 The haughty sinner have I seen,  
Nor fearing man nor God,  
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,  
Spreading his arms abroad.
- 4 And, lo ! he vanished from the ground,  
Destroyed by hands unseen ;  
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf, was found  
Where all that pride had been.
- 5 But mark the man of righteousness ;  
His several steps attend ;  
True pleasure runs through all his ways,  
And peaceful is his end.

8 & 7s. M.

444.

LONGFELLOW.

“ Life is earnest.”

- 1 TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream ;  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

- 2 Life is real ! life is earnest !  
And the grave is not its goal ;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.
- 3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end and way ;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us further than to-day.
- 4 Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

C. M.

445.

ANONYMOUS.

“Speak gently.”

- 1 SPEAK gently, — it is better far  
To rule by love than fear ;  
Speak gently, — let no harsh word mar  
The good we may do here.
- 2 Speak gently to the young, — for they  
Will have enough to bear ;  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
'T is full of anxious care.
- 3 Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the care-worn heart ;  
The sands of life are nearly run,  
Let them in peace depart.
- 4 Speak gently to the erring ones, —  
They must have toiled in vain ;  
Perchance unkindness made them so ;  
O win them back again !

- 5 Speak gently, — 't is a little thing,  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy, that it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

C. M.                      446.                      MISS FLETCHER.

Kindly Judgment.

- 1 THINK gently of the erring one!  
O let us not forget,  
However darkly stained by sin,  
He is our brother yet!  
Heir of the same inheritance,  
Child of the selfsame God,  
He hath but stumbled in the path  
We have in weakness trod.
- 2 Speak gently to the erring ones!  
We yet may lead them back,  
With holy words, and tones of love,  
From misery's thorny track.  
Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,  
And sinful yet mayst be;  
Deal gently with the erring heart,  
As God hath dealt with thee.

L. M.                      447.                      MRS. LIVERMORE.

Redeeming Power of Love.

- 1 WHAT precept, Jesus, is like thine, —  
"Forgive, as ye would be forgiven!"  
In this we see the power divine  
Which shall transform our earth to heaven.
- 2 O not the harsh and scornful word  
The victory over sin can gain,

Not the dark prison, or the sword,  
The shackle, or the weary chain.

- 3 But from our spirits there must flow  
A love that will the wrong outweigh ;  
Our lips must only blessings know,  
And wrath and sin shall die away.
- 4 'T was heaven that formed the holy plan  
To win the wanderer back by love ;  
Thus let us save our brother, man,  
And imitate our God above.

L. M.

448.

WATTS.

Holiness and Grace.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express  
The holy Gospel we profess,  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our Saviour, God,  
When the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride,  
While justice, temperance, truth, and love  
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,—  
The bright appearance of the Lord,—  
And faith stands leaning on his word.



Joy and Peace in believing.

- 1 SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings ;  
It is the Lord, who rises  
With healing on his wings :  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new ;  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
" E'en let the unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may !
- 3 " It can bring with it nothing  
But he will bear us through ;  
Who gives the lilies clothing  
Will clothe his people too ;  
Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed,  
And he who feeds the ravens  
Will give his children bread.
- 4 " Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit shall bear,  
Though all the field should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there,

Yet, God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice ;  
For while in him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

C. M.

450.

WATTS.

Christian Courage and Self-denial.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb ?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?  
Must I not stem the flood ?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;  
Increase my courage, Lord !  
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they 're slain :  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And soon with Christ shall reign.

C. M.

451.

GISBORNE.

The Christian's Life and his Hope.

- 1 A SOLDIER'S course from battles won  
To new-commencing strife ;  
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun, —  
Behold the Christian's life !
- 2 O let us seek our heavenly home,  
Revealed in sacred lore ;  
The land whence pilgrims never roam,  
Where soldiers war no more ; —
- 3 Where grief shall never wound, nor death,  
Beneath the Saviour's reign ;  
Nor sin with pestilential breath  
His holy realm profane ; —
- 4 The land where, suns and moons unknown,  
And night's alternate sway,  
Jehovah's ever-burning throne  
Upholds unbroken day ; —
- 5 Where they who meet shall never part ;  
Where grace achieves its plan ;  
And God, uniting every heart,  
Dwells face to face with man.

L. M.

452.

MONTGOMERY.

The Christian Soldier.

- 1 THE Christian warrior, see him stand  
In the whole armor of his God ;  
The Spirit's sword is in his hand ;  
His feet are with the Gospel shod :

- 2 In panoply of truth complete,  
Salvation's helmet on his head,  
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,  
And faith's broad shield before him spread.
- 3 With this omnipotence he moves,  
From this the alien armies flee;  
Till more than conqueror he proves,  
Through Christ, who gives him victory.
- 4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,  
Sin, death, and hell he tramples down,  
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,  
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

L. M.

453.

J. SCOTT.

Toleration.

- 1 ALL-SEEING God! 't is thine to know  
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;  
To judge from principles within,  
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, great Lord of all,  
Thy servant to his bar shall call?  
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,  
And doom him to the realms of woe?
- 3 Who with another's eye can read?  
Or worship by another's creed?  
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,  
And bow to thy commands alone.
- 4 If wrong, correct; accept, if right;  
While faithful, we improve our light,  
Condemning none, but zealous still  
To learn and follow all thy will.

L. M.

454.

DRUMMOND.

“Faith without Works is dead.”

- 1 As body when the soul has fled,  
As barren trees, decayed and dead,  
Is faith, — a hopeless, lifeless thing,  
If not of righteous deeds the spring.
- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,  
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,  
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,  
Than lifted eye or bended knee.
- 3 In true and genuine faith we trace  
The source of every Christian grace;  
Within the pious breast it plays,  
A living fount of joy and praise.
- 4 Kind deeds of peace and love betray  
Where'er it winds its secret way;  
But where these spring not, rich and fair,  
The fount has never wandered there.

L. M.

455.

JANE ROSCOE.

Judge not.

- 1 O who shall say he knows the folds  
Which veil another's inmost heart, —  
The thoughts and motives which it holds,  
In which he never bore a part?
- 2 There may be hope as pure, as bright,  
As ever sought eternity, —  
There may be light, clear, heavenly light,  
Where all seems cold and dark to thee.

- 3 Go, bend to God, and leave to him  
The mystery of thy brother's heart,  
Nor vainly think his faith is dim,  
Because in thine it hath no part.
- 4 But if his thoughts and hopes should err,  
Still view him with a gentle eye, —  
Remembering doubt, and change, and fear,  
Are woven in man's destiny.

7s. M.

456.

J. TAYLOR.

The Accepted Offering.

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race,  
Wise, beneficent, and kind,  
Spread o'er nature's ample face,  
Flows thy goodness unconfined :  
Musing in the silent grove,  
Or the busy walks of men,  
Still we trace thy wondrous love,  
Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord, what offering shall we bring,  
At thine altars when we bow ?  
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,  
Whence the kind affections flow ;  
Soft compassion's feeling soul,  
By the melting eye expressed ;  
Sympathy, at whose control,  
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,  
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;  
Love, embracing all our kind,  
Charity, with liberal store :



Teach us, O thou Heavenly King,  
Thus to show our grateful mind,  
Thus the accepted offering bring,  
Love to thee, and all mankind.

S. M.

457.

DODDRIDGE.

Rejoicing in the Ways of God.

- 1 Now let our voices join  
To form a sacred song ;  
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,  
With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears,  
How open and how fair !  
No lurking snares t' entrap our feet ;  
No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of paradise  
In rich profusion spring ;  
The Sun of Glory gilds the path,  
And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires  
In beauteous prospect rise ;  
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,  
Which sparkle through the skies.
- 5 All glory to His name,  
Who drew the shining trace ;  
To Him who leads the wanderers on,  
And cheers them with his grace.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE :

S. M.

458.

ANONYMOUS.

Rejoice in the Lord alway.

- 1 REJOICE in God alway ;  
When earth looks heavenly bright,  
When joy makes glad the livelong day,  
And peace shuts in the night.
- 2 Rejoice, when care and woe  
The fainting soul oppress ;  
When tears at wakeful midnight flow,  
And morn brings heaviness.
- 3 Rejoice, in hope and fear ;  
Rejoice, in life and death ;  
Rejoice, when threatening storms are near,  
And comfort languisheth.
- 4 When should not they rejoice,  
Whom Christ his brethren calls ;  
Who hear and know his guiding voice,  
When on their hearts it falls ?
- 5 So, though our path is steep,  
And many a tempest lowers,  
Shall his own peace our spirits keep,  
And Christ's dear love be ours.

C. M.

459.

J. NEWTON.

Hidden Strength of the Christian.

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,  
Who makes your cause his own ;  
The hope that's built upon his word  
Can ne'er be overthrown.

- 2 Though many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm,  
Your life is hid with Christ in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
Or, fainting, shall not die ;  
For God, the strength of every saint,  
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,  
Faith sees him always near,  
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence ;  
Then what have you to fear ?
- 5 As surely as Christ overcame,  
And triumphed once for you,  
So surely you that love his name  
Shall triumph in him too.

C. M.

460.

DODDRIDGE.

The Way to the Heavenly City.

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Your great deliverer sing ;  
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,  
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath raised,  
How holy and how plain !  
Nor shall the simplest travellers err,  
Nor ask the track in vain.
- 3 A hand divine shall lead you on,  
Through all the blissful road,  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your Father, God.

- 4 There, garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on every head ;  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress  
Like shadows all are fled.
- 5 March on in your Redeemer's strength,  
Pursue his footsteps still,  
And let the prospect cheer your eye,  
While laboring up the hill.

S. M.

461.

MORAVIAN.

The Christian encouraged.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears ;  
Hope, and be undismayed ;  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;  
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, through clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou his time ; so shall the night  
Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 He everywhere hath rule,  
And all things serve his might ;  
His every act pure blessing is,  
His path unsullied light.
- 4 Thou comprehend'st him not ;  
Yet earth and heaven tell,  
God sits as Sovereign on the throne ;  
He ruleth all things well.
- 5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;  
Our hearts are known to thee ;  
O lift thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee !

- 6 Let us, in life or death,  
Boldly thy truth declare,  
And publish, with our latest breath,  
Thy love and guardian care.

S. H. M.

462.

CH. WATCHMAN.

Excellence of Faith.

- 1 FAITH is the Christian's prop,  
Whereon his sorrows lean ;  
It is the substance of his hope,  
His proof of things unseen ;  
It is the anchor of his soul  
When tempests rage and billows roll.
- 2 Faith is the polar star  
That guides the Christian's way,  
Directs his wanderings from afar  
To realms of endless day ;  
It points the course, where'er he roam,  
And safely leads the pilgrim home.
- 3 Faith is the rainbow's form  
Hung on the brow of heaven,  
The glory of the passing storm,  
The pledge of mercy given ;  
It is the bright, triumphal arch,  
Through which the saints to glory march.
- 4 The faith that works by love,  
And purifies the heart,  
A foretaste of the joys above  
To mortals can impart ;  
It bears us through this earthly strife,  
And triumphs in immortal life.

C. M.                      463.                      TURNER.

Power of Faith.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
And saves us from its snares ;  
It yields support in all our toils,  
And softens all our cares.
- 2 The wounded conscience knows its power  
The healing balm to give ;  
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live.
- 3 Unveiling wide the heavenly world,  
Where endless pleasures reign,  
It bids us seek our portion there,  
Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 4 There, still unshaken, would we rest,  
Till this frail body dies,  
And then, on faith's triumphant wing,  
To endless glory rise.

L. M.                      464.                      MONTGOMERY.

The Christian Graces.

- 1 FAITH, hope, and charity, these three,  
Yet is the greatest charity ;  
Father of lights, these gifts impart  
To mine and every human heart.
- 2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail,  
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,  
And charity, whose name above  
Is God's own name, for God is love.



- 3 The morning star is lost in light,  
Faith vanishes at perfect sight,  
The rainbow passes with the storm,  
And hope with sorrow's fading form.
- 4 But charity, serene, sublime,  
Beyond the reach of death and time,  
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,  
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

C. M.

465.

BREVIARY.

"These three, but the greatest of these is Charity."

- 1 HERE hope and faith their links unite  
With love in one sweet chain;  
But when all fleeting things are past,  
Love shall alone remain.
- 2 O love! O true and fadeless light!  
And shall it ever be,  
That, after all our toils and tears,  
Thy Sabbath we shall see?
- 3 'Mid thousand fears and dangers now  
We sow our seed with prayer,  
But know that joyful hands shall reap  
The shining harvests there.
- 4 O Giver of each perfect gift!  
Our faith and hope increase,  
And crown them, in the future years,  
With endless love and peace.

L. M.

466.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

A Happy Life.

- 1 How happy is he born and taught,  
Who serveth not another's will ;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill !
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are ;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied to this vain world by care  
Of public fame or private breath ;
- 3 Who hath his life from rumors freed ;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;
- 4 Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend,  
To crave for less, and more obey,  
Nor dare with Heaven's high will contend.
- 5 This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall ;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

L. M.

467.

MONTGOMERY.

Humility.

- 1 THE bird that soars on highest wing  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;  
And she that doth most sweetly sing  
Sings in the shade when all things rest ;  
In lark and nightingale we see  
What honor hath humility.

- 2 When Mary chose the better part,  
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet ;  
And Lydia's gently opened heart  
Was made for God's own temple meet :—  
Fairest and best adorned is she  
Whose clothing is humility.
- 3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown  
In deepest adoration bends ;  
The weight of glory bows him down  
Then most when most his soul ascends :—  
Nearest the throne itself must be  
The footstool of humility.

C. M.

468.

WATTS.

Christ an Example of Love.

- 1 WHEN Christ among the sons of men  
In humble form was found,  
With cruel slanders, false and vain,  
They compassed him around.
- 2 Their miseries his compassion moved,  
Their peace he still pursued ;  
They rendered hatred for his love,  
And evil for his good.
- 3 Their malice raged without a cause :  
Yet, with his dying breath,  
He prayed for murderers on his cross,  
And blest his foes in death.
- 4 O may his conduct, all divine,  
To us a model prove :  
Like us, O God, our hearts incline  
Our enemies to love.

C. M.

469.

EXETER COL.

Fortitude founded on Faith.

- 1 BLEST is the man who fears the Lord ;  
His well-established mind,  
In every varying scene of life,  
Shall true composure find.
- 2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea  
The heavenly footsteps lie ;  
But on a glorious world beyond  
His faith can fix its eye.
- 3 Though dark his present prospects be,  
And sorrows round him dwell,  
Yet hope can whisper to his soul,  
That all shall issue well.
- 4 Full in the presence of his God,  
Through every scene he goes,  
And, fearing him, no other fear  
His steadfast bosom knows.

C. M.

470.

MONTGOMERY.

Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace.

- 1 THE glorious universe around,  
The heavens with all their train,  
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound  
In one mysterious chain.
- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky  
To form one world agree ;  
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,  
Compose one family.

ITS DUTIES, VIRTUES, AND JOYS.

- 3 God in creation thus displays  
His wisdom and his might,  
While all his works with all his ways  
Harmoniously unite.
- 4 In one fraternal bond of love,  
One fellowship of mind,  
The saints below and saints above  
Their bliss and glory find.
- 5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,  
Thy statutes are their song ;  
There, through one bright, eternal age,  
Thy praises they prolong.
- 6 Lord, may our union form a part  
Of that thrice-happy whole ;  
Derive its pulse from thee the heart,  
Its life from thee the soul.

L. M.

471.

DODDRIDGE.

Devotion to God.

- 1 My gracious God, I own thy right  
To every service I can pay ;  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end ?  
Thy ever-smiling face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a friend ?
- 3 Thy work my hoary age shall bless,  
When youthful vigor is no more ;  
And my last hour of life confess  
Thy love hath animating power.

S. M.

472.

SCOTT, ALT.

“ Doth not Wisdom cry ? ”

- 1 'T is Wisdom's earnest cry,  
Wisdom, the voice of God ;  
To young and old, to low and high,  
She speaks his will abroad.
- 2 Within the human breast  
Her strong monitions plead ;  
She thunders her divine protest  
Against the unrighteous deed.
- 3 Within the holy place,  
She calls, with open arms, —  
“ How long, ye fools, will you embrace  
Folly's deceiving charms ?
- 4 “ My joys unsensual taste ;  
Come, drink of wisdom's wine ;  
No sorrow poisons my repast,  
The banquet is divine.
- 5 “ My ways are ways of peace ;  
My pleasures never cloy ;  
The bliss I give will never cease,  
But lead to endless joy.”

C. M.

473.

MRS. STEELE.

The True Riches.

- 1 WHEN Fancy spreads her boldest wings,  
And wanders unconfined  
Amidst the unbounded scene of things  
Which entertain the mind :



- 2 In vain we trace creation o'er,  
In search of sacred rest ;  
The whole creation is too poor  
To make us fully blest.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ  
Each false and flattering wile ;  
For what can yield a real joy,  
But our Creator's smile ?
- 4 Let earth with all her charms depart,  
Unworthy of the mind ;  
In God alone this restless heart  
An equal bliss can find.
- 5 Thy favor, Lord, is all we want ;  
Here would our spirit rest :  
O seal the rich, the boundless grant,  
And make us fully blest.

L. M.

474.

CH. REFORMER.

“ Lord, to whom shall we go ? ”

- 1 FROM Christ, my Lord, shall I depart,  
And rase his image from my heart ?  
Forsake the beams of heavenly day,  
And follow nature's feeble ray ?
- 2 Treasures of power, and grace divine,  
United, in my Saviour shine ;  
No other name but his is given,  
To lead us to the joys of heaven.
- 3 The living bread his hands bestow ;  
The living waters round him flow ;  
And shall I from the fountain fly,  
And in the parching desert die ?

- 4 Forbid it, Author of my frame,  
Great God, from whom my spirit came ;  
Thy Son can endless life bestow ;  
To whom but him, then, should I go ?

L. M.

475.

BARBAULD.

Christian Friendship.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds  
In union sweet according minds !  
How swift the heavenly course they run,  
Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one !
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear !  
What jealous love, what holy fear !  
How doth the generous flame within  
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow  
For human guilt and mortal woe ;  
Their ardent prayers together rise  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together both they seek the place  
Where God reveals his awful face :  
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,  
There 's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire  
When droops at length frail nature's fire ;  
For they shall meet in realms above, —  
A heaven of joy, because of love.

H. M.

476.

MONTGOMERY.

Christian Unity.

- 1 How beautiful the sight  
Of brethren who agree

In friendship to unite,  
And bonds of charity :  
'T is like the precious ointment shed  
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

2 'T is like the dews that fill  
The cups of Hermon's flowers,  
Or Zion's fruitful hill,  
Bright with the drops of showers,  
When mingling odors breathe around,  
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands  
Blessings, a boundless store,  
From his unsparing hands,  
Yea, life for evermore :  
Thrice happy they who meet above  
To spend eternity in love.

S. M.

477.

WATTS.

Union and Peace.

- 1 BLEST are the sons of peace,  
Whose hearts and hopes are one,  
Whose kind designs to serve and please  
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house,  
Where zeal and friendship meet ;  
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 From those celestial springs  
Such streams of pleasure flow,  
As no increase of riches brings,  
Nor honors can bestow.

- 4 Thus, when on Aaron's head  
They poured the rich perfume,  
The oil o'er all his raiment spread,  
And fragrance filled the room.
- 5 Thus, on the heavenly hills,  
The saints are blest above,  
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,  
And all the air is love.

S. M.

478.

BEDDOME.

All one in Christ.

- 1 LET party names no more  
The Christian world o'erspread ;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth  
Let mutual love be found ;  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Let envy and ill-will  
Be banished far away ;  
Those should in holy friendship dwell  
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the Church below  
Resemble that above ;  
Where streams of pleasure always flow,  
And every heart is love.

L. M.

479.

E. TAYLOR.

“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.”

- 1 “THUS shalt thou love the Almighty Lord,  
With all thy heart, and soul, and mind ” :  
So speaks to man that sacred word,  
For counsel and reproof designed.
- 2 “ With all thy heart ” ; no idol thing,  
Though close around the heart it twine,  
Its interposing shade must fling,  
To darken that pure love of thine.
- 3 “ With all thy mind ” ; each varied power,  
Creative fancy, musings high,  
And thoughts that glance behind, before, —  
These must religion sanctify.
- 4 “ With soul and strength ” ; thy days of ease,  
While vigor nerves each youthful limb,  
And hope and joy, and health and peace,  
All must be freely brought to him.
- 5 Thou Power supreme, in whom we move!  
Vouchsafe thy servants, in their day,  
The mind to adore, the heart to love,  
And strength to serve thee, while they may.

L. M.

480.

WESLEYAN.

For the Spirit of Love.

- 1 GIVER of peace and unity,  
Send down thy mild, pacific Dove ;  
We all shall then in one agree,  
And breathe the spirit of thy love.

- 2 We all shall think and speak the same  
Delightful lesson of thy grace,  
One undivided Christ proclaim,  
And jointly glory in thy praise.
- 3 O let us take a softer mould,  
Blended and gathered into thee ;  
Under one Shepherd make one fold,  
Where all is love and harmony.
- 4 Subdue in us the carnal mind,  
The enmity of sin destroy ;  
With cords of love our passions bind,  
And gently melt us into joy.
- 5 Thus make us find the ancient way  
The unbelieving world to move,  
And force thy wondering foes to say,  
“ Behold these Christians, how they love ! ”

C. M.                      481.                      LOGAN.

The Ways of Wisdom.

- 1 O HAPPY is the man who hears  
Instruction's faithful voice ;  
And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early, only choice !
- 2 Wisdom has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold ;  
And her rewards more precious are  
Than is the gain of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view  
A length of happy years ;  
And in her left, the prize of fame  
And honor bright appears.



- 4 She guides the young, with innocence,  
In pleasure's path to tread ;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labors rise,  
So her rewards increase ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

C. M.

482.

BEDDOME.

Fear not.

- 1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears ;  
Be mercy all your theme ;  
For mercy, like a river, flows,  
In one perpetual stream.
- 2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell ;  
God will those powers restrain ;  
His arm will all their rage repel,  
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 Fear not the want of outward good ;  
For his he will provide,  
Grant them supplies of daily food,  
And give them heaven beside.
- 4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,  
Or leave his work undone ;  
He 's faithful to his promises,  
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,  
Nor death's relentless sting ;  
Through the dark valley He will guide,  
And to his glory bring.

C. P. M.

483.

COTTON.

Contentment and Resignation.

- 1 IF solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breasts the jewel lies ;  
Nor need we roam abroad :  
The world has little to bestow ;  
From well-formed hearts our joys must flow,  
Hearts that delight in God.
- 2 Then let us, with a grateful mind,  
Take what our Father, ever kind,  
Doth graciously bestow ;  
The blessings which he sends, enjoy,  
And in his praise find sweet employ,  
From whom our comforts flow.
- 3 To be resigned, when ills betide,  
Patient, when favors are denied,  
And pleased with favors given, —  
This is the wise, the virtuous part ;  
This is that incense of the heart  
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.
- 4 Thus through life's changing scenes we'll go ;  
Its checkered paths of joy and woe  
With holy care we 'll tread ;  
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble or a fear,  
And mingle with the dead.
- 5 For conscience, like a faithful friend,  
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,  
And cheer our dying breath ;  
Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,  
And smooth the bed of death.

C. M.

484.

SAB. RECREATIONS.

Resignation.

- 1 IN trouble and in grief, O God,  
Thy smile hath cheered my way ;  
And joy hath budded from each thorn  
That round my footsteps lay.
- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good,  
Which prosperous days refused ;  
As herbs, though scentless when entire,  
Spread fragrance when they 're bruised.
- 3 The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs  
By furious blasts are driven ;  
So life's tempestuous storms the more  
Have fixed my heart in heaven.
- 4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot  
In other times may be,  
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief,  
That brings me near to thee.

L. M.

485.

WATTS.

The Heavenly Race.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls ; away, our fears ;  
Let every trembling thought be gone ;  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 't is a straight and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
Who feeds the strength of every saint :—

- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power  
Is ever new and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a full supply ;  
While those who trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode ;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

C. M.

486.

DODDRIDGE.

On Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 My God, thy service well demands  
The remnant of my days ;  
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,  
But to renew thy praise ?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love  
Did this weak frame sustain,  
When life was hovering o'er the grave,  
And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 I calmly bowed my fainting head  
On thy dear, faithful breast,  
And waited for my Father's call  
To his eternal rest.
- 4 Back from the borders of the grave,  
At thy command, I come ;  
But oh ! let not my heart retreat  
From my celestial home.

L. M.

487.

WATTS.

The Beatitudes.

- 1 BLEST are the humble souls that see  
Their emptiness and poverty :  
Treasures of grace to them are given,  
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blest are the meek, who stand afar  
From rage and passion, noise and war ;  
God will secure their happy state,  
And plead their cause against the great.
- 3 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,  
Hunger and long for righteousness ;  
They shall be well supplied, and fed  
With living streams and living bread.
- 4 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean,  
Who never tread the ways of sin ;  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
A God of spotless purity.
- 5 Blest are the men of peaceful life,  
Who quench the coals of glowing strife ;  
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,  
The sons of God, — the God of peace.
- 6 Blest are the faithful, who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;  
Eternal life is their reward.

7s. M.

488.

CENNICK.

The Christian rejoicing in Hope.

- 1 CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod ;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock and blest ;  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lord, submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

12s. M.

489.

GASKELL.

The New Birth.

- 1 I AM free ! I am free ! I have broken away  
From the chambers of night to the splendors of  
day ;  
All the phantoms that darkened around me are  
gone,  
And a spirit of light is now leading me on.
- 2 Earth appeareth in garments of beauty new drest ;  
Brighter thoughts, brighter feelings, spring forth  
in my breast ;  
Happy voices are floating in music above ;  
All creation is full of the glory of love.



- 3 God of truth! it is thou who hast shed down  
each ray  
Of the sunshine that blesses and gladdens my  
way ;  
From the depths of my spirit, to thee will I give  
Ever-thankful affection as long as I live.

S. M.

490.

ANONYMOUS.

The whole Armor of God.

- 1 FOLLOWERS of Christ! arise,  
And put your armor on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
To each obedient son.
- 2 Stand forth in his great might,  
With all his strength endued ;  
But take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.
- 3 And, above all, lay hold  
Of faith's victorious shield ;  
Armed with that adamant and gold,  
Ye cannot lose the field.
- 4 Leave no unguarded place,  
No weakness of the soul ;  
Take every virtue, every grace,  
And consecrate the whole.
- 5 That having all things done,  
And conquered in the strife,  
To nobler service ye pass on,  
And an undying life !

C. M.

491.

WATTS.

Sincerity and Hypocrisy.

- 1 God is a Spirit, just and wise,  
He sees our inmost mind ;  
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne  
With honor can appear ;  
The painted hypocrites are known  
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bending knees the ground ;  
But God abhors the sacrifice  
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere ;  
Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

L. M.

492.

COTTON.

A Peaceful Conscience.

- 1 WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,  
And court the joys that hurt the soul,  
Be mine that silent, calm repast,  
A conscience peaceful to the last.
- 2 With this companion in the shade,  
My soul no more shall be dismayed ;  
But fearless meet life's dreariest gloom,  
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

- 3 Amidst the various scenes of ills,  
Each blow some kind design fulfils ;  
And can I murmur at my God,  
While love supreme directs the rod ?
- 4 His hand will smooth my rugged way,  
And lead me to the realms of day ;  
To milder skies, and brighter plains,  
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

C. P. M.

493.

HENRY MOORE.

Holiness is Everlasting.

- 1 ALL earthly charms, however dear,  
Howe'er they please the eye or ear,  
Will quickly fade and fly ;  
Of earthly glory faint the blaze,  
And soon the transitory rays  
In endless darkness die.
- 2 The nobler beauties of the just  
Shall never moulder in the dust,  
Or know a sad decay ;  
Their honors time and death defy,  
And round the throne of heaven on high  
Beam everlasting day.

7s. M.

494.

MERRICK.

The Good Man blessed of God. Psalm 15.

- 1 WHO shall toward thy chosen seat  
Turn in glad approach his feet ?  
Who, great God, a welcome guest,  
On thy hallowed mountain rest ?
- 2 He whose heart thy love has warmed ;  
He whose will, to thine conformed,

Bids his life unsullied run ;  
He whose word and thought are one.

- 3 He who ne'er with cruel aim  
Seeks to wound an honest fame,  
Nor with gloomy joy possessed  
Can a brother's peace molest.
- 4 Who, from servile terror free,  
Spurns at those who spurn at thee,  
And to each who thee obeys  
Love and lowliest reverence pays.
- 5 What he swears, with steadfast will  
To his loss he shall fulfil ;  
Nor can bribes his sentence guide  
'Gainst the guiltless to decide.
- 6 He who thus, with heart unstained,  
Treads the path by thee ordained,  
He, great God, shall own thy care,  
And thy constant blessing share.

C. M.

495.

TATE & BRADY.

The Righteous and the Wicked.

- 1 How blest is he, who ne'er consents  
By ill advice to walk ;  
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits  
Where men profanely talk :
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God  
His business and delight ;  
Devoutly reads therein by day,  
And meditates by night.

- 3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,  
With timely fruit does bend,  
He still shall flourish, and success  
All his designs attend.
- 4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,  
No lasting root shall find ;  
Untimely blasted, and dispersed  
Like chaff before the wind.
- 5 For God approves the just man's ways ;  
To happiness they tend :  
But sinners, and the paths they tread,  
Shall both in ruin end.

C. M.

496.

TATE & BRADY

The Righteous blessed.

- 1 How blest are they who always keep  
The pure and perfect way !  
Who never from the sacred paths  
Of God's commandments stray.
- 2 Thrice blest ! who to his righteous laws  
Have still obedient been ;  
And have with fervent, humble zeal  
His favor sought to win.
- 3 Thou strictly hast enjoined us, Lord,  
To learn thy sacred will,  
And all our diligence employ  
Thy statutes to fulfil.
- 4 O then that thy most holy will  
Might o'er my ways preside,  
And I the course of all my life  
By thy direction guide !

- 5 Then with assurance should I walk,  
From all confusion free,  
Convinced with joy, that all my ways  
With thy commands agree.

S. M.

497.

WESLEYAN.

Call to labor in God's Vineyard.

- 1 THE vineyard of the Lord  
Before his laborers lies ;  
And, lo ! we see the vast reward  
Which waits us in the skies.
- 2 O let us then proceed  
In God's great work below,  
And, following our triumphant Head,  
To further conquests go.
- 3 The Church of the first-born,  
We shall with them be blest,  
And, crowned with endless joy, return  
To our eternal rest.
- 4 What honor to behold,  
In that sublime abode,  
The patriarchs and prophets old,  
And all the men of God !
- 5 Then spend our days beneath,  
Toiling in cheerful hope ;  
And fearless pass the vale of death,  
And gain the mountain-top.



C. M.

498.

COWPER.

Religious Retirement.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,  
From strife and tumult far;  
From scenes where sin is waging still  
Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree;  
And seem by thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
O with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,  
Sweet Source of light divine,  
And all harmonious names in one,  
My Father. — thou art mine!

L. M.

499.

WATTS.

Retirement and Meditation.

- 1 MY God! permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.

- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,  
One sovereign word can draw me thence ;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;  
Let noise and vanity be gone ;  
In secret silence of the mind,  
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

# PRAYERS, ASPIRATIONS, AND DEVOUT AFFECTIONS.

S. M.

500.

ANONYMOUS.

Call to Prayer.

- 1   COME to the morning prayer,  
     Come, let us kneel and pray ; —  
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,  
     To walk with God all day.
- 2   At noon, beneath the Rock  
     Of Ages, rest and pray ;  
Sweet is that shelter from the heat,  
     When the sun smites by day.
- 3   At evening, shut thy door,  
     Round the home altar pray ;  
And, finding there the house of God,  
     At heaven's gate close the day.
- 4   When midnight veils our eyes,  
     O, it is sweet to say,  
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,  
     With thee to watch and pray !

S. M.

501.

ANONYMOUS.

The Hour of Prayer.

- 1 It is the hour of prayer :  
Draw near and bend the knee,  
And fill the calm and holy air  
With voice of melody !  
O'erwearied with the heat  
And burden of the day,  
Now let us rest our wandering feet,  
And gather here to pray.
- 2 The dark and deadly blight  
That walks at noontide hour,  
The midnight arrow's secret flight,  
O'er us have had no power :  
But smiles from loving eyes  
Have been around our way,  
And lips on which a blessing lies  
Have bidden us to pray.
- 3 O blessed is the hour  
That lifts our hearts on high :  
Like sunlight when the tempests lower,  
Prayer to the soul is nigh ;  
Though dark may be our lot,  
Our eyes be dim with care,  
These saddening thoughts shall trouble not  
This holy hour of prayer.

C. M.

502.

MONTGOMERY.

Prayer.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed ;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air ;  
His watchword at the gates of death ;  
He enters heaven by prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And say, " Behold, he prays."
- 6 O Thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;  
Lord, teach us how to pray !

7s. M.

503.

MRS. HEMANS.

" I will that men pray everywhere."

- 1 CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,  
While the red light fades away ;  
Mother, with thine earnest eye  
Ever following silently ;
- 2 Father, by the breeze of eve  
Called thy harvest-work to leave ;  
Pray ! ere yet the dark hours be,  
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

- 3 Traveller in the stranger's land,  
Far from thine own household band;  
Mourner, haunted by the tone  
Of a voice from this world gone;
- 4 Captive, in whose narrow cell  
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;  
Sailor, on the darkening sea,  
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!
- 5 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
Kindred by one holy tie,  
Heaven's first star alike ye see;  
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

C. M.

504.

H. WARE, JR.

For God's Presence.

- 1 FATHER in heaven, to thee our hearts  
Would lift themselves in prayer;  
Drive from our souls each earthly thought,  
And show thy presence there.
- 2 Each moment of our lives renews  
The mercies of our Lord;  
Each moment is itself a gift  
To bear us on to God.
- 3 Help us to break the galling chains  
This world has round us thrown;  
Each passion of our hearts subdue,  
Each cherished sin disown.
- 4 O Father! kindle in our souls  
A never-dying flame  
Of holy love, of grateful trust  
In thine almighty name.



S. M.

505.

BRIGGS'S COL.

Walking with God.

- 1 FATHER, I will not pray  
Freedom from earthly ill ;  
But may thy peace be o'er my way,  
With its dove-pinion, still.
- 2 O let a sense of thee,  
Of thy sustaining love,  
My bosom-guest for ever be,  
Where'er I rest or move.
- 3 A heavenly light serene,  
With its unfading beams,  
Within my trusting heart be seen,  
More bright than childhood's dreams.
- 4 So let me walk with thee,  
Thy presence round my way ;  
Made by thine aiding Spirit free ;  
Thy love my joy and stay.

S. M.

506.

HEMANS.

For the Presence of Heavenly Thoughts.

- 1 COME to me, thoughts of heaven !  
My fainting spirit bear  
On your bright wings, by morning given,  
Up to celestial air.  
Away, far, far away,  
From thoughts by passion given,  
Fold me in blue, still, cloudless day,  
O blessed thoughts of heaven !
- 2 Come in my tempted hour,  
Sweet thoughts ! and yet again

O'er sinful wish and memory shower  
 Your soft, effacing rain;  
 Waft me where gales divine  
 With dark clouds ne'er have striven,  
 Where living founts for ever shine,  
 O blessed thoughts of heaven !

L. M.                      507.                      ANONYMOUS.

The Presence of Jesus.

- 1 WHEN, blest Redeemer, thou art near,  
 The soul enjoys a sacred peace ;  
 Thy presence calms our every fear,  
 And gives from every doubt release.
- 2 Be with us now, in truth and love,  
 In strength that conquers every sin ;  
 O cleanse, and bless, and lift above,  
 And may thy cross our hearts still win.
- 3 In suffering may we strength receive  
 From memory of thy victory won ;  
 In doubt our drooping hopes revive ;—  
 Thus be thy presence with us shown !
- 4 Be ever near our spirits, Lord ;  
 And, drawn by sympathy, may we  
 Still, through thy cross, thy life, thy word,  
 In faith and love come near to thee !

7s. M.                      508.                      GASKELL.

Christ who strengtheneth me.

- 1 WHEN arise the thoughts of sin,  
 When the world our hearts would win,  
 When, to selfish pleasures given,  
 Droops the love that blooms for heaven,

Lord ! we would remember thee,  
Thou wilt our Redeemer be.

- 2 When, with footsteps faint and slow,  
Duty's upward path we go ;  
When, by toils and hardship pressed,  
Round we turn to look for rest ;  
Lord ! we would remember thee,  
Thou our Guide and Strength wilt be.
- 3 When the day grows dark and drear,  
When, beset by doubt and fear,  
We can see no beam of light  
Struggling through the thickening night,  
Lord ! we would remember thee,  
Thou our Comforter wilt be.

8 & 7s. M.

509.

GRANT.

The Christian encouraged.

- 1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation ;  
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
Joy to find, in every station,  
Something still to do or bear :  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;  
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;  
Think what Jesus did to win thee :  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith and winged by prayer ;  
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee ;  
God's own hand shall guide thee there :  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission ;  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

C. M.

510.

COWPER.

"God will provide."

- 1 WHEN Hagar found the bottle spent,  
And wept o'er Ishmael,  
A message from the Lord was sent  
To guide her to a well.
- 2 Should not Elijah's cake and cruse  
Convince us, at this day,  
A gracious God will not refuse  
Provisions by the way.
- 3 His saints and servants shall be fed,  
The promise is secure;  
"Bread shall be given them," as he said,  
"Their water shall be sure."
- 4 Repasts far richer they shall prove,  
Than all earth's dainties are;  
'T is sweet to taste a Saviour's love,  
Though in the meanest fare.
- 5 To Jesus, then, your trouble bring,  
Nor murmur at your lot;  
While you are poor, and he is King,  
You shall not be forgot.

C. M.

511.

SACRED OFFERING.

Shepherd of Israel.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, hear my prayer,  
And to my cry give heed;  
Shepherd of Israel, lead me where  
Thy flocks in safety feed.

- 2 Whether upon the barren hills,  
Or in the desert bare,  
Strike but thy rod, the purest rills  
And greenest herbs are there :
- 3 The shadow of a mighty rock  
Is in that weary land ;  
And heavenly dews fall on the flock,  
Protected by thy hand.
- 4 Lead me, O lead me to thy fold,  
Earth has no rest beside ;  
Shepherd of Israel, known of old,  
Be thou my only guide.

C. M.

512.

COWPER.

Walking with God.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame ;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !  
How sweet their memory still !  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return !  
Sweet messenger of rest !  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne  
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame :  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

L. M.

513.

GASKELL.

Faith in God's Love.

- 1 O FATHER ! humbly we repose  
Our souls on thee, who dwell'st above,  
And bless thee for the peace which flows  
From faith in thine encircling love.
- 2 Though every earthly trust may break,  
Infinite might belongs to thee ;  
Though every earthly friend forsake,  
Unchangeable thou still wilt be.
- 3 Though clouds may gather darkly round,  
They cannot veil us from thy sight ;  
Though vain all human aid be found,  
Thou every grief canst turn to light.
- 4 All things thy wise designs fulfil,  
In earth beneath, and heaven above,  
And good breaks out from every ill,  
Through faith in thine encircling love.



L. M.

514.

DODDRIDGE.

The Rest of the grateful Soul. Psalm 116.

- 1 RETURN, my soul, and seek thy rest  
Upon thy Heavenly Father's breast :  
Indulge me, Lord, in that repose  
The soul which loves thee only knows.
- 2 Safe in thy care, I fear no more  
The tempest's howl, the billows' roar :  
Those storms must shake the Almighty's seat,  
Which violate the saint's retreat.
- 3 Thy bounties, Lord, to me surmount  
The power of language to recount ;  
From morning dawn the setting sun  
Sees but my work of praise begun.
- 4 Rich in ten thousand gifts possessed,  
In future hopes more richly blessed,  
I'll sit and sing, till death shall raise  
A note of more proportioned praise.

C. M.

515.

URWICK'S COL.

Prayer for Grace in Trial.

- 1 FATHER of all our mercies, thou  
In whom we move and live,  
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,  
And answer, and forgive.
- 2 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,  
Our helplessness we feel,  
O give the weary soul repose,  
The wounded spirit heal.

- 3 When dire temptations gather round,  
And threaten or allure,  
By storm or calm, in thee be found  
A refuge strong and sure.
- 4 When age advances, may we grow  
In faith, and hope, and love,  
And walk in holiness below  
To holiness above.
- 5 Let earthly joys and cares depart;  
Let pain and sorrow cease;  
Be thou the portion of our heart;  
In thee may we have peace.

C. M.

516.

HEBER.

In the Day of Distress.

- 1 O GOD, that mad'st the earth and sky,  
The darkness and the day,  
O listen to thy children's cry,  
And help us when we pray!
- 2 For wide the waves of bitterness  
Around our vessel roar,  
And heavy grows the burdened heart,  
To view the rocky shore.
- 3 The cross our Master bore for us,  
For him we fain would bear;  
But mortal strength to weakness turns,  
And courage to despair!
- 4 Have mercy on our failings, Lord!  
Our sinking faith renew!  
And when his sorrows visit us,  
O send his patience too.

C. M.                      517.                      WATTS.

God our Portion. Psalm 73.

- 1 God! my Supporter and my Hope,  
My Help for ever near,  
Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
Through this dark wilderness,  
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 What if the springs of life were broke,  
And flesh and heart should faint?  
God is my soul's eternal Rock,  
The Strength of every saint.
- 4 Behold, the sinners that remove  
Far from thy presence die:  
Not all the idol gods they love  
Can save them when they cry.
- 5 But to draw near to thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

C. M.                      518.                      SELECT COL.

Aspirations after the Christian Temper.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, Lord of all,  
Of life the only spring,  
Creator of unnumbered worlds,  
Supreme, immortal King,—

- 2 Drive from the windings of my heart  
    Impenitence and pride ;  
Nor let me in forbidden paths  
    With thoughtless sinners glide.
- 3 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye  
    Sees for thy creature fit ;  
I'll bless the good, and to the ill  
    Contentedly submit.
- 4 Let not despair nor fell revenge  
    Be to my bosom known :  
O give me tears for others' woes,  
    And patience for my own.
- 5 Feed me with necessary food ;  
    I ask not wealth or fame ;  
Give me an eye to see thy will,  
    A heart to bless thy name.
- 6 May still my days serenely pass,  
    Without remorse or care ;  
And growing holiness my soul  
    For life's last hour prepare.

L. M.

519.

HENRY MOORE.

Prayer for Religious Principle.

- 1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,  
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,  
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,  
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat, —
- 2 Shed down, O Lord ! a heavenly ray,  
To guide me in the doubtful way ;  
And o'er me hold thy shield of power,  
To guard me in the dangerous hour.

- 3 Teach me the flattering paths to shun  
In which the thoughtless many run,  
Who for a shade the substance miss,  
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride  
Allure my wandering soul aside;  
But, through this maze of mortal ill,  
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

S. M.

520.

MRS. STEELE.

God's Parental Character.

- 1 MY Father! — cheering name!  
O may I call thee mine!  
Give me with humble hope to claim  
A portion so divine.
- 2 This can my fears control,  
And bid my sorrows fly;  
What real harm can reach my soul  
Beneath my Father's eye?
- 3 Whate'er thy will denies,  
I calmly would resign;  
For thou art just, and good, and wise;  
O bend my will to thine!
- 4 Whate'er thy will ordains,  
O give me strength to bear;  
Still let me know a father reigns,  
And trust a father's care.
- 5 Thy ways are little known  
To my weak, erring sight;  
Yet shall my soul, believing, own  
That all thy ways are right.

C. M.

521.

WESLEY'S COL.

"Thy Kingdom come."

- 1 FATHER of me and all mankind,  
And all the hosts above,  
Let every understanding mind  
Unite to praise thy love.
- 2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,  
To every heart of man;  
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness  
In all our bosoms reign; —
- 3 The righteousness that never ends,  
But makes an end of sin;  
The joy that human thought transcends,  
Into our souls bring in; —
- 4 The kingdom of established peace,  
Which can no more remove;  
The perfect powers of godliness,  
The omnipotence of love.

L. M.

522.

COWPER.

"God is Love."

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,  
And smiling day once more appears:  
Then, my Creator! then I find  
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,  
And blush that I should ever be  
Thus prone to act so base a part,  
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.



- 3 O let me then at length be taught  
What I am still so slow to learn,—  
That God is love, and changes not,  
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!  
But, when my faith is sharply tried,  
I find myself a learner yet,  
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But O my God! one look from thee  
Subdues the disobedient will,  
Drives doubt and discontent away,  
And thy rebellious child is still.

L. M.

523.

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The Soul panting for God. Psalm 42.

- 1 As the chased hart, midst sultry beams,  
Pants for the brook's refreshing streams,  
So thirst our souls, O Lord, for thee,  
So long thy gracious face to see.
- 2 For, exiled from our heavenly home,  
We here as weary pilgrims roam;  
With toilsome step, and progress slow,  
Oft doomed to tread the path of woe.
- 3 Yet why, with anxious cares oppressed,  
Should doubt or sorrow fill the breast?  
What dangers can the Christian fear,  
With thee, his Saviour, ever near?
- 4 Not only in the noon of joy  
Thy praise shall be our sweet employ;  
But e'en affliction's darkest night  
Shall humble gratitude excite.

- 5 Yes, we will bless thee, gracious God,  
And grateful kiss the chastening rod;  
Assured its heaviest strokes but prove  
A Father's care, a Father's love.

L. M.

524.

BOOK OF HYMNS.

For a Childlike Spirit.

- 1 O THAT I as a little child  
May follow thee, and never rest,  
Till, Saviour, thou hast breathed a mild  
And lowly mind into my breast!  
Nor ever may we parted be,  
Till I become as one with thee.
- 2 Still let thy love point out my way;  
How wondrous things that love hath wrought!  
Still lead me, lest I go astray;  
Direct my word, inspire my thought;  
And if I fall, soon may I hear  
Thy voice, and know thy love is near.

C. M.

525.

C. WESLEY.

For a Tender Conscience.

- 1 I WANT a principle within  
Of jealous, godly fear;  
A sensibility to sin,  
A pain to find it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride, or fond desire;  
To catch the wandering of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From thee that I no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve,

The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience give.

- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make !  
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.

L. M.                      **526.**                      OBERLIN.  
Self-dedication.

- 1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,  
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;  
Henceforth my chief desire shall be  
To dedicate myself to thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,  
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;  
That silent, secret thought shall be,  
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;  
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place ;  
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,  
And safe beneath thy sheltering wing,  
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,  
That all I want I find in thee.

L. M.                      **527.**                      C. WESLEY.  
Spiritual Needs.

- 1 I WANT the spirit of power within,  
Of love, and of a healthful mind :  
Of power to conquer every sin ;  
Of love to God and all mankind ;

Of health that pain and death defies,  
Most vigorous when the body dies.

- 2 O that the Comforter would come,  
Nor visit as a transient guest,  
But fix in me his constant home,  
And keep possession of my breast;  
And make my soul his loved abode,  
The temple of indwelling God!

8 & 7s. M.

528.

ANONYMOUS.

Dedication to God.

- 1 HOLY Father, thou hast taught me  
I should live to thee alone;  
Year by year, thy hand hath brought me  
On through dangers oft unknown.  
When I wandered, thou hast found me;  
When I doubted, sent me light;  
Still thine arm has been around me,  
All my paths were in thy sight.
- 2 In the world will foes assail me,  
Craftier, stronger far than I;  
And the strife may never fail me,  
Well I know, before I die.  
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing  
Thou canst give the power I need;  
Through the prayer of faith receiving  
Strength, — the Spirit's strength indeed.
- 3 I would trust in thy protecting,  
Wholly rest upon thine arm,  
Follow wholly thy directing,  
Thou mine only guard from harm!

Keep me from mine own undoing,  
 Help me turn to thee when tried;  
 Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,  
 Keep me ever at thy side!

L. M.

529.

MORAVIAN.

Seeking after God

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows  
 I see from far thy beauteous light;  
 Inly I sigh for thy repose;  
 My heart is pained; nor can it be  
 At rest, till it find rest in thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still  
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;  
 And fain I would; but though my will  
 Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;  
 Yet hindrances strew all the way;  
 I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 'T is mercy all, that thou hast brought  
 My mind to seek her peace in thee;  
 Yet while I seek, but find thee not,  
 No peace my wandering soul shall see.  
 O when shall all my wanderings end,  
 And all my steps to thee-ward tend?
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun  
 That strives with thee my heart to share?  
 O tear it thence, and reign alone,  
 The Lord of every motion there;  
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
 When it hath found repose in thee.



L. M.

530.

WESLEYAN.

God our All in All. •

- 1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,  
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,  
My help and refuge from my foes,  
Secure I am, if thou art mine !  
And, lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame  
I hide me, Father, in thy name.
- 2 Father, my all in all thou art,  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;  
The healing of my broken heart ;  
In strife, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;  
My smile beneath the cold world's frown ;  
In shame, my glory and my crown ; —
- 3 In want, my plentiful supply ;  
In weakness, my almighty power ;  
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;  
My light in evil's darkest hour ;  
In grief, my joy unspeakable ;  
My life in death, my all in all.

C. M.

531.

WATTS.

“O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes.”

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still !  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will !
- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart !  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.



- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes ;  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desires, arise  
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands, —  
'T is a delightful road ;  
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
Offend against my God.

L. M.

532.

BOWRING.

Trust in God.

- 1 O LET my trembling soul be still,  
While darkness veils this mortal eye,  
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,  
Wrapt yet in fears and mystery ;  
I cannot, Lord ! thy purpose see ;  
Yet all is well, — since ruled by thee.
- 2 When, mounted on thy clouded car,  
Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,  
I can discern thy light afar,  
Thy light, sweet beaming through thy frown ;  
And, should I faint a moment, then  
I think of thee, and smile again.
- 3 So, trusting in thy love, I tread  
The narrow path of duty on ;  
What though some cherished joys are fled ?  
What though some flattering dreams are gone ?

Yet purer, brighter joys remain :  
Why should my spirit then complain ?

7s. M.

533.

NEWTON.

The Child of God.

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart ;  
Make me teachable and mild,  
Upright, simple, free from art ;  
Make me as a little child ;  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleased with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive ;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;  
'T is enough that thou wilt care ;  
Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own,  
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone, —  
Let me thus with thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

C. M.

534.

BULFINCH.

Help Thou our Unbelief.

- 1 FATHER! when o'er our trembling hearts  
Doubt's shadows gathering brood,  
When faith in thee almost departs,  
And gloomiest fears intrude ;  
Forsake us not, O God of grace,  
But send those fears relief ;

Grant us again to see thy face ;  
Lord, help our unbelief !

- 2 When sorrow comes, and joys are flown,  
And fondest hopes lie dead,  
And blessings, long esteemed our own,  
Are now for ever fled, —  
When the bright promise of our spring  
Is but a withered leaf, —  
Lord, to thy truths still let us cling ;  
Help thou our unbelief !

- 3 And when the powers of nature fail  
Upon the couch of pain,  
Nor love nor friendship can avail  
The spirit to detain ;  
Then, Father, be our closing eyes  
Undimmed by tears of grief ;  
And, if a trembling doubt arise,  
Help thou our unbelief !

L. M.

535.

TOPLADY.

For Perfect Love.

- 1 O THAT my heart was right with Thee,  
And loved thee with a perfect love !  
O that my Lord would dwell in me,  
And never from his seat remove !
- 2 Father, I dwell in mournful night,  
Till thou dost in my heart appear ;  
Arise, propitious Sun ! and light  
An everlasting morning there.
- 3 O let my prayer acceptance find,  
And bring the mighty blessing down ;  
Eyesight impart, for I am blind ;  
And seal me thine adopted son.

C. M.

536.

MONTGOMERY.

Resignation.

- 1 ONE prayer I have, — all prayers in one, —  
When I am wholly thine ;  
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,  
And let that will be mine.
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,  
In thee I firmly trust ;  
Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember that to thee  
Whate'er I have I owe ;  
And back, in gratitude, from me  
May all thy bounties flow.
- 4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,  
When used as talents lent ;  
Those talents only well employed,  
When in thy service spent.
- 5 And, though thy wisdom takes away,  
Shall I arraign thy will ?  
No ; let me bless thy name, and say,  
“ The Lord is gracious still.”
- 6 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,  
Of nothing long possessed,  
And all must fail when I go home,  
For this is not my rest.

S. M.

537.

PATRICK.

Holy Desires.

- 1 God, who is just and kind,  
Will those who err instruct,  
And to the paths of righteousness  
Their wandering steps conduct.
- 2 The humble soul he guides ;  
Teaches the meek his way ;  
Kindness and truth he shows to all  
Who his just laws obey.
- 3 Give me the tender heart  
That mixes fear with love,  
And lead me through whatever path  
Thy wisdom shall approve.
- 4 O ever keep my soul  
From error, shame, and guilt ;  
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,  
Which on thy truth is built.

7 & 6s. M.

538.

RIPPON'S COL.

"Rise, my Soul."

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings ;  
Thy better portion trace ;  
Rise, from transitory things,  
Towards heaven, thy native place :  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course ;  
Fire ascending seeks the sun, —  
Both speed them to their source :

So a soul that 's born of God  
Pants to view his glorious face,  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

S. M.

539.

HERBERT.

“Do all to the Glory of God.”

- 1 TEACH me, my God and King,  
In all things thee to see ;  
And what I do in anything,  
To do it as for thee !
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,  
While still to thee I tend ;  
In all I do, be thou the way, —  
In all be thou the end.
- 3 All may of thee partake :  
Nothing so small can be,  
But draws, when acted for thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done beneath thy laws,  
E'en servile labors shine ;  
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,  
The meanest work divine.

L. M.

540.

DODDRIDGE.

“Lord, we believe ; help thou our unbelief.”

- 1 LORD ! we have made our steadfast choice !  
In Christ the Saviour we rejoice :  
Yet still our pleasure blends with grief,  
For faith is mixed with unbelief.



- 2 His promises our hearts revive,  
And keep our fainting souls alive ;  
But sins, and fears, and sorrows rise,  
And hide the promise from our eyes.
- 3 Father, before it quite departs,  
Renew the promise in our hearts ;  
Nor see that faith in ruins laid,  
Which thy own gracious power hath made.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame ;  
Reveal the glories of thy name,  
And put our anxious doubts to flight,  
Like shades before the morning light.

C. M.

541.

WREFORD.

For Increase of Faith.

- 1 LORD, I believe ; thy power I own,  
Thy word I would obey ;  
I wander comfortless and lone,  
When from thy truth I stray.
- 2 Lord, I believe ; but gloomy fears  
Sometimes bedim my sight ;  
I look to thee with prayers and tears,  
And cry for strength and light.
- 3 Lord, I believe ; but thou dost know  
My faith is cold and weak ;  
Pity my frailty, and bestow  
The confidence I seek.
- 4 Yes, I believe ; and only thou  
Canst give my soul relief ;  
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow !  
Help thou my unbelief !

S. M.

542.

MONTGOMERY.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 OUR Heavenly Father, hear  
The prayer we offer now !  
Thy name be hallowed far and near,  
To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come ; thy will  
On earth be done in love,  
As saints and seraphim fulfil  
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,  
While by thy word we live ;  
The guilt of our iniquity  
Forgive as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power  
Our feeble hearts defend ;  
Deliver in the evil hour,  
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine, then, for ever be  
Glory and power divine ;  
The sceptre, throne, and majesty  
Of heaven and earth are thine.

L. M.

543.

MORAVIAN.

"He will be our guide even unto death."

- 1 O THOU to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light ;  
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee ;  
O burst these bonds, and set it free !

- 2 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my light, be thou my way;  
No foes, no violence, I fear,  
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe;  
O God, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 4 If rough and thorny be the way,  
My strength proportion to my day;  
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

L. M.

544.

MRS. STEELE.

Religion the only Comforter.

- 1 Is there no kind, no lenient art,  
To heal the anguish of the heart;  
To ease the heavy load of care  
Which nature must, but cannot bear?
- 2 Can reason's dictates be obeyed?  
Too weak, alas! her strongest aid;  
O let religion then be nigh,  
Whose consolations never die.
- 3 Her powerful aid supports the soul,  
And nature owns her strong control;  
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage,  
While she unfolds the sacred page.
- 4 Then, gentle Patience smiles on pain;  
Then, dying Hope revives again;  
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,  
While Faith points upward to the sky.

7 & 6s. M.

545.

MONTGOMERY.

In Time of Tribulation. Psalm 77.

- 1 In time of tribulation,  
Hear, Lord, our earnest cries ;  
With humble supplication  
To thee the spirit flies.
- 2 Remembered songs of gladness,  
Through night's lone silence brought,  
Strike notes of deepest sadness,  
And stir desponding thought.
- 3 Hath God cast off for ever ?  
Can time his truth impair ?  
His tender mercy never  
Shall we presume to share ?
- 4 Hath he his loving-kindness  
Shut up in bitter wrath ?  
No ! it is human blindness,  
That cannot see his path.
- 5 We 'll call to recollection  
The years of thy right hand,  
And, strong in thy protection,  
Again through faith we stand.
- 6 Thy way is in great waters,  
Thy footsteps are not known ;  
But let earth's sons and daughters  
Confide in thee alone !
- 7 Through the wild sea thou leddest  
Thy chosen flock of yore ;  
Still on the wave thou treadest,  
And thy redeemed pass o'er.

L. M.

546.

BEDDOME.

Submission.

- 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will!  
Tumultuous passions, all be still!  
Nor let one murmuring thought arise:  
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,  
Performs his work, — the cause conceals;  
But though his methods are unknown,  
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas  
He executes his firm decrees;  
And by his saints it stands confessed  
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,  
Prostrate before his awful seat;  
And, midst the terrors of his rod,  
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

C. M.

547.

SMART.

Prayer for Prudence and Wisdom.

- 1 FATHER of light! conduct my feet  
Through life's dark, dangerous road;  
Let each advancing step still bring  
Me nearer to my God.
- 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide;  
And, when I go astray,  
Recall my feet from folly's path,  
To wisdom's better way.

- 3 Teach me in every various scene  
To keep my end in sight ;  
And while I tread life's mazy track,  
Let wisdom guide me right.
- 4 That heavenly wisdom from above  
Abundantly impart ;  
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,  
And penetrate my heart ;
- 5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,  
Fountain of bliss and love !  
And all my darkness be dispersed  
In endless light above.

S. M.                      548.                      BOOK OF HYMNS.

Why art thou cast down, my Soul ?

- 1 WE pray for truth and peace ;  
With weary hearts we ask  
Some rest in which our souls may cease  
From life's perplexing task.  
We seek, — yet none is found ;  
We sigh, — yet hope grows faint ;  
And deeper in its mournful sound  
Goes up our wild complaint.
- 2 Only to living faith  
The promises are shown ;  
And by the love that passes death  
The rest is won alone.  
Be ours the earnest heart,  
Be ours the steady will,  
To work in silent trust our part ;  
For God is working still.



- 3 Then newer lights shall rise  
 Above these clouds of sin,  
 And heaven's unfolding mysteries  
 To glad our souls begin.  
 Our hearts from fear and wrong  
 Shall win their full release,  
 With God's own might for ever strong,  
 And calm with God's own peace.

7s. M.

549.

FURNESS.

Jesus our Leader.

- 1 FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I  
 Learn to live and learn to die ?  
 Who, O God, my guide shall be ?  
 Who shall lead thy child to thee ?
- 2 Blessed Father, gracious One,  
 Thou hast sent thy holy Son ;  
 He will give the light I need,  
 He my trembling steps will lead.
- 3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,  
 Let me ever lean on him ;  
 From his precepts wisdom draw,  
 Make his life my solemn law.
- 4 Thus, in deed, and thought, and word  
 Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,  
 In my weakness, thus shall I  
 Learn to live and learn to die ;—
- 5 Learn to live in peace and love,  
 Like the perfect ones above ;  
 Learn to die without a fear,  
 Feeling thee, my Father, near.

C. M.

550.

MOORE.

Faith.

- 1 THE dove, let loose in Eastern skies,  
Returning fondly home,  
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
Where idle warblers roam ;
- 2 But high she shoots through air and light,  
Above all low delay,  
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare  
And stain of passion free,  
Aloft, through faith's serener air,  
To urge my course to thee :
- 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay,  
My soul, as home she springs ;  
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
Thy freedom on her wings !

L. M.

551.

NORTON.

Trust and Submission.

- 1 MY God, I thank thee ! may no thought  
E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;  
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,  
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;  
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;  
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,  
That darkens o'er his little day.

- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain  
Thy frail and erring child must know:  
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,  
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ;  
Thy purposes of love fulfil;  
And 'mid the wreck of human joy,  
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

L. M.

552.

HENRY MOORE.

Prayer for Religious Principle.

- 1 SUPREME and universal Light!  
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!  
Parent of good! whose blessings flow  
On all above, and all below;—
- 2 Assist us, Lord! to act, to be,  
What nature and thy laws decree:  
Worthy that intellectual flame,  
Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 3 Our moral freedom to maintain,  
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,  
Self-poised, and independent still  
Of this world's varying good or ill.
- 4 May our expanded souls disclaim  
The narrow view, the selfish aim;  
But with a Christian zeal embrace  
Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 5 O Father! grace and virtue grant;  
No more we wish, no more we want:  
To know, to serve thee, and to love,  
Is peace below — is bliss above.

C. M.

553.

ANONYMOUS.

For a Christian Spirit.

- 1 FATHER, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out to me ;  
The changes that must surely come  
I do not fear to see ;  
I ask thee for the present mind,  
Intent on pleasing thee.
- 2 I ask thee for a thankful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with cheerful smile,  
And wipe the weeping eyes ;  
A heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will,  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know ;  
I would be dealt with as a child,  
And guided where to go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate,  
I would have fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate ;  
A work of holy love to do,  
For Him on whom I wait.

12s. M.

554.

ANONYMOUS.

"It is good for me to have been afflicted."

- 1 FOR what shall I praise thee, my God and my King?  
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?

Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, and for  
ease,  
For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace?

2 Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloomed on my  
breast,  
For joys in perspective, and pleasures possessed?  
For the spirits that heightened my day of delight,  
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?

3 For this should I praise thee ; but, if only for this,  
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss :  
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,  
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I  
bear ; —

4 For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,  
A present of pain, a perspective of fears.  
I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,  
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestowed.

5 The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is  
flown,  
They yielded no fruits, they are withered and gone ;  
The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me, —  
'T was the message of mercy, — it led me to thee.

S. M.

555.

WESLEY'S CCL.

For Christian Principles.

1 My God, my strength, my hope,  
On thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

Give me on thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do ;  
On thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill ;  
A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss,  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,  
A quick discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly ;  
A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
To thee and thy great name ;  
A zealous, just concern  
For thine immortal praise ;  
A pure desire that all may learn,  
And glorify thy grace.

5 I rest upon thy word ;  
The promise is for me :  
My succor and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from thee :



But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till thou my patient spirit guide  
Into thy perfect love.

7s. M.

556.

CONDER.

Our Daily Bread.

- 1 DAY by day the manna fell :  
O to learn this lesson well !  
Still by constant mercy fed,  
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
- 2 " Day by day," the promise reads ;  
Daily strength for daily needs :  
Cast foreboding fears away ;  
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord ! my times are in thy hand ;  
All my sanguine hopes have planned  
To thy wisdom I resign,  
And would make thy purpose mine.
- 4 Thou my daily task shalt give :  
Day by day to thee I live ;  
So shall added years fulfil,  
Not my own, my Father's will.
- 5 O to live exempt from care,  
By the energy of prayer ;  
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,  
Yet elate with gratitude !

C. M.

557.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

Habitual Devotion.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power !  
Be my vain wishes stilled ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;  
To thee my thoughts would soar ;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,—  
That mercy I adore !
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see !  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;—  
That heart shall rest on thee !

7s. M.

558.

METHODIST COLL.

“ I will that men pray everywhere.”

- 1 THEY who seek the throne of grace  
Find that throne in every place ;

If we live a life of prayer,  
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness, in our health,  
In our want or in our wealth,  
If we look to God in prayer,  
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,  
When the woes of life prevail,  
'T is the time for earnest prayer:  
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,  
To thy Father come, and wait;  
He will answer every prayer,  
God is present everywhere.

S. M.

559.

JOHNS.

“Thy kingdom come.”

1 COME, kingdom of our God,  
Sweet reign of light and love!  
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,  
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first  
Extend thy healing reign;  
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,  
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God!  
And make the broad earth thine;  
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod  
That flowers with grace divine.

4    Soon may all tribes be blest  
       With fruit from life's glad tree ;  
 And in its shade like brothers rest,  
       Sons of one family.

5    Come, kingdom of our God !  
       And raise thy glorious throne  
 In worlds by the undying trod,  
       Where God shall bless his own.

7 & 6s. M.

560.

ED. LIT. REV.

“Pray without ceasing.”

1    Go when the morning shineth,  
       Go when the noon is bright,  
 Go when the eve declineth,  
       Go in the hush of night ;  
 Go with pure mind and feeling,  
       Fling earthly thought away,  
 And, in thy closet kneeling,  
       Do thou in secret pray.

2    Remember all who love thee,  
       All who are loved by thee ;  
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,  
       If any such there be ;  
 Then for thyself, in meekness,  
       A blessing humbly claim,  
 And blend with each petition  
       Thy great Redeemer's name.

3    Or, if 't is e'er denied thee  
       In solitude to pray,  
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee  
       When friends are round thy way,

E'en then the silent breathing,  
 Thy spirit raised above,  
 Will reach his throne of glory,  
 Where dwells eternal love.

- 4 O, not a joy or blessing  
 With this can we compare, —  
 The grace our Father gave us  
 To pour our souls in prayer:  
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
 Before his footstool fall;  
 Remember, in thy gladness,  
 His love, who gave thee all.

8 & 7s. M.

561.

WESLEYAN.

The Heart given to God.

- 1 TAKE my heart, O Father, take it,  
 Make and keep it all thine own;  
 Let thy Spirit melt it, break it, —  
 This proud heart of sin and stone.
- 2 Heavenly Father! deign to mould it  
 In obedience to thy will;  
 And, as ripening years unfold it,  
 Keep it meek and childlike still.
- 3 Father! make it pure and lowly,  
 Fond of peace and far from strife,  
 Turning from the paths unholy  
 Of this vain and sinful life.
- 4 Ever let thy grace surround it,  
 Strengthen it with power divine,  
 Till thy cords of love have bound it, —  
 Made it to be wholly thine.

5 May the blood of Jesus heal it,  
 And its sins be all forgiven;  
 Holy Spirit, take and seal it,—  
 Guide it in the path to heaven.

L. M.

562.

MONTGOMERY.

Following after God.

- 1 O God, thou art my God alone;  
 Early to thee my soul shall cry,  
 A pilgrim in a land unknown,  
 A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.
- 2 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,  
 I follow hard on thee, my God;  
 Thine hand unseen upholds my ways;  
 I lean upon thy staff and rod.
- 3 Thee, in the watches of the night,  
 When I remember, on my bed,  
 Thy presence makes the darkness light;  
 Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 4 Better than life itself thy love,  
 Dearer than all beside to me;  
 For whom have I in heaven above,  
 Or what on earth, compared with thee?
- 5 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,  
 For all thy mercy, I will give;  
 My soul shall still in God rejoice;  
 My tongue shall bless thee while I live.



C. M.

563.

MARTINEAU'S COL.

Secret Prayer.

- 1 SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream  
In earnest pleading flows ;  
Devotion dwells upon the theme,  
And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessings she desires ;  
Hope points the upward gaze ;  
And Love, celestial Love, inspires  
The eloquence of praise.
- 3 But sweeter far the still, small voice,  
Heard by no human ear,  
When Jesus makes the heart rejoice,  
And dries the bitter tear.
- 4 Not accents flow, nor words ascend ;  
All utterance faileth there ;  
But Christian spirits comprehend,  
And God accepts the prayer.

C. M.

564.

MRS. STEELE.

The transforming Vision of God.

- 1 My God, the visits of thy face  
Afford superior joy  
To all the flattering world can give,  
Or mortal hopes employ.
- 2 But clouds and darkness intervene,  
My brightest joys decline ;  
And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare  
This wandering heart of mine.

- 3 Lord, guide this wandering heart to thee ;  
Unsatisfied I stray ;  
Break through the shades of sense and sin  
With thy enlivening ray.
- 4 O let thy beams resplendent shine,  
And every cloud remove ;  
Transform my powers, and fit my soul  
For happier scenes above.
- 5 Then, though I sink in death's cold sleep,  
To life I shall awake ;  
And, in the likeness of my God,  
Of heavenly bliss partake.

L. M.

565.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Prayer for Divine Help.

- 1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go ;  
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do ;  
Show me my weakness, let me see  
I have my power, my all from thee.
- 2 Enrich me always with thy love ;  
My kind protection ever prove ;  
Thy signet put upon my breast,  
And let thy Spirit on me rest.
- 3 Assist and teach me how to pray ;  
Incline my nature to obey ;  
What thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,  
And only love what pleases thee.
- 4 O may I never do my will,  
But thine, and only thine, fulfil ;  
Let all my time and all my ways  
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

L. M.

566.

STOWELL.

The Mercy-seat.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads, —  
A place of all on earth most sweet;  
It is the heavenly mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more;  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

L. M.

567.

H. WARE, JR.

Prayer for the right Use of Sickness.

- 1 FATHER, thy gentle chastisement  
Falls kindly on my burdened soul;  
I see its merciful intent  
To warn me back to thy control;  
And pray, that, while I kiss the rod,  
I may find perfect peace with God.
- 2 The errors of my heart I know;  
I feel my deep infirmities:  
For often virtuous feelings glow,  
And holy purposes arise,

But like the morning clouds decay,  
As empty, though as fair, as they.

- 3 Forgive the weakness I deplore;  
And let thy peace abound in me;  
That I may trust myself no more,  
But wholly cast myself on thee.  
O let my Father's strength be mine,  
And my devoted life be thine!

L. M.

568.

MRS. COTTERILL.

Subjection to the Divine Will.

- 1 O THOU, who hast at thy command  
The hearts of all men in thy hand!  
Our wayward, erring minds incline  
To have no other will but thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control;  
Mould every purpose of the soul;  
O'er all may we victorious be  
That stands between ourselves and thee.
- 3 Thrice-blest will all our blessings be,  
When we can look through them to thee;  
When each glad heart its tribute pays  
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 And while we to thy glory live,  
May we to thee all glory give,  
Until the final summons come,  
That calls thy willing servants home.

7 & 6s. M.

569.

WESLEYAN.

Confidence in God's Protection.

1 O MY soul, unceasing pray ;  
 In God alone confide ;  
 He thy feeble steps shall stay,  
 Nor suffer thee to slide ;  
 Lean on thy Redeemer's breast ;  
 He thy spirit safely keeps ;  
 Rest in him, securely rest ;  
 Thy Watchman never sleeps.

2 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,  
 Thy Keeper can surprise ;  
 Careless slumbers cannot steal  
 On his all-seeing eyes ;  
 He is Israel's sure Defence ;  
 Israel all his care shall prove,  
 Kept by watchful Providence,  
 And ever-waking Love.

3 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand  
 Omnipotently near ;  
 Lo, he holds thee by thy hand,  
 And banishes thy fear ;  
 He shall bless thy going out,  
 He shall bless thy coming in,  
 Kindly compass thee about,  
 And guard from every sin.

L. M.

570.

J. NEWTON.

Trust in God.

1 BE still, my heart ! these anxious cares  
 To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;  
 They cast dishonor on thy Lord,  
 And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?  
How canst thou want if he provide,  
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 Did ever trouble yet befall,  
And he refuse to hear thy call?  
And has he not his promise passed,  
That thou shalt overcome at last?

4 He who has helped me hitherto  
Will help me all my journey through,  
And give me daily cause to raise  
New trophies to his endless praise.

C. M.

571.

J. NEWTON.

Trust in God.

1 O HAPPY they who know the Lord,  
With whom he deigns to dwell;  
He feeds and cheers them by his word,  
His arm supports them well.

2 To them, in each distressing hour,  
His throne of grace is near;  
And, when they plead his love and power,  
He stands engaged to hear.

3 He helped his saints in ancient days  
Who trusted in his name;  
And we can witness, to his praise,  
His love is still the same.

4 His presence sweetens all our cares,  
And makes our burdens light;  
A word from him dispels our fears,  
And gilds the gloom of night.



5 Lord, we expect to suffer here,  
Nor would we dare repine ;  
But give us still to find thee near,  
And own us still for thine.

6 Let us enjoy and highly prize  
The tokens of thy love,  
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise  
To worship thee above.

L. M.

572.

BULFINCH.

The Voice of God in the Heart.

1 HATH not thy heart within thee burned,  
At evening's calm and holy hour,  
As if its inmost depths discerned  
The presence of a loftier power ?

2 Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,  
While ancient rivers murmured by,  
A voice from forth the eternal shades,  
That spake a present Deity ?

3 And as, upon the sacred page,  
Thine eye in rapt attention turned  
O'er records of a holier age,  
Hath not thy heart within thee burned ?

4 It was the voice of God that spake  
In silence to thy silent heart ;  
And bade each worthier thought awake,  
And every dream of earth depart.

5 Voice of our God, O yet be near !  
In low, sweet accents whisper peace ;  
Direct us on our pathway here,  
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

L. M. **573.** EXETER COL.

Prayer for Steadfastness and Watchfulness.

- 1 GREAT God, my Father and my Friend,  
On whom I cast my constant care,  
On whom for all things I depend,  
To thee I raise my humble prayer.
- 2 Endue me with a holy fear;  
The frailty of my heart reveal;  
Sin and its snares are always near;  
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 3 O that to thee my constant mind  
May with a steady flame aspire,  
Pride in its earliest motions find,  
And check the rise of wrong desire!
- 4 O that my watchful soul may fly  
The first-perceived approach of sin,  
Look up to thee when danger's nigh,  
And feel thy fear control within!
- 5 Search, gracious God, my inmost heart;  
From guilt and error set me free;  
Thy light, and truth, and peace impart,  
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

S. M. **574.** STERNHOLD.

Penitential. Psalm 25.

- 1 I LIFT my heart to thee,  
My God and Guide most just;  
Now suffer me to take no shame,  
For in thee do I trust.

- 2 Remember not the faults  
And frailty of my youth ;  
Remember not how ignorant  
I have been of thy truth.
- 3 Nor after my deserts  
Let me thy mercy find ;  
But of thine own benignity,  
Lord, have me in thy mind.
- 4 His mercy is full sweet,  
His truth a perfect guide ;  
Therefore the Lord will sinners teach,  
And such as go aside.

C. M.

575.

DODDRIDGE.

Trust in the Presence and Help of God.

- 1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,  
To dissipate our fear ?  
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,  
Our God for ever near ?
- 2 Doth thy right hand, which formed the earth,  
And bears up all the skies,  
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,  
When dangers round us rise ?
- 3 On this support our souls shall lean,  
And banish every care ;  
The gloomy vale of death will smile,  
If God be with us there.
- 4 While we his gracious succor prove,  
Midst all our various ways,  
The darkest shades through which we pass,  
Shall echo with his praise.

L. M.

576.

COWPER.

Temptation.

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;  
Out of the depths to thee I call ;  
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
And guard and guide me through the storm ;  
Defend me from each threatening ill ;  
Control the waves ; say, " Peace ! be still ! "
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;  
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Though tempest-tost and half a wreck,  
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;  
Let neither winds nor stormy main  
Force back my shattered bark again.

7s. M.

577.

GASKELL.

Trust in the All-seeing God.

- 1 MIGHTY God ! the first, the last !  
What are ages, in thy sight,  
But as yesterday when past,  
Or a watch within the night ?
- 2 All that being ever knew,  
Far, far back, ere time had birth,  
Stands as clear within thy view  
As the present things of earth.

- 3 All that being e'er shall know,  
On, still on, through farthest years,  
All eternity can show,  
Bright before thee now appears.
- 4 In thine all-embracing sight,  
Every change its purpose meets,  
Every cloud floats into light,  
Every woe its glory greets.
- 5 Whatsoe'er our lot may be,  
Calmly in this thought we 'll rest, —  
Could we see as thou dost see,  
We should choose it as the best.

C. M.

578.

MERRICK.

"He knoweth what ye have need of."

- 1 AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee;  
Thine ever-watchful eye  
Alone our real wants can see,  
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 In thine all-gracious providence  
Our cheerful hopes confide;  
O let thy power be our defence,  
Thy love our footsteps guide!
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdued,  
Too oft, with stubborn will,  
We blindly shun the latent good,  
And grasp the specious ill, —
- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,  
Let mercy still supply:  
The good unasked, O Father, grant;  
The ill, though asked, deny.

C. M.

579.

ANONYMOUS.

The Benefit of Affliction.

- 1 O God, to thee my sinking soul  
In deep distress doth fly ;  
Thy love can all my griefs control,  
And all my wants supply.
- 2 How oft, when dark misfortune's band  
Around their victim stood,  
The seeming ill, at thy command,  
Hath changed to real good !
- 3 The tempest that obscured the sky  
Hath set my bosom free  
From earthly care and sensual joy,  
And turned my thoughts to thee.
- 4 Affliction's blast hath made me learn  
To feel for others' woe,  
And humbly seek, with deep concern,  
My own defects to know.
- 5 Then rage, ye storms ; ye billows, roar ;  
My heart defies your shock ;  
Ye make me cling to God the more,—  
To God, my sheltering Rock.

C. M.

580.

DODDRIDGE.

Deliverances celebrated. Psalm 116.

- 1 Look back, my soul, with grateful love  
On what thy God has done ;  
Praise him for his unnumbered gifts,  
And praise him for his Son.



- 2 How oft hath his indulgent hand  
My flowing eyelids dried,  
And rescued from impending death,  
When I in danger cried!
- 3 When on the bed of pain I lay,  
With sickness sore oppressed,  
How oft hath he assuaged my grief,  
And lulled my eyes to rest!
- 4 Back from destruction's yawning pit  
At his command I came;  
He fed the expiring lamp anew,  
And raised its feeble flame.
- 5 My broken spirit he hath cheered,  
When torn with inward grief;  
And, when temptations pressed me sore,  
Hath brought me swift relief.
- 6 Still will I walk before his face,  
While he this life prolongs;  
Till grace shall all its work complete,  
And teach me heavenly songs.

8, 7, & 4s. M.

581.

OLIVER.

God the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land:  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through :  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
Bear me through the swelling current ;  
Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

L. M.

582.

MORAVIAN.

Living to God.

- 1 O DRAW me, Father, after thee,  
So shall I run and never tire ;  
With gracious words still comfort me ;  
Be thou my hope, my sole desire :  
Free me from every weight ; nor fear  
Nor sin can come, if thou art here.
- 2 From all eternity, with love  
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed ;  
Ere knew this beating heart to move,  
Thy tender mercies me pursued ;  
Ever with me may they abide,  
And close me in on every side.
- 3 In suffering be thy love my peace,  
In weakness be thy love my power ;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
My God ! in that important hour,  
In death as life be thou my guide,  
And bear me through death's whelming tide.

L. M.

583.

DODDRIDGE.

Deliverance celebrated, and good Resolutions formed.

- 1 GREAT Source of life, our souls confess  
The various riches of thy grace ;  
Crowned with thy mercy, we rejoice,  
And in thy praise exalt our voice.
- 2 By thee heaven's shining arch was spread ;  
By thee were earth's foundations laid ;  
And all the charms of man's abode  
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.
- 3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,  
When trembling on the verge of death ;  
Gently it wipes away our tears,  
And lengthens life to future years.
- 4 These lives are sacred to the Lord ;  
Kindled by him, by him restored ;  
And while our hours renew their race,  
Still would we walk before his face.
- 5 So, when by him our souls are led  
Through unknown regions of the dead,  
With joy triumphant shall they move  
To seats of nobler life above.

C. M.

584.

MRS. STEELE.

Trust in God's Word.

- 1 WHEN sin and sorrow, fear and pain,  
My trembling heart dismay,  
My feeble strength, alas, how vain !—  
It sinks and dies away.

- 2 My spirit asks a firmer prop ;  
I lean upon the Lord ;  
My God, the pillar of my hope  
Is thy unchanging word.
- 3 On this are built the brightest joys  
Celestial beings know ;  
And 't is the same almighty voice  
Supports the saints below.
- 4 'T is this upholds the rolling spheres  
And heaven's immortal frame ;  
Then let my soul suppress her fears, —  
My basis is the same.
- 5 Thy sacred word, thy solemn oath,  
For ever must remain ;  
I trust in everlasting truth,  
Nor shall my trust be vain.

L. M.

585.

SIR W. SCOTT.

Imploring the Constant Presence of God.

- 1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her fathers' God before her moved,  
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
- 2 By day, along the astonished lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;  
By night Arabia's crimsoned sands  
Returned the fiery column's glow.
- 3 Thus present still, though now unseen,  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,  
To temper the deceitful ray !

- 4 And oh! when gathers on our path,  
In shade and storm, the frequent night,  
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light!

C. M.

586.

WESLEY'S COL.

The Saint's Rest.

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,  
To all thy people known;  
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And thou art loved alone;
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire  
Is fixed on things above;  
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in!  
Now, Father, now the power bestow,  
And let me cease from sin!
- 4 Remove all hardness from my heart,  
All unbelief remove;  
To me the rest of faith impart,  
The sabbath of thy love.

C. M.

587.

SCOTT.

"God giveth the Victory."

- 1 THE swift not always in the race  
Shall win the crowning prize;  
Not always wealth and honor grace  
The labors of the wise.

- 2 Fond mortals but themselves beguile  
When on themselves they rest :  
Blind is their wisdom, weak their toil,  
By thee, O Lord, unblest.
- 3 Evil and good before thee stand,  
Thy missions to perform ;  
The blessing comes at thy command,  
At thy command the storm.
- 4 O Lord, in all our ways we 'll own  
Thy providential power,  
Intrusting to thy care alone  
The lot of every hour.

L. M.

588.

J. ROSCOE.

Grateful Reliance on God.

- 1 How rich the blessings, O my God,  
Which teach this grateful heart to glow ;  
How kindly poured, and free bestowed,  
The rivers of thy mercy flow !
- 2 How calmly rolls the sea of life ;  
Secure in thine immortal trust,  
The soul has hushed her secret strife,  
Nor longer shudders at the dust.
- 3 Though sorrow's cloud awhile o'ercast  
The dawn of earthly hope and joy,  
She knows that it must soon be past,  
And will unveil eternity.
- 4 Then virtue's humble toil and prayer  
Shall stand acknowledged at thy throne,  
Triumphant over earthly care ;  
And the blest record thou wilt own.



C. M.

589.

MONTGOMERY.

Solomon's Prayer for Wisdom. 2 Chron. i.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God! in humble prayer  
To thee our souls we lift;  
Do thou our waiting minds prepare  
For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth  
Along our path to flow;  
We ask not undecaying health,  
Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honors which an hour  
May bring and take away;  
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,  
Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom:— Lord, impart  
The knowledge how to live;  
A wise and understanding heart  
To all before thee give.
- 5 The young remember thee in youth,  
Before the evil days!  
The old be guided by thy truth  
In wisdom's pleasant ways!

L. M.

590.

GASKELL.

Looking unto Jesus always.

- 1 O NOT by solemn rites alone  
May Calvary's cross to us be shown;  
But may we turn, in many an hour,  
To feel its soul-constraining power.

- 2 When indolence would have its will,  
And selfish ease would keep us still,  
Then to the Saviour may we look,  
And meet his eye's serene rebuke.
- 3 When men have done us cruel wrong,  
And angry thoughts are rising strong,  
May we with softened hearts turn there,  
And learn the Lord's forgiving prayer.
- 4 When sin looks tempting in our eyes,  
May Jesus on the cross arise,  
And ask if we will him forsake,  
And wear the chains he died to break.
- 5 When pain, or sickness, or distress,  
Our fainting souls would overpress,  
To him on Calvary looking still,  
May we find strength to bear God's will.

C. M.

591.

HEGINEOTHAM.

Praising God in Life and Death.

- 1 MY soul shall praise thee, O my God!  
Through all my mortal days;  
And to eternity prolong  
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,  
Be this my sweet employ:  
Devotion heightens all my bliss,  
And sanctifies my joy.
- 3 When gloomy care or keen distress  
Invades my throbbing breast,  
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,  
And soothe my pains to rest.

- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim  
The honors of my God ;  
My life, with all my active powers,  
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 5 And though these lips shall cease to move,  
Though death shall close these eyes,  
Yet shall my soul to nobler heights  
Of joy and transport rise.
- 6 Then shall my powers in endless strains  
Their grateful tribute pay :  
The theme demands an angel's tongue,  
And an eternal day.

C. M.

592.

NOEL.

Hope in Trouble.

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,  
And mourns the present pain,  
'T is sweet to think of peace at last,  
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'T is not that murmuring thoughts arise,  
And dread a Father's will ;  
'T is not that meek submission flies,  
And would not suffer still ;—
- 3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys  
The path that leads to light,  
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,  
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is that harassed conscience feels  
The pangs of struggling sin ;  
And sees, though far, the hand that heals  
And ends the strife within.

- 5 O let me wing my hallowed flight  
From earth-born woe and care,  
And soar above these clouds of night,  
My Saviour's bliss to share !

L. M.

593.

DODDRIDGE.

Choosing the better Part.

- 1 BESET with snares on every hand,  
In life's uncertain path I stand :  
Father divine ! diffuse thy light,  
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart  
Wisely to choose the better part ;  
To scorn the trifles of a day,  
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;  
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;  
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,  
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Father, still be nigh,  
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;  
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,  
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

C. M.

594.

DODDRIDGE.

Seeking the Knowledge of God.

- 1 SHINE forth, Eternal Source of light,  
And make thy glories known ;  
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight  
With lustre all thy own.

- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays  
The brightest creatures boast ;  
And all their grandeur and their praise  
Is in thy presence lost.
- 3 To know the Author of our frame  
Is our sublimest skill :  
True science is to read thy name,  
True life t' obey thy will.
- 4 For this I long, for this I pray,  
And following on pursue,  
Till visions of eternal day  
Fix and complete the view.

C. M.

595.

COWPER.

Submission to the Divine Disposal.

- 1 O LORD ! my best desires fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
Whose love forbids my fears ;  
Or tremble at thy gracious hand,  
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No ! let me rather freely yield  
What most I prize to thee,  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Nor wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;  
Shall I resist them both ?  
Short-sighted creature of a day,  
And crushed before the moth !

- 5 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,  
Still bind me to thy sway ;  
Else the next cloud that veils my skies  
Drives all these thoughts away.

C. M.

596.

MRS. STEELE.

God our Portion. Psalm 4.

- 1 IN vain the erring world inquires  
For true, substantial good ;  
Whilst earth confines their low desires,  
They live on airy food.
- 2 Not all the good which earth bestows  
Can fill the craving mind ;  
Its highest joys have mingled woes,  
And leave a sting behind.
- 3 Begone, ye gilded vanities ;  
I seek some solid good ;  
To real bliss my wishes rise, —  
The favor of my God.
- 4 To thee, my God, my soul aspires ;  
Dispel these shades of night ;  
Enlarge and fill these vast desires  
With infinite delight.

C. M.

597.

DODDRIDGE.

God speaking Peace to his People. Psalm 85.

- 1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite  
In silence soft and sweet :  
And thou, my soul, sit gently down  
At thy great Sovereign's feet.



- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,  
Yet gladly I attend ;  
For lo ! the everlasting God  
Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul  
The sound of peace convey ;  
The tempest at his word subsides,  
And winds and seas obey.
- 4 By all its joys I charge my heart  
To grieve his love no more ;  
But, charmed by melody divine,  
To give its follies o'er.

C. M.

598.

T. HUMPHRIES.

" Lord, remember me."

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my soul to thee ;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Good Lord, remember me.
- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart :  
Good Lord, remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
O let my strength be as my day :  
Good Lord, remember me.
- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
This feeble body see ;  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief :  
Good Lord, remember me.

- 5 When in the solemn hour of death  
I wait thy just decree,  
Be this the prayer of my last breath, —  
“ Good Lord, remember me ! ”
- 6 And when before thy throne I stand,  
And lift my soul to thee,  
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,  
Good Lord, remember me !

L. M.

599.

WATTS.

God the Source of Joy here and hereafter.

- 1 LORD, when I quit this earthly stage,  
Where shall I fly but to thy breast ?  
For I could find no other home,  
And I would seek no other rest.
- 2 I cannot live contented here  
Without some glimpses of thy face ;  
And heaven, without thy presence there,  
Would be a dark and tiresome place.
- 3 When earthly cares engross the day,  
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,  
The shining hours of cheerful light  
Are like long, tedious years to me.
- 4 And if no evening visit 's paid  
Between my Saviour and my soul,  
How dull the night ! how sad the shade !  
How mournfully the minutes roll !

L. M.

600.

ANONYMOUS.

Peace for troubled Souls.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan  
Reveals thy weight of inward woe ;  
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,  
And let thy tears forget to flow :  
Behold, the precious balm is found,  
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,  
Unburden here thy weighty load ;  
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,  
And trust the mercy of thy God :  
Thy God 's thy Saviour, — glorious word !  
For ever love and praise thy Lord.

L. M.

601.

WATTS.

Divine Protection. Psalm 121.

- 1 UP to the hills I lift my eyes, —  
The eternal hills beyond the skies ;  
Thence all her help my soul derives ;  
There my almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,  
That built the world, that spread the flood ;  
The heavens with all their hosts he made,  
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;  
His morning smiles bless all the day ;  
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, — a name divinely blest, —  
May rise secure, securely rest ;  
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

S. M.

602.

WATTS.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love ;  
He shall send down his heavenly powers  
To carry us above.
- 3 There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin, —  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 4 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.
- 5 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below ;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We 're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.

S. M. 603. DODDRIDGE.

God's Care a Remedy for ours.

- 1 How gentle God's commands !  
How kind his precepts are !  
"Come cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care."
- 2 While Providence supports,  
Let saints securely dwell ;  
That hand which bears all nature up,  
Shall guide his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind ?  
Haste to your Heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved  
Down to the present day ;  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

L. M. 604. BROWNE.

Gratitude and Reliance.

- 1 GREAT Lord of earth, and seas, and skies,  
Thy wealth the needy world supplies ;  
And safe beneath thy guardian arm,  
We live secured from every harm.
- 2 To thee perpetual thanks we owe  
For all our comforts here below ;  
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,  
And every rising want relieves.



- 3 To thee we cheerful homage bring ;  
In grateful hymns thy praises sing ;  
On thee we ever will depend, —  
The rich, the sure, the faithful Friend.
- 4 And, should thy measures seem severe,  
Calmly may we thy chastening bear ;  
Without complaint to thee submit,  
The unerring Judge of what is fit.

L. M.

605.

MORPETH.

The Use of Tears.

- 1 How little of ourselves we know,  
Before a grief the heart has felt !  
The lessons that we learn of woe  
Make strong the soul, as well as melt.
- 2 The energies too stern for mirth,  
The reach of thought, the strength of will,  
'Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,  
Though blight and blast their course fulfil.
- 3 And yet 't is when it mourns and fears,  
The laden spirit feels forgiven ;  
And through the mist of falling tears  
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

L. M.

606.

DODDRIDGE.

Faith encouraged.

- 1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims  
His various and his saving names ;  
O may they not be heard alone,  
But by our sure experience known.



- 2 Let great Jehovah be adored,  
The eternal, all-sufficient Lord,  
He through the world Most High confessed,  
By whom 't was formed, and is possessed.
- 3 Awake, our noblest powers, to bless  
The God of Abram, God of peace ;  
Now by a dearer title known, —  
Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 4 Through every age his gracious ear  
Is open to his servants' prayer ;  
Nor can one humble soul complain  
That it hath sought its God in vain.
- 5 What unbelieving heart shall dare  
In whispers to suggest a fear,  
While still he owns his ancient name ?  
The same his power, his love the same.
- 6 To thee our souls in faith arise,  
To thee we lift expecting eyes,  
And boldly through the desert tread,  
For God will guard where God shall lead.

S. M.

607.

WATTS.

Looking upward.

- 1 THE heavens invite mine eye ;  
The stars salute me round ;  
Father, I blush, I mourn, to lie  
Thus grovelling on the ground.
- 2 My warmer spirits move,  
And make attempts to fly ;  
O would that I had wings of love  
To raise me swift and high, —

3 Beyond those crystal vaults,  
And all their sparkling balls ;  
They 're but the porches to thy courts,  
And paintings on thy walls.

4 Vain world, farewell to you ;  
Heaven is my native air ;  
I bid my friends a short adieu,  
Impatient to be there.

# HUMAN LIFE:

## ITS COURSE AND END.

C. M.

608.

BP. HEBER.

Early Religion.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod;  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God!
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage!

- 5 O Thou, who giv'st us life and breath,  
 We seek thy grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
 To keep us still thine own !

L. M.

609.

E. TAYLOR.

"Remember thy Creator."

- 1 TRULY the light of morn is sweet,  
 And sweet it is to see the sun ;  
 But, cheerful though the hours may fleet,  
 And years pass gayly one by one,  
 O blot not, reckless, from thy mind  
 The thought of darker days behind !
- 2 Rejoice, O child of mortal birth !  
 In all the pride of youth rejoice ;  
 And let the beauteous things of earth  
 Allure thine eye, invite thy choice ;  
 Yet know, for blessings freely given,  
 Thine is a large account with Heaven.
- 3 And O remember, ere the day,  
 The evil day, of grief shall come,  
 When all the joy is passed away,  
 And naught is left but gathering gloom, —  
 Remember, ere thy pleasures pall,  
 Him first and last, who gave them all !

C. M.

610.

SALISBURY COL.

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

- 1 IN the soft season of thy youth,  
 In nature's smiling bloom,  
 Ere age arrive, and trembling wait  
 Its summons to the tomb, —

- 2 Remember thy Creator, God ;  
For him thy powers employ ;  
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,  
Thy confidence, thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course  
Through life's uncertain sea,  
Till thou art landed on the shore  
Of blest eternity.
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose  
The path of heavenly truth ;  
The earth affords no lovelier sight  
Than a religious youth.

C. M.

611.

EPISCOPAL COL.

Early Piety.

- 1 O, IN the morn of life, when youth  
With vital ardor glows,  
And shines in all the fairest charms  
That beauty can disclose, —
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers  
Are yet by vice enslaved,  
Be thy Creator's glorious name  
And character engraved ; —
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud  
The sunshine of thy days,  
And cares and toils, in endless round,  
Encompass all thy ways ; —
- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,  
With vain regret, deplore,  
And sadly muse on former joys,  
That now return no more.

- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,  
In age will give thee rest ;  
O then improve the morn of life,  
To make its evening blest.

L. M.

612.

L. E. LANDON.

Feed my Lambs !

- 1 WHILE yet the youthful spirit bears  
The image of its God within,  
And uneffaced that beauty wears,  
Which may too soon be stained by sin, —
- 2 Then is the time for faith and love  
To take in charge their precious care, —  
Teach the young heart to look above,  
Teach the young lips to speak in prayer.
- 3 The world will come with care and crime,  
And tempt too oft that heart astray ;  
Still the seed sown in early time  
Shall not be wholly cast away.
- 4 The infant prayer, the infant hymn,  
Within the darkened soul will rise,  
When age's weary eye is dim,  
And the grave's shadow round us lies.
- 5 The infant hymn is heard again,  
The infant prayer is breathed once more ;  
Reclasping thus the broken chain,  
We turn to all we loved before.



C. M.

613.

J. TAYLOR.

Songs of Children in Heaven.

- 1 THERE is a glorious world of light  
Above the starry sky,  
Where saints departed, clothed in white,  
Adore the Lord most high.
- 2 And hark! — amid the sacred songs  
Those heavenly voices raise,  
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues  
Unite in perfect praise.
- 3 Those are the hymns that we shall know  
If Jesus we obey;  
That is the place where we shall go,  
If found in wisdom's way.

L. M.

614.

CAWOOD.

The Call of Samuel.

- 1 IN Israel's fane, by silent night,  
The lamp of God was burning bright;  
And there, by viewless angels kept,  
Samuel, the child, securely slept.
- 2 A voice unknown the stillness broke;  
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke;  
He rose; he asked whence came the word;  
From Eli? No, — it was the Lord.
- 3 Thus early called to serve his God,  
In paths of righteousness he trod;  
Prophetic visions fired his breast,  
And all the chosen tribes were blest.

- 4 Speak, Lord ! and, from our earliest days,  
 Incline our hearts to love thy ways ;  
 Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear :  
 Speak, Lord, to us ; thy servants hear.

C. M.                      615.                      KEBLE.

Teaching little Children.

- 1 O SAY not, think not, heavenly notes  
 To childish ears are vain, —  
 That the young mind at random floats,  
 And cannot reach the strain.
- 2 Was not our Lord a little child,  
 Taught by degrees to pray,  
 By father dear and mother mild  
 Instructed day by day ?
- 3 And loved he not of heaven to talk  
 With children in his sight,  
 To meet them in his daily walk,  
 And to his arms invite ?
- 4 And though some tones be weak and low,  
 What are all prayers beneath,  
 But cries of babes that cannot know  
 Half the deep thought they breathe ?
- 5 In his own words we Christ adore ;  
 But angels, as we speak,  
 Higher above our meaning soar  
 Than we o'er children weak.
- 6 And yet his words mean more than they,  
 And yet he owns their praise ;  
 O think not that he turns away  
 From infants' simple lays !

C. M.

616.

WATTS.

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope. Psalm 71.

- 1 My God, my everlasting hope,  
I live upon thy truth ;  
Thine hands have held my childhood up,  
And strengthened all my youth.
- 2 Still has my life new wonders seen  
Repeated every year ;  
Behold my days that yet remain,  
I trust them to thy care.
- 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,  
When hoary hairs arise ;  
And round me let thy glories shine,  
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 4 Let me thy power and truth proclaim  
To the surviving age,  
And leave a savor of thy name  
When I shall quit the stage.
- 5 The land of silence and of death  
Attends my next remove ;  
O may these poor remains of breath  
Teach the wide world thy love.

S. M.

617.

SCOTT.

The Changes of Life.

- 1 As various as the moon  
Is man's estate below ;  
To his bright day of gladness soon  
Succeeds a night of woe.

- 2 The night of woe resigns  
Its darkness and its grief ;  
Again the morn of comfort shines,  
And brings our souls relief.
- 3 Yet not to fickle chance  
Is man's condition given ;  
His dark and shining hours advance  
By the fixed laws of Heaven.
- 4 God measures unto all  
Their lot of good or ill ;  
Nor this too great, nor that too small,  
Ordained by wisest will.
- 5 Let man conform his mind  
To every changing state :  
Rejoicing now, and now resigned,  
And the great issue wait.
- 6 Hopeful and humble, bear  
Thine evil and thy good :  
Nor, by presumption nor despair,  
Weak mortal, be subdued.

C. M.

618.

COWPER.

Man's Weakness.

- 1 WEAK and irresolute is man :  
The purpose of to-day,  
Woven with pains into his plan,  
To-morrow rends away.
- 2 Some foe to his upright intent  
Finds out his weaker part ;  
Virtue engages his assent,  
But pleasure wins his heart.

- 3 Bound on a voyage of fearful length,  
Through dangers little known,  
A stranger to superior strength,  
Man vainly trusts his own.
- 4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail  
To reach the distant coast ;  
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,  
Or all the toil is lost.

C. H. M.

619.

J. TAYLOR.

What is your Life ?

- 1 O WHAT is life ? — 't is like a flower  
That blossoms and is gone ;  
It flourishes its little hour,  
With all its beauty on :  
Death comes, and, like a wintry day,  
It cuts the lovely flower away.
- 2 O what is life ? — 't is like the bow  
That glistens in the sky :  
We love to see its colors glow ;  
But while we look, they die :  
Life fails as soon : — to-day 't is here ;  
To-morrow it may disappear.
- 3 Lord, what is life ? — if spent with thee,  
In humble praise and prayer,  
How long or short its date may be,  
We feel no anxious care :  
Though life depart, our joys shall last  
When time and all its joys are past.

C. M.

620.

MONTGOMERY.

The Journey of Life.

- 1 I TRAVEL all the irksome night,  
By ways to me unknown;  
I travel like a bird in flight,  
Onward, and all alone.
- 2 Just such a pilgrimage is life ;  
Hurried from stage to stage,  
Our wishes with our lot at strife,  
Through childhood to old age.
- 3 The world is seldom what it seems, —  
To man, who dimly sees,  
Realities appear as dreams,  
And dreams realities.
- 4 The Christian's years, though slow their flight  
Till he is called away,  
Are but the watches of a night,  
And death the dawn of day.

C. M.

621.

H. K. WHITE.

Journeying through Death to Life.

- 1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,  
Amid the deepening gloom,  
We, soldiers of a heavenly King,  
Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,  
And all our powers decay,  
Our cold remains in solitude  
Shall sleep the years away.



- 3 Our labors done, securely laid  
In this our last retreat,  
Unheeded o'er our silent dust  
The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,  
The vital spark shall lie;  
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,  
To seek its kindred sky.

L. M.

622.

MONTGOMERY.

The Journey of Life.

- 1 Thus far on life's perplexing path,  
Thus far the Lord our steps hath led;  
Safe from the world's pursuing wrath,  
Unharm'd though floods hung o'er our head:  
Here then we pause, look back, adore,  
Like ransomed Israel from the shore.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
As all our fathers in their day,  
We to a land of promise go,  
Lord! by thine own appointed way;  
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,  
In cloud by day, in fire by night.
- 3 When we have numbered all our years,  
And stand at length on Jordan's brink,  
Though the flesh fail with human fears,  
O let not then the spirit shrink;  
But, strong in faith, and hope, and love,  
Plunge through the stream, — to rise above.

C. P. M.

623.

GREEN.

Redeem the Time.

- 1 My days, and weeks, and months, and years  
Fly, rapid as the whirling spheres  
    Around the steady pole;  
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,  
Till I shall launch those boundless deeps,  
    Where endless ages roll.
- 2 Before thy throne, great God, I bow,  
And humbly beg assistance now,  
    To know my real state:  
While life, and health, and time endure,  
Fain would I make my heaven secure,  
    Before it be too late.
- 3 If in destruction's road I stray,  
Help me to choose that better way,  
    Which leads to joys on high;  
My soul renew, my sins forgive;  
Nor let me ever dare to live  
    Such as I dare not die!
- 4 With thee let every day be past;  
And when that comes, which proves my last,  
    May glory dawn within!  
Relieve me then from every doubt;  
And, ere life's glimmering lamp goes out,  
    Let endless joys begin.

L. M.

624.

J. TAYLOR.

True Length of Life.

- 1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,  
Or clouds that roll successive on,  
Man's busy generations pass,  
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

- 2 "He lived, — he died" ; behold the sum,  
The abstract of the historian's page!  
Alike, in God's all-seeing eye,  
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.
- 3 O Father ! in whose mighty hand  
The boundless years and ages lie,  
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,  
And use the moments as they fly, —
- 4 To crowd the narrow span of life  
With wise designs and virtuous deeds ;  
So shall we wake from death's dark night,  
To share the glory that succeeds.

L. M.

625.

SHIRLEY.

Man's Mortality.

- 1 THE glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
There is no armor against fate ;  
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
- 2 Princes and magistrates must fall,  
And in the dust be equal made,  
The high and mighty with the small,  
Sceptre and crown with scythe and spade.
- 3 The laurel withers on our brow ;  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds :  
Upon death's purple altar now  
See where the victor victim bleeds !
- 4 All heads must come to the cold tomb ;  
Only the actions of the just  
Preserve in death a rich perfume,  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

S. M.

626.

DODDRIDGE.

The Uncertainty of Life.

- 1 To-MORROW, Lord, is thine,  
Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away ;  
O make thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.
- 3 One thing demands our care ;  
O be it still pursued,  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed.
- 4 To Jesus may we fly,  
Swift as the morning light,  
Lest life's young, golden beams should die  
In sudden, endless night.

L. M.

627.

DODDRIDGE.

The Wisdom of redeeming Time.

- 1 God of eternity ! from thee  
Did infant Time his being draw :  
Moments and days, and months and years,  
Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and swift they glide away :  
Steady and strong the current flows,  
Lost in eternity's wide sea,  
The boundless gulf from which it rose.

- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men  
Before the rapid stream are borne  
On to their everlasting home,  
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet while the shore, on either side  
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,  
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,  
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom ! teach our hearts  
To know the price of every hour,  
That time may bear us on to joys  
Beyond its measure and its power.

C. M.

628.

COLLYER.

Prayer for Support in Death.

- 1 WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,  
My trembling soul shall stand,  
And wait to pass death's awful flood,  
Great God, at thy command, —
- 2 Thou Source of life and joy supreme,  
Whose arm alone can save,  
Dispel the darkness that surrounds  
The entrance to the grave.
- 3 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand  
Beneath my sinking head,  
And let a beam of light divine  
Illume my dying bed.

L. M.

629.

BOWRING.

Light of Religion.

- 1 WERE all our hopes and all our fears  
Confined within life's narrow bound ;  
If, travellers through this vale of tears,  
We saw no better world beyond ;
- 2 Did not a sunbeam break the gloom,  
And not a floweret smile beneath, —  
Who could exist in such a tomb ?  
Who dwell amid the shades of death ?
- 3 And such were life without the ray  
From our divine religion given :  
'T is this that makes our darkness day ;  
'T is this that makes our earth a heaven.
- 4 Bright is the golden sun above,  
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,  
And all is joy, and all is love,  
Reflected from a world to come.

C. M.

630.

DODDRIDGE.

The Christian's Farewell.

- 1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,  
With all your feeble light !  
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,  
Pale empress of the night !
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
In brighter flames arrayed !  
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,  
No more demands thy aid.



- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust  
Of my divine abode,  
The pavement of those heavenly courts  
Where I shall see my God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light  
Will there his beams display ;  
Nor shall one moment's darkness blend  
With that unvaried day.
- 5 There all the millions of his saints  
Shall in one song unite ;  
And each the bliss of all shall view  
With infinite delight.

L. M.

631.

MONTGOMERY.

Religion our Guide in Life and Death.

- 1 THROUGH shades and solitudes profound,  
The fainting traveller winds his way ;  
Bewildering meteors glare around,  
And tempt his wandering feet astray ;
- 2 Till mild Religion from above  
Descends, a sweet, engaging form,  
The messenger of heavenly love,  
The bow of promise in a storm !
- 3 Ambition, pride, revenge depart,  
And folly flies her chastening rod ;  
She makes the humble, contrite heart  
A temple of the living God.
- 4 Beyond the narrow vale of time,  
Where bright, celestial ages roll,  
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,  
She points the way, and leads the soul.

5 At her approach the grave appears  
The gate of Paradise restored ;  
Her voice the watching cherub hears,  
And drops his double, flaming sword.

6 Baptized with her renewing fire,  
May we the crown of glory gain ;  
Rise when the host of heaven expire,  
And reign with God, for ever reign.

L. M.

632.

DRUMMOND.

" Affliction cometh not forth of the dust."

- 1 AFFLICTION'S faded form draws nigh,  
With wrinkled brow and downcast eye,  
With sackcloth on her bosom spread,  
And ashes scattered o'er her head.
- 2 But deem her not a child of earth :  
From heaven she draws her sacred birth ;  
Beside the throne of God she stands,  
To execute his dread commands.
- 3 Oft as in pleasure's paths we stray,  
Perplexed in sin's deceitful way,  
With storms she thunders o'er our heads,  
And sudden ruin round us spreads.
- 4 The messenger of grace, she flies  
To train us for our home, the skies ;  
And, onward as we move, the way  
Becomes more smooth, more bright the day.
- 5 Her weeds to robes of glory turn,  
Her looks with kindling radiance burn ;  
Her lips these soothing words reveal, —  
" God smites to bless, he wounds to heal !"

L. M.

633.

DODDRIDGE.

The weeping Seed-time and joyful Harvest. Psalm 126.

- 1 THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers !  
Troubled with storms, and big with showers ;  
No cheerful gleam of light appears,  
But Nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 Yet let the sons of grace revive ;  
God bids the soul that seeks him live,  
And from the gloomiest shade of night  
Calls forth a morning of delight.
- 3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown  
Are in these watered furrows sown ;  
See the green blades, how thick they rise,  
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes !
- 4 In secret foldings they contain  
Unnumbered ears of golden grain ;  
And heaven shall pour its beams around,  
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.
- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,  
And bind his sheaves, and bear them home :  
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,  
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

L. M.

634.

BRYANT.

Blessed are they that mourn.

- 1 DEEM not that they are blest alone  
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;  
The God who loves our race has shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears,  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are earnest of serenest years.
- 3 O there are days of hope and rest  
For every dark and troubled night !  
And grief may bide, an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.
- 4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier,  
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,  
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,  
Will give him to thy arms again.
- 5 For God hath marked each anguished day,  
And numbered every secret tear ;  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.

8 & 4s. M.

635.

{ FROM THE SPANISH OF  
{ DON JORGE MANRIQUE.

Vanity of the World.

- 1 ALAS ! how poor and little worth  
Are all those glittering toys of earth  
That lure us here ! —  
Dreams of a sleep that death must break :  
Alas ! before it bids us wake,  
They disappear.
- 2 Where is the strength that spurned decay,  
The step that rolled so light and gay,  
The heart's blithe tone ?  
The strength is gone, the step is slow,  
And joy grows weariness and woe  
When age comes on.

- 3 Our birth is but a starting-place ;  
 Life is the running of the race,  
 And death the goal :  
 There all those glittering toys are brought ;  
 That path alone, of all unsought,  
 Is found of all.
- 4 O let the soul its slumbers break,  
 Arouse its senses, and awake  
 To see how soon  
 Life, like its glories, glides away,  
 And the stern footsteps of decay  
 Come stealing on.

C. M.

636.

HEBER.

Solemn Admonitions.

- 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head  
 Is equal warning given ;  
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
 Above us is the heaven !
- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,  
 Their bones are in the clay ;  
 And ere another day is done,  
 Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze,  
 He lurks in every flower ;  
 Each season has its own disease,  
 Its peril every hour.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light  
 Of youth's soft cheek decay,  
 And death descend in sudden night  
 On manhood's middle day.

- 5 Our eyes have seen the steps of age  
Halt feebly towards the tomb ;  
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,  
And dreams of days to come ?
- 6 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know ;  
Where'er thy foot can tread,  
The earth rings hollow from below,  
And warns thee of her dead.
- 7 Turn, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply  
To truths divinely given ;  
The boundless fields of light on high  
Remind thee of thy heaven.

C. M.

637.

DODDRIDGE.

Near Approach of Salvation.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,  
And raise your voices high ;  
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,  
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies ;  
Each moment brings it near ;  
Then welcome each declining day !  
Welcome each closing year !
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,  
Not many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand revealed  
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;  
Ye mortal powers, decay ;  
Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
Ye bring eternal day.



S. M.

638.

DODDRIDGE.

Tracing the Steps of the Pious Dead.

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls,  
That bears us to the sea!  
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls  
To vast eternity!
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,  
With all they call their own?  
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,  
And wealth and honor, gone.
- 3 God of our fathers! hear;  
Thou everlasting Friend!  
While we, as on life's utmost verge,  
Our souls to thee commend.
- 4 Of all the pious dead  
May we the footsteps trace,  
Till with them, in the land of light,  
We dwell before thy face.

L. M.

639.

BARBAULD.

Blessedness of the Righteous in Death.

- 1 How blest the righteous when he dies!  
When sinks a weary soul to rest,  
How mildly beam the closing eyes!  
How gently heaves the expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
So gently shuts the eye of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore.

- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys ;  
And naught disturbs that peace profound,  
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;  
How bright the unchanging morn appears !  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies,  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
" How blest the righteous when he dies !"

C. M.

640.

WATTS.

" Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims  
For all the pious dead : —  
Sweet is the savor of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They sleep in Jesus, and are blessed ;  
How kind their slumbers are !  
From sufferings and from sins released,  
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They 're present with the Lord ;  
The labors of their mortal life  
End in a large reward.

L. P. M.

641.

WATTS.

Life, Death, and Resurrection.

- 1 ETERNAL God! how frail is man!  
Few are the hours, and short the span,  
Between the cradle and the grave:  
Who can prolong his vital breath?  
Who from the bold demands of death  
Hath skill to fly, or power to save?
- 2 But let no murmuring heart complain,  
That, therefore, man is made in vain,  
Nor the Creator's grace distrust;  
For though his servants, day by day,  
Go to their graves, and turn to clay,  
A bright reward awaits the just.
- 3 Jesus hath made thy purpose known,  
A new and better life hath shown,  
And we the glorious tidings hear:  
For ever blessed be the Lord,  
That we can read his holy word,  
And find a resurrection there.

L. M.

642.

MRS. MACKAY.

Sleeping in Jesus.

- 1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wakes to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the dread of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woes, shall dim that hour  
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space  
Debars this precious hiding-place ;  
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,  
Believers find the same repose.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

L. M.

643.

NORTON.

Blessedness of the Pious Dead.

- 1 O STAY thy tears ; for they are blest,  
Whose days are past, whose toil is done :  
Here midnight care disturbs our rest ;  
Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.
- 2 How blest are they whose transient years  
Pass like an evening meteor's flight !  
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears ;  
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.
- 3 O cheerless were our lengthened way ;  
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,  
Streams downward from eternal day,  
And casts a glory round the tomb.
- 4 O stay thy tears ; the blest above  
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,  
And sung a song of joy and love ;  
Then why should anguish reign on earth ?

C. M.

644.

WATTS.

Man frail, and God eternal. Ps. 90.

- 1 BEFORE the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 2 A thousand ages, in thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.
- 3 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
- 4 Like flowery fields the nations stand,  
Pleased with the morning light:  
The flowers beneath the mower's hand  
Lie withering ere 't is night.
- 5 Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

C. M.

645.

WATTS.

Our Bodies frail, and God our Preserver.

- 1 LET others boast how strong they be,  
Nor death nor danger fear;  
But we 'll confess, O Lord, to thee,  
What feeble things we are.

- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,  
And flourish bright and gay;  
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,  
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,  
And dies, if one be gone;  
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 't is our God supports our frame,  
The God who built us first;  
Salvation to the Almighty Name  
That reared us from the dust.
- 5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,  
Our Maker we'll adore;  
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,  
Or they would breathe no more.

11s. M.

646.

EPISCOPAL COL.

I would not live alway.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:  
I would not live alway: no, — welcome the tomb;  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.
- 2 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode!  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright  
plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
- 3 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.



C. M.

647.

PEABODY.

The Christian's Death.

- 1 BEHOLD the beauteous western light ;  
It melts in deepening gloom :  
So calmly Christians sink away,  
Descending to the tomb.
- 2 'The winds breathe low, the withering leaf  
Scarce whispers from the tree ;  
So gently flows the parting breath,  
When good men cease to be.
- 3 How beautiful on all the hills  
The crimson light is shed !  
'T is like the peace the Christian gives  
To mourners round his bed.
- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud  
The sunset beam is cast !  
'T is like the memory, left behind,  
When loved ones breathe their last.
- 5 And now, above the dews of night,  
The yellow star appears :  
So faith springs in the heart of those  
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.
- 6 But soon the morning's happier light  
Its glories shall restore,  
And eyelids that are sealed in death  
Shall ope, to close no more.

L. M.                      648.                      WATTS.

Death disarmed.

- 1 WHY should we start, and fear to die ?  
What timorous worms we mortals are !  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away ;  
Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

C. M.                      649.                      WATTS.

God the Author of Mercies and Afflictions.

- 1 NAKED, as from the earth we came,  
And crept to life at first,  
We to the earth return again,  
And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
And fondly call our own,  
Are but short favors borrowed now,  
'To be repaid anon.

3 'T is God who lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them in the grave ;  
He gives, and, blessed be his name,  
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then ;  
Let each rebellious sigh  
Be silent at his sovereign will,  
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
Its praises shall be spread ;  
And we 'll adore the justice, too,  
That strikes our comforts dead.

12 & 11s. M.

650.

HEBER.

Farewell to a Friend departed.

1 Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not de-  
plore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the  
tomb ;  
The Saviour has passed through its portals before  
thee,  
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through  
the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer behold  
thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy  
side ;  
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold  
thee,  
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath  
died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave ; and, its mansion  
 forsaking,  
 Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered  
 long ;  
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy  
 waking,  
 And the sound thou didst hear was the sera-  
 phim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not  
 deplore thee,  
 Since God was thy Refuge, thy Guardian, thy  
 Guide ;  
 He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore  
 thee ;  
 And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath  
 died.

8 & 7s. M.

651.

S. F. SMITH.

The Death of a Sister.

1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,  
 Gentle as the summer breeze,  
 Pleasant as the air of evening,  
 When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber, —  
 Peaceful in the grave so low ;  
 Thou no more wilt join our number,  
 Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;  
 Here thy loss we deeply feel ;  
 But 't is God that hath bereft us :  
 He can all our sorrows heal.

- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When the day of life is fled,  
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed.

L. M.

652.

FAWCETT.

Death of Parents.

- 1 THE God of mercy will indulge  
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,  
When honored parents fall around,  
When friends beloved and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought  
Should with our mourning passions blend ;  
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget  
Their mighty, ever-living Friend.
- 3 Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide,  
Thou art each tender name in one ;  
On thee we cast our every care,  
And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 4 To thee, our Father, would we look,  
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend,  
And on thy gracious love and truth  
With humble, steadfast hope depend.

L. M.

653.

GASKELL.

The Light of the Gospel on the Tomb.

- 1 DARK, dark indeed, the grave would be,  
Had we no light, O God, from thee ;  
If all we saw were all we knew,  
Or hope from reason only grew.

- 2 But fearless now we rest in faith;  
A holy life makes happy death;  
'T is but a change ordained by thee,  
To set the imprisoned spirit free.
- 3 Sad, sad indeed, 't would be to part  
From those who long had shared our heart,  
If thou hadst left us still to fear  
Love's only heritage was here.
- 4 But calmly now we see them go  
From out this world of pain and woe;  
We follow to a home on high,  
Where pure affections never die.

6 & 4s. M.

654.

MRS. HEMANS.

For Support in Death.

- 1 LOWLY and solemn be  
Thy children's cry to thee,  
Father divine!  
A hymn of suppliant breath,  
Owning that life and death  
Alike are thine.
- 2 O Father, in that hour  
When earth all succoring power  
Shall disavow,  
When spear and shield and crown  
In faintness are cast down,  
Sustain us thou!
- 3 By him who bowed to take  
The death-cup for our sake,  
The thorn, the rod,  
From whom the last dismay  
Was not to pass away,  
Aid us, O God!



- 4 Tremblers beside the grave,  
 We call on thee to save,  
 Father divine !  
 Hear, hear our suppliant breath ;  
 Keep us in life and death,  
 Thine, only thine.

7s. M.

655.

ANONYMOUS.

Dirge.

- 1 CLAY to clay, and dust to dust !  
 Let them mingle, — for they must !  
 Give to earth the earthly clod,  
 For the spirit 's fled to God.
- 2 Never more shall midnight's damp  
 Darken round this mortal lamp ;  
 Never more shall noonday's glance  
 Search this mortal countenance.
- 3 Deep the pit, and cold the bed,  
 Where the spoils of death are laid ;  
 Stiff the curtains, chill the gloom,  
 Of man's melancholy tomb.
- 4 Look aloft ! The spirit 's risen ;—  
 Death cannot the soul imprison :  
 'T is in heaven that spirits dwell,  
 Glorious, though invisible.
- 5 Thither let us turn our view ;  
 Peace is there, and comfort too :  
 There shall those we love be found,  
 Tracing joy's eternal round.

HUMAN LIFE :

L. M.                      **656.**                      WATTS.

At a Funeral.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb !  
Take this new treasure to thy trust ;  
And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 No pain, no grief, no anxious fear,  
Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleepers here,  
While angels watch their soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son  
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed  
Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break, sacred morning, from the skies !  
Then, clothed anew in bright array,  
Immortal form ! to life arise,  
And swell the song of endless day.

10s. M.                      **657.**                      MONTGOMERY.

Death of a Minister in his Prime.

- 1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,  
In full activity of zeal and power ;  
A Christian cannot die before his time,  
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.
- 2 Go to the grave ; at noon from labor cease ;  
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done :  
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,  
Soldier, go home ; with thee the fight is won.

- 3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay  
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;  
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,  
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
- 4 Go to the grave: — no, take thy seat above;  
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,  
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,  
And open vision for the written word.

7s. M.

658.

POPE.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

- 1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
O the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,  
"Sister spirit, come away."  
What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes; it disappears:  
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring.  
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly!  
O grave, where is thy victory?  
O death, where is thy sting?

P. M.

659.

MILMAN.

## Funeral Hymn.

- 1 BROTHER, thou art gone before us,  
 And thy saintly soul is flown,  
 Where tears are wiped from every eye,  
 And sorrow is unknown, —  
 From the burden of the flesh,  
 And from care and fear released,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling  
 And the weary are at rest.
  
- 2 Brother, yes, thy course is finished ;  
 Thou hast borne earth's heavy load,  
 But Christ has taught thy languid feet  
 To reach his blest abode :  
 Sweetly art thou sleeping now,  
 On thy Father's faithful breast,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling  
 And the weary are at rest.
  
- 3 Sin no more can taint thy spirit,  
 Nor can doubt thy faith assail ;  
 Thy soul its welcome has received,  
 Thy strength shall never fail :  
 And thou 'rt sure to meet the good,  
 Whom on earth thou lovedst best,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling  
 And the weary are at rest.
  
- 4 To thy grave we sadly bear thee,  
 There in dust we place thy head,  
 We lay the turf above thee now,  
 And seal thy narrow bed ;

But thy spirit soars away,  
 Free, among the faithful blest,  
 Where the wicked cease from troubling  
 And the weary are at rest.

S. M.

660.

MONTGOMERY.

On the Death of an Aged Minister.

- 1    SERVANT of God, well done !  
      Rest from thy loved employ ;  
      The battle fought, the victory won,  
      Enter thy Master's joy.
- 2    The voice at midnight came,  
      He started up to hear ;  
   A mortal arrow pierced his frame, —  
      He fell, but felt no fear.
- 3    Tranquil amidst alarms,  
      It found him on the field,  
   A veteran slumbering on his arms,  
      Beneath his red-cross shield.
- 4    The pains of death are past ;  
      Labor and sorrow cease ;  
   And, life's long warfare closed at last,  
      His soul is found in peace.
- 5    Soldier of Christ, well done !  
      Praise be thy new employ ;  
   And while eternal ages run,  
      Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

# THE FUTURE LIFE.

C. M.                      661.                      WATTS.

A Prospect of Heaven.

- 1 By glimmering hopes and gloomy fears  
    We trace the sacred road ;  
    Through dismal deeps and dangerous snares  
    We make our way to God.
- 2 Long nights and darkness dwell below,  
    With scarce a twinkling ray ;  
    But the bright world to which we go  
    Is everlasting day.
- 3 See the kind angels at the gates,  
    Inviting us to come ;  
    There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits,  
    To welcome travellers home.
- 4 There, on a green and flowery mount,  
    Our weary souls shall sit,  
    And with transporting joys recount  
    The labors of our feet.



THE FUTURE LIFE.

C. M.

662.

WATTS.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

- 1 LET faith arise, and climb the hills,  
And from afar descry  
How distant are his chariot-wheels,  
And tell how fast they fly.
- 2 Lo, I behold the scattering shades;  
The dawn of heaven appears;  
The sweet, immortal morning spreads  
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of glory come,  
And flaming guards around;  
The skies divide to make him room,  
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"  
And lo! the graves obey,  
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,  
Salute the expected day.

C. M.

663.

WATTS.

Prospect of Heaven.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There, everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unbeclouded eyes, —
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

S. M.

664.

MONTGOMERY.

For ever with the Lord.

- 1 FOR ever with the Lord !  
So, Father, let it be ;  
Life from the dead is in that word ;  
'T is immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,  
Absent from thee I roam ;  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high !  
Home of my soul, how near  
At times to faith's foreseeing eye  
Thy golden gates appear !

4 I hear at morn and even,  
At noon and midnight hour,  
The choral harmonies of heaven  
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

5 And then I feel, that he,  
Remembered or forgot,  
The Lord, is never far from me,  
Though I perceive him not.

C. M.

665.

MRS. STEELE.

Looking at Things unseen.

- 1 WHY should the world's alluring toys  
Detain our hearts and eyes,  
Regardless of immortal joys,  
And strangers to the skies?
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,  
They fade upon the sight;  
And quickly will their brighter day  
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 O could our thoughts and wishes fly  
Above these gloomy shades,  
To those bright worlds beyond the sky  
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 4 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,  
Or reason's feeble ray,  
In ever-blooming prospect rise,  
Unconscious of decay.
- 5 Lord, send a beam of light divine  
To guide our upward aim;  
With one reviving ray of thine  
Our languid hearts inflame.

L. M.

666.

PEABODY.

Heaven.

- 1 WHEN all the hours of life are past,  
And death's dark shadow falls at last,  
It is not sleep, — it is not rest, —  
'T is glory opening to the blest.
- 2 Their mighty Master bids them rise  
To radiant mansions in the skies,  
Where each shall wear a robe of light,  
Like his, divinely fair and bright.
- 3 Angels shall now unite their prayers  
With those of spirits blest as theirs ;  
And light shall gild their heavenly crown,  
From suns that never more go down.
- 4 No storms shall ride the troubled air,  
No sounds of passion enter there ;  
But all be peaceful as the sigh  
Of evening gales that breathe and die.
- 5 There, parted friends again shall meet,  
In union holy, calm, and sweet ;  
And earthly sorrow, fear, and pain  
Shall never reach their hearts again.

S. H. M.

667.

MONTGOMERY.

Friends separated by Death.

- 1 FRIEND after friend departs :  
Who hath not lost a friend ?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end :  
Were this frail world our final rest,  
Living or dying, none were blest.

- 2 Beyond the flight of time,  
Beyond the reign of death,  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath,  
Nor life's affections transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.
- 3 There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown;  
A long eternity of love,  
Formed for the good alone;  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that glorious sphere.
- 4 Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are passed away,  
As morning high and higher shines,  
To pure and perfect day;  
Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

L. M. **668.** CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Foretaste of Heaven.

- 1 WHAT must it be to dwell above,  
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,  
Since the sweet earnest of his love  
O'erwhelms us on these earthly plains!  
No heart can think, no tongue explain,  
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.
- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,  
When sorrow pains our hearts no more,  
How shall we view the Prince of Light,  
And all his works of grace explore!

What heights and depths of love divine  
Will there through endless ages shine!

- 3 This is the heaven I long to know ;  
For this, with patience, I would wait,  
Till, weaned from earth, and all below,  
I mount to my celestial seat,  
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,  
And, with the elders, cast them down.

C. M.

669.

WATTS.

The Hope of Heaven our Support in Trials.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,  
And storms of sorrow fall ;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all !
- 3 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest ;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

C. P. M.

670.

C. WESLEY.

Reunion of Friends in Heaven.

- 1 IF death my friend and me divide,  
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,  
Or frown my tears to see :  
Restrained from passionate excess,  
Thou bid'st me mourn in calm distress,  
For them that rest in thee.



- 2 I feel a strong immortal hope,  
Which bears my mournful spirit up,  
    Beneath its mountain-load :  
Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,  
I soon shall find my friend again,  
    Within the arms of God.
- 3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,  
And death the blessing shall restore,  
    Which death hath snatched away ;  
For me thou wilt the summons send,  
And give me back my parted friend,  
    In that eternal day.

8, 7, & 4s. M.

671.

MRS. GILBERT.

Support in Death.

- 1 WHEN the vale of death appears,  
Faint and cold this mortal clay,  
O my Father, soothe my fears,  
Light me through the darksome way :  
    Break the shadows,  
    Usher in eternal day.
- 2 Starting from this dying state,  
Upward bid my soul aspire ;  
Open thou the crystal gate,  
To thy praise attune my lyre :  
    Dwell for ever,  
    Dwell on each immortal wire.
- 3 From the sparkling turrets there,  
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way,  
Often bless thy guardian care,  
Fire by night, and cloud by day ;  
    While my triumphs  
    At my Leader's feet I lay.

C. P. M.

672.

C. WESLEY.

Contemplation of the Judgment.

- 1 O God! mine inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
To tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.
- 2 Be this my one great business here,  
With serious industry and fear  
Eternal bliss to insure;  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
To suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.
- 3 Then, Father, then my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale, to live  
And reign with thee above;  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full supreme delight  
And everlasting love.

7s. M.

673.

MONTGOMERY.

The Redeemed in Heaven.

- 1 Who are these in bright array,  
This exulting, happy throng,  
Round the altar, night and day,  
Hymning one triumphant song? —  
“Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,  
Blessing, honor, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,  
New dominion every hour.”

2 These through fiery trials trod ;  
 These from great affliction came ;  
 Now, before the throne of God,  
 Sealed with his almighty name,  
 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
 Victor-palms in every hand,  
 'Through their great Redeemer's might,  
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,  
 On immortal fruits they feed ;  
 Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,  
 Shall to living fountains lead ;  
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;  
 Perfect love dispels all fears ;  
 And for ever from their eyes  
 God shall wipe away their tears.

C. M.

674.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The Society of Heaven.

- 1 JERUSALEM ! my glorious home !  
 Name ever dear to me !  
 When shall my labors have an end  
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
 And pearly gates behold ?  
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
 And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
 Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
 Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes  
 I onward press to you.

- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem! my glorious home!  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

C. M.

675.

ADDISON.

Hope in the Divine Mercy.

- 1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought,—
- 3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed,  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear!
- 4 But there's forgiveness, Lord, with thee;  
Thy nature is benign;  
Thy pardoning mercy I implore,  
For mercy, Lord, is thine.

- 5 O let thy boundless mercy shine  
 On my benighted soul,  
 Correct my passions, mend my heart,  
 And all my fears control !
- 6 And may I taste thy richer grace  
 In that decisive hour  
 When Christ to judgment shall descend,  
 And time shall be no more.

C. M.

676.

HEBER'S COL.

The last Harvest.

- 1 THE angel comes ; he comes to reap  
 The harvest of the Lord !  
 O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,  
 Wide waves his flaming sword.
- 2 And who are they, in sheaves, to bide  
 The fire of vengeance, bound ?  
 The tares, whose rank, luxuriant pride  
 Choked the fair crop around.
- 3 And who are they, reserved in store  
 God's treasure-house to fill ?  
 The wheat, a hundred-fold that bore  
 Amid surrounding ill.
- 4 O King of mercy ! grant us power  
 Thy fiery wrath to flee !  
 In thy destroying angel's hour,  
 O gather us to thee !

L. M.

677.

SIR W. SCOTT.

The Last Day.

- 1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll,  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead, —
- 3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

7 & 6s. M.

678.

ANONYMOUS.

Children in Heaven.

- 1 IN the broad fields of heaven, —  
In the immortal bowers,  
By life's clear river dwelling,  
Amid undying flowers, —  
There hosts of beauteous spirits,  
Fair children of the earth,  
Linked in bright bands celestial,  
Sing of their human birth.
- 2 They sing of earth and heaven, —  
Divinest voices rise  
To God, their gracious Father,  
Who called them to the skies:  
They all are there, — in heaven, —  
Safe, safe, and sweetly blest;  
No cloud of sin can shadow  
Their bright and holy rest.



L. M.

679.

ANONYMOUS.

The Better Land.

- 1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen  
In visions of enraptured thought,  
So bright that all which spreads between  
Is with its radiant glory fraught ;—
- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore  
There rests no shadow, falls no stain ;  
There those who meet shall part no more,  
And those long parted meet again.
- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,  
With varying hues of shade and light ;  
It hath no need of suns to rise,  
To dissipate the gloom of night.
- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind  
Across that calm, serene abode ;  
The wanderer there a home may find,  
Within the paradise of God.

## MISCELLANEOUS AND OCCASIONAL.

C. M.

680.

WHITTIER.

Nature's Worship.

- 1 THE ocean looketh up to heaven,  
As 't were a living thing ;  
The homage of its waves is given,  
In ceaseless worshipping.
- 2 They kneel upon the sloping sand,  
As bends the human knee ;  
A beautiful and tireless band,  
The priesthood of the sea.
- 3 The mists are lifted from the rills,  
Like the white wing of prayer ;  
They kneel above the ancient hills,  
As doing homage there.
- 4 The forest-tops are lowly cast  
O'er breezy hill and glen,  
As if a prayerful spirit passed  
On nature as on men.

- 5 The sky is as a temple's arch :  
 The blue and wavy air  
 Is glorious with the spirit-march  
 Of messengers at prayer.

10s. M.

681.

ANONYMOUS.

Via Crucis, via Lucis.

- 1 THROUGH night to light! And though to mortal  
 eyes  
 Creation's face a pall of horror wear,  
 Good cheer! good cheer! The gloom of midnight  
 flies :  
 Soon shall a sunrise follow, mild and fair.
- 2 Through storm to calm! And though His thun-  
 der-car  
 The rumbling tempest drive through earth and sky,  
 Good cheer! good cheer! The elemental war  
 Tells that a blessed, healing hour is nigh.
- 3 Through toil to sleep! And though the sultry  
 noon,  
 With heavy, drooping wing, oppress thee now,  
 Good cheer! good cheer! The cool of evening  
 soon  
 Shall lull to sweet repose thy weary brow.
- 4 Through cross to crown! And though thy spirit-  
 life  
 Trials untold assail with giant strength,  
 Good cheer! good cheer! Soon ends the bitter  
 strife,  
 And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at  
 length.

- 5 Through woe to joy! And though at noon thou  
     weep,  
 And though the midnight find thee weeping still,  
 Good cheer! good cheer! The Shepherd loves  
     his sheep;  
 Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.
- 6 Through death to life! And through this vale of  
     tears,  
 And through this thistle-field of life, ascend  
 To the great supper, in that world whose years  
 Of bliss, unfading, cloudless, know no end.

10s. M.

682.

MONTGOMERY.

"Lovest thou me?"

- 1 "LOVEST thou me?" I hear my Saviour say:  
 Would that my heart had power to answer, "Yea;  
 Thou knowest all things, Lord, in heaven above  
 And earth beneath; thou knowest that I love."
- 2 But 't is not so: in word, in deed, in thought,  
 I do not, cannot love thee as I ought;  
 Thy love must *give* that power,—thy love alone;  
 There 's nothing worthy of thee, but thine own.

C. M.

683.

MONTGOMERY.

Earth's broken Ties.

- 1 THE broken ties of happier days,  
     How often do they seem  
 To come before the mental gaze,  
     Like a remembered dream!  
 Around us each dissevered chain  
     In sparkling ruin lies,  
 And earthly hand can ne'er again  
     Unite these broken ties.

- 2 O who, in such a world as this,  
 Could bear their lot of pain,  
 Did not one radiant hope of bliss  
 Unclouded yet remain!  
 That hope the Sovereign Lord has given,  
 Who reigns above the skies;  
 Hope that unites our souls to heaven,  
 By faith's endearing ties.
- 3 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,  
 Is sent in pitying love  
 To lift the lingering heart from earth,  
 And speed its flight above.  
 And every pang that wrings the breast,  
 And every joy that dies,  
 Tells us to seek a purer rest,  
 And trust to holier ties.

L. M.

684.

ANONYMOUS.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

- 1 JUST as I am, — without one plea,  
 But that thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee, —  
 O Lamb of God, to thee I come!
- 2 Just as I am, — though tossed about  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 With fears within, and foes without, —  
 O Lamb of God, to thee I come!
- 3 Just as I am, — poor, wretched, blind;  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find, —  
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, — thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise I believe, —  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come !

5 Just as I am, — thy love now known  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone, —  
O Lamb of God, to thee I come !

L. M.

685.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

God seen in All.

1 My God ! all nature owns thy sway ;  
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day !  
When all thy loved creation wakes,  
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,  
And bathes in dew the opening flower,  
To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;  
And when she pours her choral song,  
Her melodies to thee belong.

2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed,  
The evening slowly spreads her shade,  
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,  
Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,  
Still every fond and vain desire,  
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;  
From earth the pensive spirit free,  
And lead the softened heart to thee.

3 In every scene thy hands have dressed,  
In every form by thee impressed,  
Upon the mountain's awful head,  
Or where the sheltering woods are spread ;



In every note that swells the gale,  
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,  
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove, —  
A voice is heard of praise and love.

- 4 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,  
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul  
O never may their smiling train  
Pass o'er the human sense in vain !  
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,  
Attune the wandering soul to praise ;  
And be the joys that most we prize  
Those joys that from thy favor rise !

C. M.

686.

H. WARE, JR.

On opening an Organ.

- 1 ALL nature's works His praise declare  
To whom they all belong ;  
There is a voice in every star,  
In every breeze a song.
- 2 Sweet music fills the world abroad  
With strains of love and power ;  
The stormy sea sings praise to God, —  
The thunder and the shower.
- 3 To God the tribes of ocean cry,  
And birds upon the wing ;  
To God the powers that dwell on high  
Their tuneful tribute bring.
- 4 Like them let man the throne surround,  
With them loud chorus raise,  
While instruments of loftiest sound  
Assist his feeble praise.

- 5 Great God! to thee we consecrate  
 Our voices and our skill;  
 We bid the pealing organ wait  
 To speak alone thy will.
- 6 O teach its rich and swelling notes  
 To lift our souls on high;  
 And while the music round us floats,  
 Let earth-born passion die.

L. M.

687.

J. Q. ADAMS.

Death of Children.

- 1 SURE, to the mansions of the blest  
 When infant innocence ascends,  
 Some angel brighter than the rest  
 The spotless spirit's flight attends.
- 2 On wings of ecstasy they rise,  
 Beyond where worlds material roll,  
 Till some fair sister of the skies  
 Receives the unpolluted soul.
- 3 There, at the Almighty Father's hand,  
 Nearest the throne of living light,  
 The choirs of infant seraphs stand,  
 And dazzling shine, where all are bright.
- 4 That inextinguishable beam,  
 With dust united at our birth,  
 Sheds a more dim, discolored gleam,  
 The more it lingers upon earth.
- 5 Closed in this dark abode of clay,  
 The stream of glory faintly burns,  
 Nor unobscured the lucid ray  
 To its own native fount returns.

- 6 But when the Lord of mortal breath  
 Decrees his bounty to resume,  
 And points the silent shaft of death,  
 Which speeds an infant to the tomb, —
- 7 No passion fierce, no low desire,  
 Has quenched the radiance of the flame ;  
 Back to its God the living fire  
 Returns, unsullied, as it came.

7 & 6s. M.

688.

ANONYMOUS.

The Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 THE morning light is breaking,  
 The darkness disappears,  
 The sons of earth are waking  
 To penitential tears ;  
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
 Brings tidings from afar,  
 Of nations in commotion,  
 Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,  
 In many a gentle shower,  
 And brighter scenes before us  
 Are opening every hour ;  
 Each cry to heaven going  
 Abundant answers brings,  
 And heavenly gales are blowing,  
 With peace upon their wings.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,  
 Pursue thy onward way ;  
 Flow thou to every nation,  
 Nor in thy richness stay :

Stay not, till all the lowly  
 Triumphant reach their home;  
 Stay not, till all the holy  
 Proclaim the Lord has come.

7 & 6s. M.

689.

HEBER.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand,  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,—  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile?  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strown;  
 The heathen in his blindness  
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
 By wisdom from on high,  
 Shall we to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation! O salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

P. M. 690. FLINT.

On leaving an Ancient Church.

- 1 HERE to the High and Holy One  
Our fathers early reared  
A house of prayer, a lowly one,  
Yet long to them endeared  
By hours of sweet communion  
Held with their covenant God,  
As oft, in sacred union,  
His hallowed courts they trod.
- 2 Gone are the pious multitudes  
That here kept holy time,  
In other courts assembled now  
For worship more sublime.  
Their children, we are waiting  
In meekness, Lord, thy call ;  
Thy love still celebrating,  
Our hope, our trust, our all.
- 3 These time-worn walls, the resting-place  
So oft from earthly cares  
To righteous souls now perfected,  
We leave with thanks and prayers ;  
With thanks, for every blessing  
Vouchsafed through all the past,  
With prayers, thy throne addressing  
For guidance to the last.
- 4 Though from this house, so long beloved,  
We part with sadness now,  
Yet here we trust with gladness soon  
In fairer courts to bow :



So when our souls forsaking  
 These bodies, fallen and pale,  
 In brighter forms awaking,  
 With joy the change shall hail.

L. M.                      691.                      WILLIS.

Dedication Hymn.

- 1 THE perfect world, by Adam trod,  
 Was the first temple,—built by God;  
 His fiat laid the corner-stone,  
 And heaved its pillars one by one.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high, —  
 The broad, illimitable sky;  
 He spread its pavement green and bright,  
 And curtained it with morning light.
- 3 The mountains in their places stood, —  
 The sea, the sky, — and “all was good”;  
 And, when its first pure praises rang,  
 The “morning stars together sang.”
- 4 Lord! ’t is not ours to make the sea,  
 And earth, and sky a house for thee;  
 But in thy sight our offering stands,  
 A humbler temple, “made with hands.”

C. M.                      692.                      R. W. EMERSON.

The House our Fathers built to God.

- 1 WE love the venerable house  
 Our fathers built to God;  
 In heaven are kept their grateful vows,  
 Their dust endears the sod.



- 2 Here holy thoughts a light have shed  
From many a radiant face,  
And prayers of tender hope have spread  
A perfume through the place.
- 3 And anxious hearts have pondered here  
The mystery of life,  
And prayed the Eternal Spirit clear  
Their doubts and aid their strife.
- 4 From humble tenements around  
Came up the pensive train,  
And in the church a blessing found,  
Which filled their homes again.
- 5 They live with God, their homes are dust ;  
But here their children pray,  
And, in this fleeting lifetime, trust  
To find the narrow way.

L. M.

693.

HEGINBOTHAM.

The God of the Seasons.

- 1 GREAT God ! let all our tuneful powers  
Awake and sing thy mighty name ;  
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours,  
The hand from which our being came.
- 2 Seasons and moons, revolving round  
In beauteous order, speak thy praise ;  
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,  
To thee successive honors raise.
- 3 Each changing season on our souls  
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds ;  
And every period, as it rolls,  
Showers countless blessings on our heads.

- 4 Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe  
All to thy vast, unbounded love ;  
Ten thousand precious gifts below,  
And hope of nobler joys above.

8s. M.

694.

HAWES.

Spring.

- 1 THE winter is over and gone,  
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,  
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,  
The lark mounts and warbles away.
- 2 Shall every creature around  
Their voices in concert unite,  
And I, the most favored, be found  
In praising to take less delight ?
- 3 Awake, then, my harp, and my lute !  
Sweet organs, your notes softly swell !  
No longer my lips shall be mute,  
The Saviour's high praises to tell.
- 4 His love in my heart shed abroad,  
My graces shall bloom as the spring ;  
This temple, his Spirit's abode ;  
My joy as my duty to sing.

C. M.

695.

STEELE.

Spring.

- 1 WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,  
And blossoms deck the spray,  
And fragrance breathes in every gale,  
How sweet the vernal day !

- 2 Hark ! how the feathered warblers sing !  
'T is Nature's cheerful voice ;  
Soft music hails the lovely spring,  
And woods and fields rejoice.
- 3 Earth and her thousand voices give  
Their thousand notes of praise ;  
And all, that by his mercy live,  
To God their offering raise.
- 4 O God of nature and of grace,  
Thy heavenly gifts impart ;  
Then shall my meditation trace  
Spring, blooming in my heart.
- 5 Inspired to praise, I then shall join  
Glad Nature's cheerful song,  
And love and gratitude divine  
Attune my joyful tongue.

7 & 68. M.

696.

BRITISH MAG.

Autumn.

- 1 THE leaves around me falling  
Are preaching of decay ;  
The hollow winds are calling,  
" Come, pilgrim, come away "  
The day, in night declining,  
Says I must too decline ;  
The year its bloom resigning,  
Its lot foreshadows mine.
- 2 The light my path surrounding,  
The loves to which I cling,  
The hopes within me bounding,  
The joys that round me wing, —

MISCELLANEOUS AND OCCASIONAL.

All, all, like stars at even,  
Just gleam and shoot away,  
Pass on before to heaven,  
And chide at my delay.

- 3 The friends gone there before me  
Are calling from on high,  
And happy angels o'er me  
Tempt sweetly to the sky :  
"Why wait," they say, "and wither,  
'Mid scenes of death and sin ?  
O rise to glory, hither,  
And find true life begin."

8 & 7s. M.

697.

BP. HORNE.

Autumn Warnings.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,  
Dry and withered to the ground,  
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
In a sad and solemn sound :
- 2 "Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,  
Where, like us, he blighted fell,)  
Hear the lesson we are reading ;  
Mark the awful truth we tell.
- 3 "Youth, on length of days presuming,  
Who the paths of pleasure tread ;  
View us, late in beauty blooming,  
Numbered now among the dead.
- 4 "What though yet no losses grieve you,  
Gay with health and many a grace ;  
Let not cloudless skies deceive you :  
Summer gives to autumn place.

5 “ Yearly in our course returning,  
Messengers of shortest stay,  
Thus we preach this truth concerning,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away.”

6 On the tree of life eternal,  
O let all our hopes be laid ;  
This alone, for ever vernal,  
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

H. M.

698.

FREEMAN.

Imitation of Thomson's Hymn on the Seasons.

1 LORD of the worlds below !  
On earth thy glories shine ;  
The changing seasons show  
Thy skill and power divine.  
In all we see                      The rolling years  
A God appears ;                      Are full of thee.

2 Forth in the flowery spring  
We see thy beauty move ;  
The birds on branches sing  
Thy tenderness and love ;  
Wide flush the hills ;      Devotion's calm  
The air is balm :              Our bosom fills.

3 Then come, in robes of light,  
The summer's flaming days ;  
The sun, thine image bright,  
Thy majesty displays ;  
And oft thy voice              But still our souls  
In thunder rolls ;              In thee rejoice.

4 In autumn, a rich feast  
Thy common bounty gives



To man, and bird, and beast,  
 And everything that lives.  
 Thy liberal care,                      And harvest moon,  
 At morn and noon                      Our lips declare.

5 In winter, awful thou!  
 With storms around thee cast;  
 The leafless forests bow  
 Beneath thy northern blast.  
 While tempests lower,      We homage bring,  
 To thee, dread King,      And own thy power.

L. M.

699.

DODDRIDGE.

For a New Year.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,  
 By which supported still we stand:  
 The opening year thy mercy shows;  
 That mercy crowns it, till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
 Still are we guarded by our God,  
 By his incessant bounty fed,  
 By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;  
 The future, all to us unknown,  
 We to thy guardian care commit,  
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,  
 Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;  
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
 Adored through all our changing days.



- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues,  
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,  
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

C. M.

700.

GASKELL.

A New Year.

- 1 OUR Father! through the coming year  
We know not what shall be,  
But we would leave without a fear  
Its ordering to thee.
- 2 It may be we shall toil in vain  
For what the world holds fair,  
And all its good we thought to gain  
Deceive, and prove but care.
- 3 It may be it shall darkly blend  
Our love with anxious fears,  
And snatch away the valued friend,  
The tried of many years.
- 4 It may be it shall bring us days  
And nights of lingering pain,  
And bid us take our farewell gaze  
Of these loved haunts of men.
- 5 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;  
No fears our trust shall move;  
Thou knowest what for each is best,  
And thou art perfect love.

7s. M.

701.

J. NEWTON.

The Fleeting Years of Life.

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here !  
Fixed in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below :  
We a little longer wait ;  
But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the wingèd arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find, —  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind, —  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us henceforth how to live,  
With eternity in view.  
Bless thy word to young and old ;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
And, when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above.

10s. M.

702.

E. TAYLOR.

The Changing Year.

- 1 GOD of the changing year ! whose arm of power  
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour,  
Here in thy temple bow thy creatures down ;  
To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.

- 2 Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,  
And pour around the gladdening light of day ;  
Thine is the night ; and the fair orbs that shine  
To cheer its hours of darkness all are thine.
- 3 If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,  
And mortal friends were faithless, thou wert true ;  
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear  
The wounded spirit, thou wert present there.
- 4 Yet when our hearts review departed days,  
How vast thy mercies ! how remiss our praise !  
Well may we dread thine awful eye to meet,  
Bend at thy throne, and worship at thy feet.
- 5 O lend thine ear, and lift our voice to thee ;  
Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be ;  
From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine  
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine.

C. M.

703.

FERGUS.

The Promises of the Year.

- 1 THE year begins with promises  
Of joyful days to come,  
Of Sabbath bells, of times of prayer,  
Of thoughts on heaven, our home ;
- 2 Of seed-time, with its gentle winds,  
Soft dews, and healthful showers,  
And streamlets gushing from the hills,  
And birds, and opening flowers ;
- 3 Of summer, with its warbling choir  
Amid the balmy leaves ;  
Of autumn, with its fragrant herbs  
And fruits and bending sheaves ;

- 4 Of countless mercies from our God,  
 Who rules the changeful years,  
 Both here and in the world of love,  
 Beyond the heavenly spheres.

L. M.

704.

DODDRIDGE.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy !  
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
 While in thy temple we appear,  
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
 Thy hand supports the steady pole ;  
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
 And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,  
 Embalms the air and paints the land ;  
 The summer rays with vigor shine,  
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
 Through all our coasts redundant stores ;  
 And winters, softened by thy care,  
 No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
 Demand successive songs of praise ;  
 Still be the cheerful homage paid,  
 With opening light, and evening shade.
- 6 O may our more harmonious tongues  
 In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;  
 And in those brighter courts adore,  
 Where days and years revolve no more !

C. M.

705.

GASKELL.

Close of the Year.

- 1 O God! to thee our hearts would pay  
Their gratitude sincere,  
Whose love hath kept us, night and day,  
Throughout another year.
- 2 Of every breath, and every power,  
Thou wast the gracious source;  
From thee came every happy hour  
Which smiled along its course.
- 3 And if sometimes across our path  
A cloud its shadows threw,  
Thou didst not waft it there in wrath,  
But loving-kindness true.
- 4 For joy and grief alike we pay  
Our thanks to thee above;  
And only pray to grow each day  
More worthy of thy love.

C. M.

706.

DODDRIDGE.

Reflections for a New Year. Psalm 90.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds  
Of the revolving year;  
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!  
How short the months appear!
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,  
And that important day,  
When all that mortal life has done  
God's judgment shall survey.



- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass  
The swift advancing year ;  
And study artful ways to increase  
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,  
Its great concern to see ;  
That I may act the Christian part,  
And give the year to thee.
- 5 Thus shall their course more grateful roll,  
If future years arise ;  
Or this shall bear my peaceful soul  
To joy that never dies.

L. M.

707.

DODDRIDGE.

For the Beginning or End of the Year.

- 1 MY helper, God ! I bless his name ;  
The same his power, his grace the same :  
The tokens of his friendly care  
Open, and crown, and close the year.
- 2 I midst ten thousand dangers stand,  
Supported by his guardian hand ;  
And see, when I survey my ways,  
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm hath led me on ;  
Thus far I make his mercy known ;  
And, while I tread this desert land,  
New blessings shall new songs demand.



78. M.

708.

MRS. FOLLEN.

Prayer for the Slave.

- 1 LORD ! deliver ; thou canst save ;  
Save from evil, Mighty God !  
Hear, O hear the kneeling slave !  
Break, O break the oppressor's rod.
- 2 He, whose ear is everywhere,  
Who doth silent sorrow see,  
Will regard the captive's prayer,  
Will from bondage set him free.
- 3 From the tyranny within,  
Save thy children, Lord ! we pray ;  
Chains of iron, chains of sin,  
Cast, for ever cast away.
- 4 Love to man and love to God  
Are the weapons of our war ;  
These can break the oppressor's rod, —  
Burst the bonds that we abhor.

C. M.

709.

GASKELL.

The Redeeming Power of Love.

- 1 O NOT to crush with abject fear  
The burdened soul of man  
Did Jesus on the earth appear,  
And open Heaven's high plan :  
He came to bid him find repose,  
And God his Father know ;  
And thus with love to raise up those  
That once were bowed low.

- 2 O not in coldness nor in pride  
 His holy path he trod ;  
 'T was his delight to turn aside  
 And win the lost to God,  
 And unto sorrowing guilt disclose  
 The fount whence peace should flow,  
 And thus with love to raise up those  
 That once were bowèd low.
- 3 O not with cold, unfeeling eye  
 Did he the suffering view ;  
 Not on the other side pass by,  
 And deem their tears untrue :  
 'T was joy to him to heal their woes,  
 And heaven's sweet refuge show,  
 And thus with love to raise up those  
 That once were bowèd low.

C. M.

710.

PEABODY.

Who is thy Neighbor ?

- 1 WHO is thy neighbor ? He whom thou  
 Hast power to aid or bless ;  
 Whose aching heart or burning brow  
 Thy soothing hand may press.
- 2 Thy neighbor ? 'T is the fainting poor,  
 Whose eye with want is dim ;  
 O enter thou his humble door,  
 With aid and peace for him.
- 3 Thy neighbor ? He who drinks the cup  
 When sorrow drowns the brim ;  
 With words of high, sustaining hope,  
 Go thou and comfort him.

- 4 Thy neighbor ? 'T is the weary slave,  
Fettered in mind and limb ;  
He hath no hope this side the grave ;  
Go thou, and ransom him.
- 5 Thy neighbor ? Pass no mourner by ;  
Perhaps thou canst redeem  
A breaking heart from misery ;  
Go, share thy lot with him.

C. M.

711.

CROSSWELL.

Do good to the Poor for Christ's Sake.

- 1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,  
By lane and cell obscure,  
And let our treasures still be spent,  
Like his, upon the poor.
- 2 Like him through scenes of deep distress  
Who bore the world's sad weight,  
We, in their gloomy loneliness,  
Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For thou hast placed us side by side  
In this wide world of ill ;  
And that thy followers may be tried,  
The poor are with us still.
- 4 Small are the offerings we can make ;  
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,  
If given for the Saviour's sake,  
They lose not their reward.

C. M.

712.

CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

Give Alms to the Poor, — Give all to Christ.

- 1 SHE loved her Saviour, and to him  
Her costliest present brought ;  
To crown his head, or grace his name,  
No gift too rare she thought.
- 2 So let the Saviour be adored,  
And not the poor despised,  
Give to the hungry from your hoard,  
But all, give all to Christ.
- 3 Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,  
Give to the weary rest ;  
For sorrow's children comfort find,  
And help for all distressed ; —
- 4 But give to Christ alone thy heart,  
Thy faith, thy love supreme ;  
Then for his sake thine alms impart,  
And so give all to him.

C. M.

713.

BODEN.

For a Charitable Occasion.

- 1 WHAT shall we render, bounteous Lord,  
For all the grace we see ?  
Alas ! the goodness we can yield  
Extendeth not to thee.
- 2 Our offering is a willing mind  
To comfort the distressed ;  
In others' griefs our own to find,  
In others' blessings blessed.

- 3 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,  
Our cheerful feet repair ;  
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,  
Relieve the mourners there.
- 4 The widow's heart shall sing for joy ;  
The orphan shall be fed ;  
And hungering souls we 'll gladly point  
To Christ, the living bread.
- 5 Thus, passing through this vale of tears,  
Our useful light shall shine ;  
And others learn to glorify  
Our Father's name divine.

L. M.

714.

STEELE.

Thanksgiving for National Peace.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,  
A word of thine almighty breath  
Can sink the world, or bid it rise ;  
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,  
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,  
And war resounds its dire alarms,  
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain,
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,  
And marks their course, and bounds their power ;  
Thy law the angry nations own,  
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then Peace returns with balmy wing ;  
Sweet Peace ! with her what blessings fled !  
Glad Plenty laughs, the valleys sing,  
Reviving Commerce lifts her head.



- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord !  
 All move subservient to thy will ;  
 Both peace and war await thy word,  
 And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs ;  
 Thy kind protection still implore :  
 O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,  
 Confess thy goodness, and adore.

L. M.

715.

KIPPIS.

Thanksgiving for National Prosperity.

- 1 How rich thy gifts, Almighty King !  
 From thee our public blessings spring :  
 The extended trade, the fruitful skies,  
 The treasures liberty bestows,  
 The eternal joys the Gospel shows,  
 All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,  
 Which pours from every foreign shore ;  
 Science and art their charms display ;  
 Religion teaches us to raise  
 Our voices to our Maker's praise,  
 As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,  
 To God we raise united songs.  
 Here still may God in mercy reign ;  
 Crown our just counsels with success,  
 With peace and joy our borders bless,  
 And all our sacred rights maintain.



6 & 48. M.

716.

MONTGOMERY.

Praise to the God of Harvest.

1 THE God of harvest praise ;  
In loud thanksgiving raise  
Hand, heart, and voice ;  
The valleys smile and sing,  
Forests and mountains ring,  
The plains their tribute bring,  
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,  
And purest thanks proclaim  
Through all the earth ;  
To glory in your lot  
Is duty, — but be not  
God's benefits forgot,  
Amidst your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise ;  
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,  
With sweet accord ;  
From field to garner throng,  
Bearing your sheaves along,  
And in your harvest song  
Bless ye the Lord.

H. M.

717.

H. WARE, JR.

A Psalm of Praise.

1 AROUND the throne of God,  
The host angelic throngs ;  
They spread their palms abroad,  
And shout perpetual songs :  
Him first they own,            God ever blest,  
Him last, and best,            And God alone.

2 Their golden crowns they fling  
 Before his throne of light,  
 And strike the rapturous string,  
 Unceasing, day and night;  
 Heaven, earth, and sea For thine they are,  
 Thy praise declare, And thine shall be.

3 While thus the powers on high  
 The joyous chorus raise,  
 Let earth and man reply,  
 And echo back the praise;  
 His glory own, God ever blest,  
 First, last, and best, And God alone.

S. M.

718.

DRUMMOND.

"Is it such a fast that I have chosen?"

- 1 "Is this a fast for me?" —  
 Thus saith the Lord our God; —  
 "A day for man to vex his soul,  
 And feel affliction's rod? —
- 2 "Like bulrush low to bow  
 His sorrow-stricken head,  
 With sackcloth for his inner vest,  
 And ashes round him spread?
- 3 "Shall day like this have power  
 To stay the avenging hand,  
 Efface transgression, or avert  
 My judgments from the land?
- 4 "No; is not this alone  
 The sacred fast I choose, —  
 Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,  
 The bands of guilt unloose? —

- 5 "To nakedness and want  
Your food and raiment deal,  
To dwell your kindred race among,  
And all their sufferings heal?
- 6 "Then, like the morning ray,  
Shall spring your health and light;  
Before you, righteousness shall shine,  
Behind, my glory bright!"

C. M.

719.

BREVIARY.

Humility under Affliction.

- 1 O SINNER, bring not tears alone,  
Or outward form of prayer,  
But let it in thy heart be known  
That penitence is there.
- 2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,  
God asketh not of thee:  
Thy stubborn soul he bids thee bend  
In true humility.
- 3 O let us, then, with heartfelt grief,  
Draw near unto our God,  
And pray to him to grant relief,  
And stay the lifted rod.
- 4 O righteous Judge! in mercy deign  
To grant the help we need:  
We pray for time to turn again,  
And grace to turn indeed.

C. M.

720.

JERVIS.

"He cometh to judge the world."

- 1 God, to correct a guilty world,  
In wrath is slow to rise,  
But comes at length in thunder clothed,  
And darkness veils the skies.
- 2 All earthly glory, pomp, and pride  
Are in his presence lost ;  
Empires o'erturned, thrones, sceptres, crowns,  
In wild confusion tossed.
- 3 Dark and mysterious is the course  
Of his tremendous way ;  
His path is in the trackless winds,  
And in the foaming sea.
- 4 Yet, though enveloped in the cloud,  
And from our view concealed,  
The righteous Judge will soon appear,  
In majesty revealed.
- 5 Then will he curb the lawless power,  
The deadly wrath of man,  
And all the windings will unfold  
Of his own gracious plan.

L. M.

721.

DYER.

Public Humiliation.

- 1 GREAT Framer of unnumbered worlds,  
And whom unnumbered worlds adore,  
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,  
While nature trembles at thy power !

- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,  
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;  
And man, who moves the lord of earth,  
Acts but the part assigned by thee.
- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,  
To thee we raise the humble cry;  
Thine altar is the contrite heart,  
Thine incense, a repentant sigh.
- 4 O may our land, in this her hour,  
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,  
By penitence make thee her friend,  
And find in thee a guardian God!

6 & 4s. M.

722.

S. F. SMITH.

National Hymn.

- 1 My country, 't is of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain-side  
Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country, thee —  
Land of the noble free —  
Thy name — I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;

Let mortal tongues awake;  
 Let all that breathe partake;  
 Let rocks their silence break, —  
 The sound prolong.

- 4 Our fathers' God, to thee,  
 Author of liberty,  
 To thee we sing:  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light;  
 Protect us by thy might,  
 Great God, our King.

C. M.

723.

WREFORD.

Prayer for our Country.

- 1 LORD! while for all mankind we pray,  
 Of every clime and coast,  
 O hear us for our native land, —  
 The land we love the most.
- 2 O guard our shores from every foe,  
 With peace our borders bless,  
 With prosperous times our cities crown,  
 Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love  
 Of knowledge, truth, and thee;  
 And let our hills and valleys shout  
 The songs of liberty.
- 4 Here may religion shed her light  
 On days of rest and toil,  
 And piety and virtue reign,  
 And bless our native soil.



- 5 Lord of the nations! thus to thee  
 Our country we commend;  
 Be thou her refuge and her trust,  
 Her everlasting friend.

L. M.

724.

FLINT.

Remembrance of our Fathers.

- 1 In pleasant lands have fallen the lines  
 That bound our goodly heritage;  
 And, safe beneath our sheltering vines,  
 Our youth is blessed, and soothed our age.
- 2 What thanks, O God, to thee are due,  
 That thou didst plant our fathers here,  
 And watch and guard them as they grew,  
 A vineyard to the Planter dear!
- 3 The toils they bore our ease have wrought;  
 They sowed in tears, — in joy we reap;  
 The birthright they so dearly bought,  
 We 'll guard till we with them shall sleep.
- 4 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,  
 In weal and woe, through all the past,  
 Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,  
 While here their name and race shall last.

C. M.

725.

TATE & BRADY.

God our Deliverer.

- 1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told,  
 In our attentive ears,  
 Thy wonders in their days performed,  
 And in more ancient years.

- 2 'T was not their courage, nor their sword,  
 To them salvation gave ;  
 'T was not their number, nor their strength,  
 That did their country save :
- 3 But thy right hand, — thy powerful arm, —  
 Whose succor they implored ;  
 Thy providence protected them,  
 Who thy great name adored.
- 4 As thee their God our fathers owned,  
 So thou art still our King ;  
 O, therefore, as thou didst to them,  
 To us deliverance bring.
- 5 To thee the glory we 'll ascribe,  
 From whom salvation came ;  
 In God, our shield, we will rejoice,  
 And ever bless thy name.

8 & 6s. M.

726.

HEBER.

Prayer for our Country.

- 1 FROM foes that would the land devour ;  
 From guilty pride, and lust of power ;  
 From wild sedition's lawless hour ;  
 From yoke of slavery ;  
 From blinded zeal, by faction led ;  
 From giddy change, by fancy bred ;  
 From poisoned error's serpent head, —  
 Good Lord, preserve us free !
- 2 Defend, O God, with guardian hand,  
 The laws and rulers of our land,  
 And grant thy churches grace to stand  
 In faith and unity !

Thy Spirit's help of thee we crave,  
That thy Messiah, sent to save,  
Returning to the world, might have  
A people serving thee !

6 & 4s. M.

727.

PIERPONT.

The Pilgrim Fathers.

- 1 GONE are those great and good  
Who here, in peril, stood  
And raised their hymn.  
Peace to the reverend dead !  
The light, that on their head  
Two hundred years have shed,  
Shall ne'er grow dim.
- 2 Ye temples, that to God  
Rise where our fathers trod,  
Guard well your trust,—  
The faith, that dared the sea,  
The truth, that made them free,  
Their cherished purity,  
Their garnered dust.
- 3 Thou high and holy One,  
Whose care for sire and son  
All nature fills ;  
While day shall break and close,  
While night her crescent shows,  
O let thy light repose  
On these our hills !

L. M.

728.

C. WESLEY.

The Mariner's Hymn.

- 1 LORD of the wide extended main !  
Whose power the winds and seas controls,  
Whose hand doth heaven and earth sustain,  
Whose spirit leads believing souls ; —
- 2 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine :  
We own thy way is in the sea,  
O'erawed by majesty divine,  
And lost in thine immensity !
- 3 Thy wisdom here we learn to adore,  
Thine everlasting truth we prove,  
Amazing heights of boundless power,  
Unfathomable depths of love.
- 4 Infinite God ! thy greatness spanned  
These heavens, and meted out the skies ;  
Lo ! in the hollow of thy hand  
The measured waters sink and rise.
- 5 Thee to perfection who can tell ?  
Earth and her sons beneath thee lie,  
Lighter than dust within thy scale,  
And less than nothing in thine eye.

L. M.

729.

C. WESLEY.

The Mariner's Hymn.

- 1 GLORY to thee, whose powerful word  
Bids the tempestuous wind arise ;  
Glory to thee, the sovereign Lord  
Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies !

- 2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,  
And seas thine awful will perform;  
From them we learn to own thy sway,  
And shout to meet the gathering storm.
- 3 What though the floods lift up their voice,  
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry;  
They cannot damp thy children's joys,  
Or shake the soul when God is nigh.
- 4 Roar on, ye waves! our souls defy  
Your roaring to disturb our rest;  
In vain to impair the calm ye try,  
The calm in a believer's breast.

S. M.

730.

S. GRAHAM.

Worship at Sea.

- 1 HEAVE, mighty ocean, heave,  
And blow thou boisterous wind,  
Onward we swiftly glide, and leave  
Our home and friends behind.
- 2 Away, away, we steer,  
Upon the ocean's breast;  
And dim the distant heights appear,  
Like clouds along the west.
- 3 There is a loneliness  
Upon the mighty deep;  
And hurried thoughts upon us press,  
As onwardly we sweep.
- 4 But there is hope and joy,  
Wherever we may be;  
Danger nor death can e'er destroy  
Our trust, O God, in thee.



5 Then wherefore should we grieve,  
Or what have we to fear?  
Though home and friends and life we leave,  
Our God is ever near.

6 Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep;  
Ye winds, blow foul or fair;  
Our God is with us on the deep,  
Our home is everywhere.

C. M.

731.

ADDISON.

The Traveller's Hymn.

- 1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord!  
How sure is their defence!  
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,  
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne  
High on the broken wave,  
They know thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid; the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will;  
The sea, that roars at thy command,  
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness we'll adore;  
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.



## CLOSE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

L. M.

732.

WATTS.

Universal Praise.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;  
Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

C. M.

733.

WATTS.

Daily and Nightly Devotion. Psalm 134.

- 1 YE that obey the immortal King,  
Attend his holy place ;  
Bow to the glories of his power,  
And bless his wondrous grace.
- 2 Lift up your hands by morning light,  
And send your souls on high :  
Raise your admiring thoughts by night  
Above the starry sky.

- 3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts  
With rays of quickening grace, —  
The God that spreads the heavens abroad,  
And rules the swelling seas.

S. M.

734.

WATTS.

Closing Hymn.

- 1 Now let the world agree  
One general voice to raise ;  
Till all mankind present to thee  
Their songs of grateful praise !
- 2 O let the nations round  
Their cheerful powers employ,  
And earth's far-distant coasts resound  
With shouts of sacred joy.

L. M.

735.

WATTS.

“ All Things yours.”

- 1 How vast the treasure we possess !  
How rich thy bounty, King of grace !  
This world is ours, and worlds to come ;  
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.
- 2 The sun rolls round to make our day ;  
The moon directs our nightly way ;  
While angels bear us in their arms,  
And shield us from ten thousand harms.
- 3 O glorious portion of the saints !  
Let faith suppress our sore complaints,  
And tune our harps and tongues to sing  
Our bounteous God, our sovereign King.

L. M.

736.

WATTS.

Universal Reign of Christ.

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey,  
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;  
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 The heathen lands, that lie beneath  
The shades of overspreading death,  
Revive at his first dawning light,  
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 3 The saints shall flourish in his days,  
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;  
Peace, like a river, from his throne,  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

L. M.

737.

LIVERPOOL COL.

Ascription.

- 1 NOT e'en a sparrow yields its breath  
Till God permits the stroke of death;  
He hears the ravens when they call,  
The Father and the Friend of all.
- 2 To Thee, in ceaseless strains, my tongue  
Shall raise the morn and evening song,  
And, long as breath inspires my frame,  
The wonders of thy love proclaim.

7s. M.

738.

J. NEWTON.

Benediction.

- 1 Now may He, who from the dead  
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,  
All our souls in safety keep.

- 2 May he teach us to fulfil  
What is pleasing in his sight,  
Perfect us in all his will,  
And preserve us day and night.

7 & 6s. M.                      **739.**                      GASKELL

Closing Ascription.

- 1 To thee, the Lord Almighty,  
Our noblest praise we give,  
Who all things hast created,  
And blestest all that live :
- 2 Whose goodness never failing,  
Through countless ages gone,  
For ever and for ever  
Shall still keep shining on.

S. M.                      **740.**                      WATTS.

Universal Praise.

- 1 THY name, Almighty Lord,  
Shall sound through distant lands ;  
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;  
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honor spread ;  
And long thy praise endure,  
Till morning light and evening shade  
Shall be exchanged no more.

8 & 7s. M.                      **741.**                      ANONYMOUS.

Dismission.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Hope and comfort from above ;  
Let us each, thy peace possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

CLOSE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy Gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound.

8 & 7s. M

742.

FAWCETT.

Universal Praise.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !  
Praise to thee from every tongue ;  
Join, my soul, with every creature,  
Join the universal song.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,  
For the hope of future joy,  
Sound his praise through earth and heaven ;  
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

8 & 7s. M.

743.

J. NEWTON.

Benediction.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord ;  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

8 & 7s. M.

744.

ESTLIN.

Reliance for the Future.

- 1 GRACIOUS Source of every blessing !  
Guard our breasts from anxious fears ;  
May we, still thy love possessing,  
Sink into the vale of years.



- 2 All our hopes on thee reclining,  
Peace companion of our way,  
May our sun, in smiles declining,  
Rise in everlasting day.

C. M. 745. EXETER COL.

For a Blessing on the Word.

- 1 THY gracious aid, great God, impart,  
To give thy word success ;  
Write all its precepts on the heart,  
And deep its truths impress.
- 2 O, speed our progress in the way  
That leads to joys on high,  
Where knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die !

C. M. 746. WATTS.

Universal Praise.

- 1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,  
Each with a different tongue ;  
In every language learn his word,  
And let his name be sung.
- 2 His mercy reigns through every land,  
Proclaim his praise abroad :  
For ever firm his truth shall stand ;  
Praise ye the faithful God.

10s. M. 747. ANONYMOUS.

For the Peace of the Church.

- 1 RESTORE, O Father ! to our times restore  
The peace which filled thine infant Church of yore,  
Ere lust of power had sown the seeds of strife,  
And quenched the new-born charities of life.



CLOSE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 O never more may differing judgments part  
From kindly sympathy a brother's heart;  
But, linked in one, believing thousands kneel,  
And share with each the sacred joy they feel.
- 3 From soul to soul, quick as the sunbeam's ray,  
Let concord spread one universal day;  
And faith by love lead all mankind to thee,  
Parent of peace, and fount of harmony!

8 & 7s. M.

748.

BICKERSTETH.

Closing Hymn.

- 1 ISRAEL'S Shepherd, guide us, feed us,  
Through our pilgrimage below,  
And beside the waters lead us,  
Where thy flock rejoicing go.
- 2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,  
Meekly kneeling, we implore;  
We have found thee, and would never,  
Never wander from thee more.

8 & 7s. M.

749.

S. F. ADAMS.

Peace be with you.

- 1 PART in peace! is day before us?  
Praise his name for life and light;  
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?  
Bless his care who guards the night.
- 2 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving,  
Rendering, as we homeward tread,  
Gracious service to the living,  
Tranquil memory to the dead.

- 3 Part in peace ! such are the praises  
God, our Maker, loveth best ;  
Such the worship that upraises  
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

C. P. M.

750.

WESLEY'S COL.

True Wisdom.

- 1 BE it my only wisdom here,  
To serve the Lord with filial fear,  
With loving gratitude ;  
Superior sense may I display,  
By shunning every evil way,  
And walking in the good.
- 2 O may I still from sin depart !  
A wise and understanding heart,  
Father, to me be given !  
And let me through thy Spirit know  
To glorify my God below,  
And find my way to heaven.

S. M.

751.

EPISCOPAL COL.

Ark of Safety.

- 1 O CEASE, my wandering soul,  
On restless wing to roam ;  
All this wide world, to either pole,  
Has not for thee a home.
- 2 Behold the ark of God ;  
Behold the open door ;  
O haste to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.

- 3 There, safe thou shalt abide,  
There, sweet shall be thy rest,  
And every longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blest.

L. M.

752.

WATTS.

Devout Aspiration.

- 1 How blest are they, O gracious Lord,  
Who fear thy name, and keep thy word;  
Thy wisdom guides, thy power defends  
Their life, till life its journey ends.
- 2 O that my soul, with awful sense  
Of thy transcendent excellence,  
May close the day, the day begin,  
Watchful against each darling sin.
- 3 Never, O never from my heart  
May this great principle depart,  
But act, with unabating power,  
Within me to my latest hour!

7 & 6s. M.

753.

ANONYMOUS.

Praise for Salvation.

- 1 To Thee be praise for ever,  
Thou glorious King of kings!  
Thy wondrous love and favor  
Each ransomed spirit sings.
- 2 We 'll celebrate thy glory,  
With all thy saints above,  
And shout the joyful story  
Of thy redeeming love.

7s. M.

754.

ANONYMOUS.

A Blessing implored.

- 1 THANKS for mercies past receive ;  
Pardon of our sins renew ;  
Teach us, henceforth, how to live  
With eternity in view.
- 2 Bless thy word to young and old ;  
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love ;  
And, when life's short tale is told,  
Take us to thy house above.

C. H. M.

755.

CONDER.

Peace with God.

To all thy faithful people, Lord,  
Pardon and peace impart ;  
And be thy Spirit shed abroad,  
Thy love in every heart ;  
That they, from conscious guilt made clean,  
May serve thee with a mind serene.

8 & 7s. M.

756.

ANONYMOUS.

Go in Peace.

- 1 Go in peace ! — serene dismissal  
To the loving heart made known,  
When it pours, in deep contrition,  
Prayer before the eternal throne.
- 2 Go in peace, thy sins forgiven !  
Christ hath healed thee, set thee free :  
Every spirit-fetter riven,  
Go in peace and liberty !

- 3 Saviour! breathe this benediction  
O'er our spirits while we pray;  
Let us part in sweet conviction  
Thou hast blessed our souls to-day.

C. M.

757.

DODDRIDGE.

God's Guidance.

- 1 IN paths unknown God leads us on  
To his divine abode,  
And shows new miracles of grace  
Through all the heavenly road.
- 2 The ways, all rugged and perplexed,  
He renders smooth and straight,  
And strengthens every feeble knee  
To march to Zion's gate.
- 3 Through all the paths I'll sing his name,  
Till I the mount ascend,  
Where toils and storms are known no more,  
And anthems never end.

7s. M.

758.

J. NEWTON.

Hymn at Parting.

- 1 As the sun's enlivening eye  
Shines on every place the same,  
So the Lord is always nigh  
To the souls that love his name.
- 2 When they move at duty's call,  
He is with them by the way;  
He is ever with them all,  
Those who go and those who stay.



CLOSE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 From his holy mercy-seat  
Nothing can their souls confine;  
Still in spirit may they meet,  
And in sweet communion join.

8 & 7s. M.

759.

C. ROBBINS.

Close of Worship. Evening.

- 1 Lo! the day of rest declineth;  
Gather fast the shades of night;—  
May the Sun that ever shineth,  
Fill our souls with heavenly light.
- 2 Softly now the dew is falling;  
Peace o'er all the scene is spread;—  
On his children, meekly calling,  
Purer influence God will shed.
- 3 While, thine ear of love addressing,  
Thus our parting hymn we sing,  
Father, give thine evening blessing;  
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

L. M.

760.

ANONYMOUS.

Close of Worship. Evening.

- 1 WHILE now, upon this Sabbath eve,  
Thy house, Almighty God, we leave,  
'T is sweet, as sinks the setting sun,  
To think on all our duties done.
- 2 O evermore may all our bliss  
Be peaceful, pure, divine, like this;  
And may each Sabbath, as it flies,  
Fit us for joy beyond the skies.



L. M.

761.

MONTGOMERY.

Sunday Evening.

- 1 MILLIONS within thy courts have been ;  
Millions this day have bent the knee ;  
But thou, soul-searching God ! hast seen  
The hearts of all that worshipped thee.
- 2 Still, as the light of morning broke  
O'er island, continent, or deep,  
Thy far-spread family awoke,  
Sabbath all round the world to keep.
- 3 From east to west, the sun surveyed,  
From north to south, adoring throngs ;  
And still, where evening stretched her shade,  
The stars came forth to hear their songs.
- 4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,  
Hath failed this day some suit to gain ;  
To those in trouble thou wert nigh ;  
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.
- 5 Yet one prayer more ; — and be it one  
In which both heaven and earth accord :  
Fulfil thy promise to thy Son ;  
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord !







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